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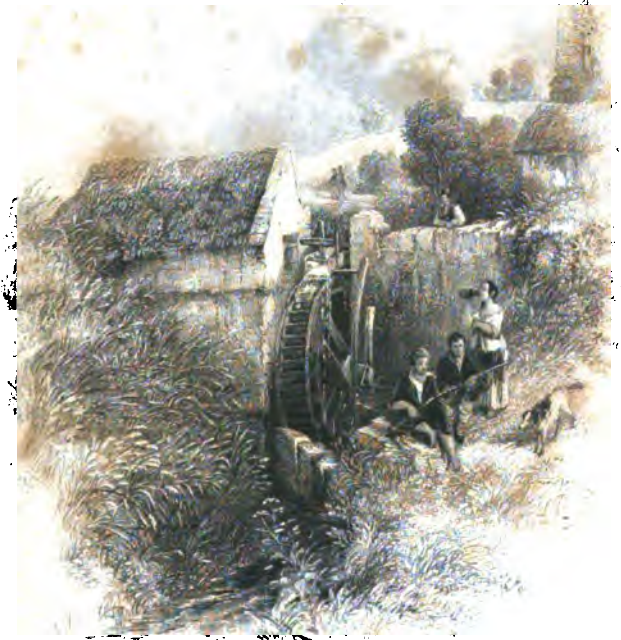
THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

VOL. I.



Painted by T. Creswick

Engraved by E. Finden

DEAR LOVELY BOWERS OF INNOCENCE AND EASE,
SEATS OF MY YOUTH, WHEN EVERY SPORT COULD PLEASE,
HOW OFTEN HAVE I PAUSED ON EVERY CHARM
THE SHELTERED COT, THE CULTIVATED FARM,
THE NEVER FAILING BROOK, THE BUSY MILL.
Deserted Village.

LONDON
[illegible] STREET.
1837.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

INCLUDING

A VARIETY OF PIECES

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

BY

JAMES PRIOR,

FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; MEMBER OF THE
ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY;
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH, LIFE OF BURKE,
ETC. ETC.

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LISSOY MILL.

(See Frontispiece.)

"Lissoy, the abode of Goldsmith's father, is undoubtedly the spot which furnished the chief scenery of the poem of 'The Deserted Village.' His sisters, Mrs. Hodson and Mrs. Johnston, traced many of their brother's stories, sketches, and characters to his own adventures, or to places and persons, in the neighbourhood. Auburn was at once pronounced by these ladies to be Lissoy, and their father the village preacher; and in this behalf all the residents in the vicinity have concurred. The general character of the adjoining country, particularly in the rear of the house, being a plain, Auburn is appropriately characterized 'loveliest village of the plain.' As the scene of enjoyment in early life, and of boyish delights, he with equal truth and affection calls them—

> 'Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
> Seats of my youth when every sport could please,
> How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green!'

"And again—

> 'How often have I paused on every charm!'

"Personal allusions such as these may be admissible in poetry not strictly meant to be accurately descriptive, yet taken with the context, their application to the feelings and circumstances of the writer is perfectly compatible with the fact.

> 'The never-failing brook, the busy mill,'

are found in a hollow, the road to which lies at the end of the village in a turning to the left as we proceed from his paternal residence; the stream which moves it is small, and the mill of rude construction," &c.—*See* LIFE, vol. ii. p. 255.

POEMS.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.
A
POEM.

[" The Traveller" was published in December 1764, and was the earliest production to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. As Dr. Johnson was the first to introduce it to the good opinion of the public, in a manner which could not fail to draw attention, it will not be uninteresting to look back at what he then said, and observe how perfectly all judges of poetry have concurred in his opinion:—

" The author has, in an elegant dedication to his brother, a country clergyman, given the design of his poem. 'Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own; that each state has a peculiar principle of happiness, and that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess.' That he may illustrate and enforce this important position, the author places himself on a summit of the Alps, and turning his eyes around in all directions, upon the different regions that lie before him, compares not merely their situation and policy, but those social and domestic manners, which, after a very few deductions, make the sum total of human life.

' Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.'

" The author already appear by his numbers to be a versifier, and by his scenery to be a poet; it therefore only remains that his sentiments discover him to be a just estimator of comparative happiness. The goods of life are either given by nature or procured by ourselves. Nature has distributed her gifts in very different proportions, yet all her children are content; but the acquisitions of art are such as terminate in good or evil, as they are differently regulated or combined.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.'

"This is the position which he conducts through Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England; and which he endeavours to confirm by remarking the manners of every country. Having censured the degeneracy of the modern Italians, he proceeds thus:—

'My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.'

"But having found that the rural life of a Swiss has its evils as well as comforts, he turns to France:—

'To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idle busy rolls their world away:
Their's are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.'

" Yet France has its evils—

' For praise, too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.'

" Having thus passed through Holland, he arrives at England—

' Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand.'

" With the inconveniences that harass the sons of freedom, this extract shall be concluded—

' That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to those alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.'

" Such is the poem on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope. it will not be easy to find any thing equal."—*Critical Review, Dec.* 1764.

"Goldsmith's poetry," says Mr. Campbell, "enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection, to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society, with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill, to avoid a vulgar humility. There is more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste economy and choice of words, in Goldsmith, than in any modern poet, or perhaps than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. But let us not imagine that the serene graces of this poet were not admirably adapted to his subjects. His poetry is not that of impetuous, but of contemplative sensibility; of a spirit breathing its regrets and recollections, in a tone that has no dissonance with the calm of philosophical reflection. He betrays so little effort to make us visionary by the usual and palpable fictions of his art; he keeps apparently so close to realities, and draws certain conclusions, respecting the radical interests of man, so boldly and decidedly, that we pay him a compliment, not always extended to the tuneful tribe,—that of judging his sentiments by their strict and logical interpretation. In thus judging him by the test of his philosophical spirit, I am not prepared to say that he is a purely impartial theorist. He advances general positions, respecting the happiness of society, founded on limited views of truth, and under the bias of local feelings. He contemplates only one side of the question. It must be always thus in poetry. Let the mind be ever so tranquilly disposed to reflection, yet if it retains poetical sensation, it will embrace only those speculative opinions that fall in with the tone of the imagination."—*Specimens of British Poets*, vol. vi. p. 261].

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. (1)

---

(1) [" But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in great danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it: and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous—I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrensy fire.

opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle. Though the poet were as sure of his aim as the imperial archer of antiquity, who boasted that he never missed the heart; yet would many of his shafts now fly at random, for the heart is too often in the wrong place."—*First edit.*]

What reception a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed. from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. (1) There are few can judge better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. (2)

---

(1) [" And that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess."—*First edit.*]

(2) [A feeling worthy of all praise produced this dedication to his brother. Careless of any interests of his own which might be promoted by conciliating the powerful or the wealthy, it was intended not merely as a return of respect and attention for the kindness shown to his earlier years, but to bring into notice, and perhaps preferment, should the work become popular, a worthy, though friendless clergyman. Allusions to the motive took place in conversation with his friends, and afterwards found its way into the newspapers; in a paragraph in imitation of a paper of Swift, where, among other instances of men who have acted nobly, is the following:—" Dr. Goldsmith, when he dedicated his beautiful poem, the Traveller, to a man of no greater income then forty pounds a year."—See *Life*, ch. xiv.]

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,(1)
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor(2)
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:

(1) [An anecdote connected with this poem, exhibiting that absence of mind and facility of temper in its author, which occasionally led him to make admissions which he did not mean, and which were thence sometimes turned against himself, was told by Dr. Johnson. "I remember," said he, "Chamier once asked him what he meant by *slow*, in the first line of the Traveller. Did he mean tardiness of locomotion?' Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered, 'Yes.' I was sitting by and said, 'No, Sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' He, however, was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do: he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better. See *Boswell*, vol. vii. p. 85, ed. 1835.]

(2) [Carinthia was visited by Goldsmith in 1755. Being questioned as to the justice of the censure passed upon a people whom other travellers praised for being as good, if not better than their neighbours, he gave as a reason his being once, after a fatiguing day's walk, obliged to quit a house he had entered for shelter, and pass part or the whole of the night in seeking another. See *Life*, ch. x.]

Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.(1)

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,(2)
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.(3)

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care·
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;(4)
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;(5)

---

(1) [" The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."—Citizen of the World. See vol. ii. p. 11.]

(2) [" Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound."—First edit.]

(3) [*Imit.*—" Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good."—GARTH.]

(4) [" When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solitude behind me by going into Romelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease every where but where I am."—The Bee, See vol. i. p. 18.]

(5) [" Death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon still flies before him."—Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xxix.]

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.(1)

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,(2)
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?(3)
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?(4)
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:

---

(1) [*Imit.*—" My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Mease, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own."—Prior.]

(2) [" Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide."—First edit.]

(3) [" Amidst the store, 'twere thankless to repine."—First edit.]

(4) [" 'Twere affectation all, and school-taught pride,
To spurn the splendid things by heaven supply'd."—First edit.]

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;(1)
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find,
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But, where to find that happiest spot below,(2)
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;(3)
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,(4)
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

(1) [" To see the sum of human bliss so small."—First edit.]

(2) [" Yet, where to find," &c.—First edit.]

(3) [" Boldly asserts that country for his own."—First edit.]

(4) " And yet, perhaps, if states with states we scan,
Or estimate their bliss on reason's plan,
Though patriots flatter and though fools contend,
We still shall find uncertainty suspend;
Find that each good, by art or nature given,
To these or those, but makes the balance even:
Find that the bliss of all is much the same,
And patriotic boasting reason's shame."—First edit.]

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown, (1)
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

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(1) [" And though rough rocks or gloomy summits frown."—First edit.]

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail; (1)
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:

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(1) ["But more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon commerce turn'd on other shores her sail."—First edit.]

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride: (1)
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,(2)
The sports of children satisfy the child; (3)
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;(4)
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:

---

(1) ["Yet, though to fortune lost, here still abide
Some splendid arts, the wrecks of former pride."—First edit.]

(2) [Either Sir Joshua Reynolds, or a mutual friend who immediately communicated the story to him, calling at Goldsmith's lodgings, opened the door without ceremony, and discovered him not in meditation, or in the throes of poetic birth, but in the boyish office of teaching a favourite dog to sit upright upon its haunches, or as it is commonly said, to beg. Occasionally he glanced his eyes over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at the unwilling pupil, in order to make him retain his position; while on the page before him was written that couplet, with the ink of the second line still wet, from the description of Italy:—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

The sentiment seemed so appropriate to the employment, that the visitor could not refrain from giving vent to his surprise in a strain of banter, which was received with characteristic good humour, and the admission at once made, that the amusement in which he had been engaged had given birth to the idea.—See *Life*, ch. xiv.]

(3) [Here followed in the first edition:—

"At sports like these while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance."]

(4) ["When struggling Virtue sinks by long control,
She leaves at last, or feebly mans the soul."—First edit.]

As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,(2)
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;

---

(2) [" Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead."—First edit.]

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,(1)
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;

---

(1) [" And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest," &c.—First edit.]

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire; (1)
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run; (2)
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;

(1) ["Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Not quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire."—First edit.]
(2) ["Unalter'd, unimproved their manners run."—*Ibid.*]

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.(1)
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.(2)

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;

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(1) [" I had some knowledge of music," says George Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield, " with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes; and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."—See *Life*, ch. v.]

(2) [" There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of the 'Traveller,' in which the author describes the at once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French." —Campbell, British Poets, vol. vi. p. 262.]

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.(1)

---

(1) [Speaking of the sea retiring from parts of the land, Goldsmith nearly repeats this description in his "History of Animated Nature," vol. i. p. 276. "But we need scarce mention these, when we find that the whole kingdom of Holland seems to be a conquest on the sea, and in a manner rescued from its bosom. The surface of the earth in this country is below the level of the bed of the sea; and I remember upon approaching the coast to have looked down upon it from the sea as into a valley."]

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,⑴
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!⑵
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

(1) ["Industrious habits in each breast obtain.—First edit.]

(2) ["How unlike the brave peasants, their ancestors, who spread terror in either India, and always declared themselves the allies of those who drew the sword in defence of freedom!"—Introduction to History of the Seven Years' War. See vol. i. p. 468.]

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;(1)
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,(2)
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.(3)

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,(4)
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd:
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

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(1) [" I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye."—First edit.]

(2) [" Fierce in a native," &c.—*Ibid.*]

(3) [" We talked of Goldsmith's Traveller, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeatedly quoted from it the character of the British nation; which he did with such energy, that the tear started in his eye."—*Boswell's Johnson*, vol. v., p. 85, edit. 1835.]

(4) [" See, though by circling deeps together held."—First edit.]

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,(1)
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,(2)
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire; (3)
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

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(1) [" Nor this the worst as social bonds decay."—First edit.]

(2) [" And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame."—*Ibid.*]

(3) [" Perish the wish; for, inly satisfied,
Above their pomps I hold my ragged pride."—*Ibid.*]

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own; (1)
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law; (2)
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a pariot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.

---

(1) [" The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption: it might come to the few who shared it among them, but would in fact impoverish the public. As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom while themselves only were free, so is it possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependant, while some of its individuals only governed."—Citizen of the World. See vol. ii. p. 202.]

(2) [" What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law."—Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xix. See vol. iii. p. 97.]

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore, (1)
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound? (2)

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim; (3)
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, (4)

---

(1) [In this and the subsequent lines to the end of the passage, may be traced the germ of the Deserted Village; so that the subject of that poem was no doubt contemplated as long as the Poet avows; namely, five years, and probably longer. If additional proof were required of their reference to an Irish village, we may find it in the couplet where he expressly says to his brother:—

> "Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
> The smiling long-frequented village fall."]

(2) [When Goldsmith wrote, the third syllable was rendered long; at present, it is more usual to dwell upon the second. The former, however, is the native Indian pronunciation. *Niagara* means *thunder-water*.]

(3) ["And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim."—First edit.]

(4) ["Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' which had been published in my absence, 'there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown,(1) and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

---

time.' In the year 1783, he, at my request, marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished, which are only line 420th:—

'To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;'

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one."—*Boswell*, vol. ii., p. 308, ed. 1835.]

(1) [" Goldsmith mentions Luke as a person well known, and superficial readers have passed it over quite smoothly; while those of more attention have been as much perplexed by *Luke*, as by *Lydiat* in 'the Vanity of Human Wishes.' The truth is, that Goldsmith himself was in a mistake. In the 'Respublica Hungarica,' there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers of the name of Zeck, George and Luke. When it was quelled, George, not Luke, was punished, by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown; 'coronâ candescente ferrea coronatur.' The same severity of torture was exercised on the earl of Athol, one of the murderers of James I. of Scotland."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 309.]

THE HERMIT.

A

BALLAD.

[WILLING to profit by such suggestions as the taste of Goldsmith might throw out, portions of the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" were submitted to him by his friend Percy, during the progress of that work through the press. Admiration of the style produced one of its frequent effects, imitation; to which, and to the desire of gratifying the taste of the Countess of Northumberland, we owe this, perhaps the most beautiful Ballad in our own, or in any language. It was written in 1764; and for the pleasure of perusing it in print rather than in manuscript, by the lady who was the immediate cause of its production, a few copies were printed off in the octodecimo form, which are now rarely to be met with. None is to be found, as a communication from the Duke of Northumberland intimates, in the library of Sion House, nor is it in any of the public libraries of London. A copy, however, has been procured, which belonged to the industrious Isaac Reed, to whose name is added the following memorandum:—"Of this Ballad, which is different from the copy printed in Goldsmith's Works, a few copies only were printed." The name also differs from that by which it is now known, as appears in the heading, or title:—"*Edwin and Angelina, a Ballad; by Mr. Goldsmith: printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland.*"

The originality of the poem being disputed in the St. James's Chronicle, in 1767, Goldsmith addressed the following Letter to the Editor:—

"SIR:

"As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended *Blainville's Travels* because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a Ballad I published some time ago, from one (1) by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good-humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

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(1) "The Friar of Orders Grey." Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. I. Book II. No. 18.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
" OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Thirty years after this attempt to detract from the Poet's credit, another and, for the moment, more formidable attack upon his originality appeared; but though no longer able to defend himself, there were friends qualified and willing to vindicate his fame.—See *Life*, ch. xv.

To trace a work of genius to the first rude draught and follow up its successive steps to perfection, is always interesting: therefore, the variations made in successive editions are now given.]

THE HERMIT.

A

BALLAD.

I.

“ Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.(1)

II.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

III.

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

---

(1) [The opening stanza originally stood thus:—

“ Deign saint-like tenant of the dale,
To guide my nightly way,
To yonder fire, that cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.”]

IV.

“ Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

V.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

VI.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

VII.

“ But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

VIII.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
‘ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’ ” (1)

---

(1) [Goldsmith has been charged with here appropriating to himself, without acknowledgment, a line of Young—

> “ Man wants but little, nor that little long :”

but in the original copy the passage was given in the usual manner of quotations ; and this has now been restored accordingly.]

IX.

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

X.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,(1)
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And strangers led astray.

XI.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,(2)
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

XII.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,(3)
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

XIII.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

---

(1) ["Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay."—First edit.]

(2) ["The door just opening with a latch."—*Ibid.*]

(3) ["And now, when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to rest."—*Ibid.*]

XIV.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

XV.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.(1)

XVI.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care opprest:
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast?

XVII.

" From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

XVIII.

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.

---

(1) [" But nothing mirthful could assuage
The pensive stranger's woe;
For grief had seized his early age,
And tears would often flow."—First edit.]

XIX.

" And what is friendship but a name;
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

XX.

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

XXI.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.(1)

XXII.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.(2)

XXIII.

The bashful look, the rising breast,(3)
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

---

(1) [" The bashful guest betray'd."—First edit.]

(2) [" He sees unnumber'd beauties rise,
Expanding to the view;
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too."—.*Ibid.*]

(3) [" Her looks, her lips, her panting breast," &c.—*Ibid.*]

XXIV.

“ And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,” she cried;
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

XXV.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.(1)

XXVI.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark’d as mine;
He had but only me.

XXVII.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber’d suitors came;
Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign’d a flame.

---

(1) [“ Forgive, and let thy pious care
A heart’s distress allay:
That seeks repose, but finds despair
Companion of the way.

“ My father liv’d, of high degree,
Remote beside the Tyne;
And as he had but only me,
Whate’er he had was mine.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber’d suitors came;
Their chief pretence my flatter’d charms,
My wealth perhaps their aim.”—First edit.]

XXVIII.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.(1)

XXIX.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.(2)

XXX.

" And when beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.(3)

XXXI.

" The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.(4)

---

(1) [" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
Who offer'd only love."—First edit.]

(2) [" A constant heart was all he had,
But that was all to me."—*Ibid.*]

(3) [This stanza, which was written some years after the rest of the poem, was presented in manuscript by Goldsmith to Richard Archdal, Esq., of Ireland.]

(4) [" Whene'er he spoke amidst the train,
How would my heart attend!
And till delighted even to pain,
How sigh for such a friend!

" And

XXXII.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

XXXIII.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

XXXIV.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride; (1)
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.(2)

"And when a little rest I sought,
In Sleep's refreshing arms,
How have I mended what he taught,
And lent him fancied charms!

"Yet still (and woe betide the hour!)
I spurn'd him from my side,
And still with ill-dissembled power,
Repaid his love with pride."—First edit.]

(1) ["Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to deplore;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
And ne'er was heard of more.

"Then since he perish'd by my fault,
This pilgrimage I pay," &c.—*Ibid.*]

(2) [*Imit.*—"And grew so coy and nice to please,
As women's looks are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to do.

"Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secret place,
And there he dyed without releeffe."—*Gentle Herdsman.*]

XXXV.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.(1)

XXXVI.

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did;
And so for him will I.” (2)

XXXVII.

“ Forbid it Heaven !” the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

---

(1) [*Imit.*—“ And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile beg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

“ Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secret place,
For so did he, and soe will I.”—*Gentle Herdsman.*]

(2) [“ And there in shelt'ring thickets hid,
I'll linger till I die:
'Twas thus for me my lover did,
And so for him will I.

“ Thou shalt not thus, the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The astonish'd fair one turned to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

“ For now no longer could he hide,
What first to hide he strove;
His looks resume their youthful pride,
And flush with honest love.”—First edit.]

XXXVIII.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

XXXIX.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine ?

XL.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ; (1)
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too." (2)

---

(1) [" No, never, from this hour to part,
Our love shall still be new ;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."—First edit.

(2) [Here followed in the original draught:—
" Here amidst sylvan bowers we'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray ;
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

" To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given,
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love again in heaven."]

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A

POEM.

["THE Deserted Village" made its appearance in the latter end of May 1770, and at once obtained a place in popular esteem. On the 7th of June came out the second edition, on the 14th a third, on the 28th a fourth, and on the 16th of August a fifth; being a run of success such as few poems of the time had experienced within so short a period. The journals devoted to literature hailed it with the warmest applause, and the author was highly elated at his good fortune. See *Life*, ch. xix. Shortly after its appearance the following Lines were addressed to him by Miss Aikin, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld:—

"In vain fair Auburn weeps her desert plains;
She moves our envy who so well complains:
In vain hath proud oppression laid her low;
She wears a garland on her faded brow.
Now, Auburn, now, absolve impartial Fate,
Which, if it makes thee wretched, makes thee great.
So unobserv'd, some humble plant may bloom,
Till crush'd, it fills the air with sweet perfume:
So had thy swains in ease and plenty slept,
The Poet had not sung, nor Britain wept.
Nor let Britannia mourn her drooping bay,
Unhonour'd Genius, and her swift decay:
O Patron of the Poor! it cannot be,
While one—one poet yet remains like thee.
Nor can the Muse desert our favour'd isle,
Till thou desert the Muse, and scorn her smile."

The same lady, in her Lives of the British Novellists, thus characterizes the poetry of Goldsmith:—

"Of all the walks in which Goldsmith exercised his genius, that of poetry is the one in which it shone the brightest. Of his compositions in this line the bulk is small; but for beautiful description, touching sentiment, and a harmony of versification that operates like a charm upon any one who has an ear for poetry, they are scarcely exceeded by any in the language. There is scarcely any poem in the English language, in which harmony, beautiful description, and pathos are united with greater effect than in the Deserted Village."—*British Novelist*, vol. xxiii. p. 7.

To this we will add the able critique of Mr. Thomas Campbell:—

" In the Deserted Village," he says, " Goldsmith is an advocate for the agricultural, in preference to the commercial prosperity of a nation; and he pleads for the blessings of the simpler state, not with the vulgar predilection for the country which is common to poets, but with an earnestness that professes to challenge our soberest belief. Between Rousseau's celebrated letter on the influence of the sciences, and this popular poem, it will not be difficult to discover some resemblance of principles. They arrive at the same conclusions against luxury; the one from contemplating the ruins of a village, and the other from reviewing the downfall of empires. But the English poet is more moderate in his sentiments than the philosopher of Geneva; he neither stretches them to such obvious paradox, nor involves them in so many details of sophistry; nor does he blaspheme all philosophy and knowledge in pronouncing a malediction on luxury. Rousseau is the advocate of savageness, Goldsmith only of simplicity. Still, however, his theory is adverse to trade, and wealth, and arts. He delineates their evils, and disdains their vaunted benefits. This is certainly not philosophical neutrality; but a neutral balancing of arguments would have frozen the spirit of poetry. We must consider him as a pleader on that side of the question which accorded with the predominant state of his heart; and, considered in that light, he is the poetical advocate of many truths. He revisits a spot consecrated by his earliest and tenderest recollections; he misses the bloomy flush of life, which had marked its once busy, but now depopulated scenes; he beholds the inroads of monopolizing wealth, which had driven the peasant to emigration; and, tracing the sources of the evil to 'Trade's proud empire,' which has so often proved a transient glory and an enervating good, he laments the state of society, 'where wealth accumulates and men decay.' Undoubtedly, counter views of the subject might have presented themselves, both to the poet and philosopher. The imagination of either might have contemplated, in remote perspective, the replenishing of empires beyond the deep, and the diffusion of civilized existence, as eventual consolations of futurity, for the present sufferings of emigration. But those distant and cold calculations of optimism would have been wholly foreign to the tone and subject of the poem. It was meant to fix our patriotic sympathy on an innocent and suffering class of the community, to refresh our recollections of the simple joys, the sacred and strong local attachments, and all the manly virtues of rustic life. Of such virtues the very remembrance is by degrees obliterated in the breasts of a commercial people. It was meant to rebuke the luxurious and selfish spirit of opulence, which, imitating the pomp and solitude of feudal abodes, without their hospitality and protection, surrounded itself with monotonous pleasure-grounds, which indignantly 'spurned the cottage from the green.'

" Although Goldsmith has not examined all the points and bearings of the question suggested by the changes in society which were passing before his eyes, he has strongly and affectingly pointed out the immediate evils with which those changes were pregnant. Nor while the picture of Auburn delights the fancy, does it made an useless appeal to our moral sentiments. It may be well sometimes that society, in the very pride and triumph of its improvement, should be taught to pause and look back upon its former steps; to count the virtues that have been lost, or the victims that have been sacrificed by its changes. Whatever may be the calculations of the political economist as to ultimate effects, the circumstance of agricultural wealth being thrown into large masses, and of the small farmer exiled from his scanty domain, foreboded a baneful influence on the independent character of the peasantry, which it is by no means clear that subsequent events have proved to be either slight or imaginary.

"Pleasing as Goldsmith is, it is impossible to ascribe variety to his poetical character; and Dr. Johnson has justly remarked something of an echoing resemblance of tone and sentiment between the 'Traveller' and 'Deserted Village.' But the latter is certainly an improvement on its predecessor. The field of contemplation in the 'Traveller' is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the 'Deserted Village.'"—*British Poets*, vol. vi. p. 265.

Sir Walter Scott, in performing the office of reviewer to a volume of poems, thus writes:—

"It would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style, than the author of the 'Deserted Village.' Possessing much of the compactness of Pope's versification, without the monotonous structure of his lines; rising sometimes to the swell and fulness of Dryden, without his inflations; delicate and masterly in his descriptions; graceful in one of the greatest graces of poetry, its transitions; alike successful in his sportive or grave, his playful or melancholy mood; he may long bid defiance to the numerous competitors whom the friendship or flattery of the present age is so hastily arraying against him."—*Quarterly Rev.*, vol. iv. p. 516.

Again:—

"The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied: he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume, with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he so highly adorned."—*Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 258, edit. 1834.

To these testimonials we will add that of the great poet of Germany, Goethe :—

" A poetical production, which our little circle hailed with transport, now occupied our attention; this was Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' This poem seemed perfectly adapted to the sentiments which then actuated us. The pictures which it represented were those which we loved to contemplate, and sought with avidity, in order to enjoy them with all the zest of youth. Village fêtes, wakes, and fairs, the grave meetings of the elders under the village trees, to which they have retreated in order to leave the young to the pleasures of the dance; the part taken by persons of a more elevated rank in these village entertainments ; the decency maintained in the midst of the general hilarity by a worthy clergyman, skilled to moderate mirth when approaching to boisterousness, and to prevent all that might produce discord ;—such were the representations the poet laid before us, not as the objects of present attention and enjoyment, but as past pleasures, the loss of which excited regret. We found ourselves once more in our beloved Wakefield, amidst its well known circle. But those interesting characters had now lost all life and movement; they appeared only like shadows called up by the plaintive tones of the elegiac muse. The idea of this poem seems singularly happy to those who can enter into the author's intention, and who, like him, find a melancholy satisfaction in recalling innocent pleasures long since fled. I shared all Gotter's enthusiasm for this charming production. We both undertook to translate it; but he succeeded better than I did, because I had too scrupulously endeavoured to transfer the tender and affecting character of the original into our language. I had effected my purpose in a few stanzas, but had failed in the general effect."—*Memoirs*, p. 448.]

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir,

I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion), that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made! (1)

---

(1) [" Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where the poet's brother, the clergyman, had his living, claims the honour of being the spot from which the localities of the Deserted Village were derived. The church which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill, and the brook, are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by those admirers of the bard, who desired to have classical tooth-pick cases and tobacco-stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers."—Sir Walter Scott, Prose Works, vol. iii. p. 250, edit. 1834. See also *Life*, ch. xix.]

How often have I bless'd the coming day,(1)
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,(2)
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;

---

(1) [Supposed to allude to the number of Saints' days in Ireland, kept by the Roman Catholic peasantry.]

(2) [The character said to be intended in this and other passages, was General Robert Napier, an English gentleman, who is well remembered to have ruled the village with "a tyrant's hand."—See *Life*, ch. xix.]

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;(1)
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;(2)
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

(1) [" Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild-goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jacksnipe: but of all these sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like an interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters. I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village: they considered it as a presage of some sad event, and generally found or made one to succeed it."—*Animated Nature*, vol. vi. p. 24.]

(2) [" De Caux, an old French poet, in one of his moral poems, comparing the world to his hour-glass, says—

' C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.' "—D'Israeli.]

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;(1)
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,(2)
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

---

(1) [" On the subject of those mis-named improvements, in which

> 'Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
> Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose,'

the possessors themselves of those places have not been always destitute of compunctions similar to the sentiment of the poet. Mr. Potter, in his 'Observations on the Poor Laws,' has recorded an instance of it. When the late Earl of Leicester was complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, he replied, 'It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's county. I look round, not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the Giant of Giant Castle, and have eat up all my neighbours.'"—Campbell, British Poets, vol. vi. p. 266.]

(2) [Here followed, in the first edition:—

> "Here, as with doubtful pensive steps I range,
> Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
> Remembrance," &c.]

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—(1)
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:(2)
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

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(1) [The same phrase occurs in Collins's second eclogue:—

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear,
In all my griefs, a more than equal share."]

(2) [" My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from wasting by repose."—First edit.]

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.(1)

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.(2)

---

(1) [Sir Joshua Reynolds from this passage took the idea of his painting of 'Resignation,' of which an engraving being taken, he thus inscribed it to the poet: "This attempt to express a character in the Deserted Village, is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer, JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

(2) [These lines are supposed to apply to a female, named Catherine Geraghty, whom the poet had known in earlier and better days. The brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the village.]

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.(1)
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;(2)
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

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(1) [More than one of Goldsmith's relatives have been put forward as claimants for this character; his father by Mrs. Hodson, his brother by others, and his uncle Contarine by the Rev. Dr. O'Connor. The fact perhaps is, that he fixed upon no one individual, but borrowing, like all good poets and painters, a little from each, drew the character by their combination.]

(2) [" Even the lowest of the people," says Leland, " claimed reception and refreshment by an almost perfect right, and so ineffectual is the flux of many centuries to efface the ancient manners of a people, that at this day the wandering beggar enters the house of a farmer or gentleman, with as much ease and freedom as an inmate."—LELAND's Hist. of Ireland, vol. i. p. 36, 1773.]

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.(1)
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

---

(1) [This line bears some resemblance in expression to a passage in Dryden's Britannia Redeviva:—

"Our vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant before we can conclude the pray'r;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise who came to pray."]

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.(1)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;

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(1) [" This is one of the most simple and sublime passages in English poetry."—Gifford.

" As Claudian has come in my way," says Gilbert Wakefield, in his Memoirs, "and the subject turns on the obligations of the moderns to the ancients, I will step out of the road to discover the origin of perhaps the sublimest simile that English poetry can boast:—

———— ' Ut *altus* Olympi
Vertex, qui spatio *ventos hiemesque relinquit*,
Perpetuum nullâ temeratus nube serenum,
Celsior exsurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat;
Sic patiens animus per tanta negotia liber
Emergit, similisque sui: justique tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.' "
Claud. *de Mall. Theod. Cons.* 206.

" Stat *sublimis apex*, ventosque *imbresque serenus*
Despicit."—*Theb.* ii. 35.]

While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew. (1)

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door; (2)
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules,(3) the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,

---

(1) [Goldsmith is here supposed have drawn the portrait of his own early instructor, Thomas Byrne.—See *Life*, ch. i.]

(2) [" Goldsmith's chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects, that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house, and listen to the 'varnished clock that clicked behind the door.' "—CAMPBELL, vol. vi. p. 263.]

(3) [Crabbe, who had his eye frequently fixed on Goldsmith, of whom he is indeed in many passages an enlarged, sometimes avowed imitator, has likewise introduced " The Twelve Good Rules " as part of the ornamental

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row. (1)

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.

---

furniture of the industrious swain's cot in the introduction to the Parish Register:—

> "There is King Charles, and all his Golden Rules,
> Who proved misfortune's was the best of schools;
> And then his Son, who tried by years of pain,
> Proved that misfortunes may be sent in vain."—Vol. ii. p. 144, edit. 1834.]

(1) [The ale-house has been rebuilt by the poet's relative, Mr. Hogan, and supplied with the sign of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," with new copies of the "Twelve Golden Rules" and the "Royal Game of Goose," not omitting the "broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show."—See *Life*, ch. xix.]

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis your's to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land. (1)
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

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(1) [" Happy, very happy, might they have been, had they known when to bound their riches and their glory: had they known that extending empire is often diminishing power; that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful; that colonies, by draining away the brave and enterprizing, leave the country in the hands of the timid and the avaricious; that too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and that there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire."—*Citizen of the World*, No. xxv. See vol. ii. p. 98.]

While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head, (1)
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

---

(1) [" These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them."—*Citizen of the World*, No. cxviii. See vol. ii. p. 456.]

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama (1) murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers (2) wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,

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(1) [A river of Georgia, North America; introduced here probably from being mentioned in conversation by General Oglethorpe, the founder of that state, with whom Goldsmith was intimate.]

(2) ["The poet," says Dr. Percival, "is not on all occasions to be confined within the precise boundaries of truth. What writer of lively fancy, in describing a morning walk on the banks of Keswick, would not embellish the beauty of the scene by the melody of birds, and thus add the charms of music to all the enchantments of vision? Yet, I believe, there is not a feathered songster to be found in those delightful vales; probably owing to the terrors inspired by the birds of prey which abound on the mountains that surround them. The same observation will perhaps justify the author of the 'Deserted Village,' when he attempts to magnify the terrors of an American wilderness by introducing a *tiger* into the tremendous group, though this animal has never yet been found in the British trans-Atlantic settlements."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 170, edit. 1807.

"I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the *jackal* from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins and follow armies."—Lord Byron, *Siege of Corinth*, note.]

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief. (1)

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:

---

(1) [" In all the decent manliness of grief."—First edit.]

At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. (1)

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(1) [" Dr. Johnson favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' which are only the four last."—BOSWELL, vol. ii. p. 309, edit. 1835.]

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO

LORD CLARE.

[PART of the spring and summer of the year 1771, Goldsmith passed at Gosfield and at Bath, with his friend Lord Clare. On his return from this visit he drew up the following amusing little poem. It was not published till 1776, two years after his decease. A second edition, with considerable additions and corrections, appeared in the same year. See *Life,* ch. xx.

" The leading idea of the ' Haunch of Venison,' " observes the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, in a communication to the editor, " is taken from Boileau's third Satire (which itself was no doubt suggested by Horace's raillery of the banquet of Nasidienus); and two or three of the passages which one would, *à priori,* have pronounced the most original and natural, are closely copied from the French poet:—

' We'll have Johnson and Burke—all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.

Molière avec Tartuffe y doit jouer son rôle,
Et Lambert, qui plus est, m'a donné sa parole.'

' My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.

A peine étais-je entré, que ravi de me voir,
Mon homme, en m'embrassant, m'est venu reçevoir;
Et montrant à mes yeux une allégresse entière,
Nous n'avons, m'a-t-il dit, ni Lambert ni Molière.'

But, to be sure, Goldsmith's host, and his wife ' Little Kitty,' and the Scot, and the ' Jew, with his chocolate cheek,' are infinitely more droll and more natural than Boileau's *deux campagnards.* The details of the dinner, too, overdone and tedious in Boileau, are touched by Goldsmith with a pleasantry not carried too far."]

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Ven'son; for finer or fatter,
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter:
The Haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;(1)
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts in my Chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They 'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.(2)
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
Well! suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

---

(1) [" The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy."—First edit.]

(2) [Nearly the same thought occurs in "Animated Nature," vol. iii. p. 9, as applicable to the peasantry of other countries: "There is scarcely a cottage in Germany, Poland, and Switzerland, that is not hung round with these marks of hospitality; and which often makes the owner better contented with hunger, since he has it in his power to be luxurious when he thinks proper. A piece of beef hung up there, is considered as an elegant piece of furniture, which, though seldom touched, at least argues the possessor's opulence and ease."]

But, my Lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.(1)

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d,(2) and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,(3)
I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman, Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.(4)
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd:
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the Ven'son and me.(5)
"What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I, with a flounce,
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:

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(1) Lord Clare's nephew.

(2) [" There's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and Hiff."—First edit.]

(3) [Dr. Paul Hiffernan. For an account of this excentric character, see *Life*, ch. xx.]

(4) [" Such dainties to them! It would look like a flirt,
Like sending'em ruffles when wanting a shirt."—First edit.]

(5) [" A fine-spoken Custom-house officer he,
Who smil'd as he gaz'd on the Ven'son and me."—*Ibid.*]

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this Ven'son to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty?—it shall, and it must,(1)
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter!—this Ven'son with me to Mile-end;
No stirring,—I beg, my dear friend,—my dear friend!"(2)
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself," (3)
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good Ven'son pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine);
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;

---

(1) ["I'll take no denial—you shall and you must."—First edit.]

(2) ["No words, my dear Goldsmith! my very good friend!"—*Ibid.*]

(3) See the Letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry, Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor. 12mo. 1769.

"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you: (1)
The one writes the 'Snarler,' the other the 'Scourge:'
Some thinks he writes 'Cinna'—he owns to 'Panurge.'"
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen;
At the sides there was spinnage, and pudding made hot;
In the middle, a place where the Pasty—was not. (2)
Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most was that d——'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on!
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week: (3)
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice;

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(1) ["Who dabble and write in the papers like you."—First edit.]

(2) ["In the middle a place where the Ven'son—was not."—*Ibid.*]

(3) ["Your tripe!" quoth the Jew, "if the truth I may speak,
I could eat of this tripe seven days in the week."

There's a Pasty "—" a Pasty !" repeated the Jew,
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
" What the De'il, mon, a Pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot,
" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that ;"
" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out;
" We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out,—for who could mistake her ?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven,
Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus——but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste: (1)
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sick'ned over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

---

(1) [Lord Clare was a man of parts, a poet, and a facetious companion. Almon observes, that his poems breathe the true Horation fire, but are more than half unknown. A volume of them was published anonymously by Dodsley in 1739, entitled " Odes and Epistles." Several other poems of his Lordship are printed in Dodsley's Collection, and in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit. His only daughter married the first Marquis of Buckingham, on whose second son the title of Baron Nugent devolved. He died in 1788.—See Nichols, Lit. Anec., vol. viii. p. 2, and Croker's Boswell, vol. ii. p. 123.]

THE CAPTIVITY;

AN

ORATORIO.(1)

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(1) [*Written in* 1764, *and now printed from the original manuscript, in Goldsmith's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr. Murray.* — See LIFE, ch. xiv.]

THE PERSONS.

First Jewish Prophet.
Second Jewish Prophet.
Israelitish Woman.
First Chaldean Priest.
Second Chaldean Priest.
Chaldean Woman.
Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Scene.—*The Banks of the River Euphrates, near Babylon.*

THE CAPTIVITY,

AN

ORATORIO.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Israelites *sitting on the Banks of the Euphrates.*

First **Prophet.**

Recitative.

Ye captive tribes, that hourly work and weep,
Where flows Euphrates, murmuring to the deep;
Suspend awhile the task, the tear suspend,
And turn to God, your father and your friend:
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world a foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

First **Prophet.**

Air.

Our God is all we boast below,
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

Second PROPHET.

And though no temple richly drest,
Nor sacrifice is here;
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

[*The first stanza repeated by the* CHORUS.

Second PROPHET.

Recitative.

That strain once more: it bids remembrance rise,
And brings my long-lost country to mine eyes.
Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride;
Ye plains where Jordan rolls its glassy tide;
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd;
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around:
These hills how sweet! those plains how wond'rous fair!
But sweeter still, when Heaven was with us there.

Air.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Hence, intruder, most distressing,
Seek the happy and the free;
The wretch who wants each other blessing,
Ever wants a friend in thee.

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

Yet, why complain? What, though by bonds confin'd,
Should bonds repress the vigour of the mind?

Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
Are not this very morn those feasts begun,
Where prostrate error hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? Should coward virtue fly,
When impious folly rears her front on high?
No; rather let us triumph still the more,
And as our fortune sinks, our wishes soar.

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Second PROPHET.

Recitative.

But hush, my sons! our tyrant lords are near;
The sound of barbarous mirth offends mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale;
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale;
The growing sound their swift approach declares;—
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter CHALDEAN PRIESTS, *attended.*

First PRIEST.

Air.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display;
Let rapture the minutes employ;
The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes in the joy.

Second PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all rapture supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow:
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

A Chaldean WOMAN.

Air.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure;
Love presents its brightest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

A Chaldean ATTENDANT.

Or rather Love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising:
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

First PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

Second PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing;
But, neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

Recitative.

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
The day demands it; sing us Sion's song.
Dismiss your griefs, and join our warbling choir;
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre!

Second PROPHET.

Bow'd down with chains, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
And mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never! May this hand forget each art
That speeds the power of music to the heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join with sounds profane its sacred mirth!

First PRIEST.

Insulting slaves! if gentler methods fail,
The whips and angry tortures shall prevail.
[*Exeunt* CHALDEANS.

First **Prophet.**

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer;
We fear the Lord, and know no other fear.

Chorus.

Can whips or tortures hurt the mind
On God's supporting breast reclin'd?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see,
That fortitude is victory.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene as before.

Chorus of **Israelites.**

O peace of mind, angelic guest!
Thou soft companion of the breast!
  Dispense thy balmy store.
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, receding from our eyes,
  Shall vanish as we soar.

First **Priest.**

Recitative.

No more! Too long has justice been delay'd;
The king's commands must fully be obey'd:
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.
But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd at his hand;

Think, timely think, what terrors are behind;
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

Second PRIEST.

Air.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And fierce the tempest rolling
Along the furrow'd main:
But storms that fly,
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging,
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarch's raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

Ah, me! what angry terrors round us grow;
How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow!
Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth!
If shrinking thus, when frowning power appears,
I wish for life, and yield me to my fears.
Let us one hour, one little hour obey;
To-morrow's tears may wash our stains away.

Air.

To the last moment of his breath,
On hope the wretch relies;
And e'en the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray. (1)

Second PRIEST.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare;
I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come on, and bid the warbling rapture rise,
Our monarch's fame the noblest theme supplies.
Begin, ye captive bands, and strike the lyre;
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
Zephyrs through the woodland playing
Streams along the valley straying.

First PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall Reason only teach to weep?
Hence intruder! we'll pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

---

(1) [" Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
  On hope the wretch relies;
 And every blow that sinks the heart,
  Bids the deluder rise.

" Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
  Adorns the wretch's way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray."—*Orig.* MS.]

Second PRIEST

Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes;
Then let us, providently wise,
Seize the debtor as it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The pleasures that we lose to-day;
To-morrow's most unbounded store
Can but pay its proper score.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

But, hush! see foremost of the captive choir,
The master-prophet grasps his full-ton'd lyre.
Mark where he sits, with executing art,
Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart.
See how prophetic rapture fills his form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm;
And now his voice, accordant to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

First PROPHET.

Air.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
  Conspiring nations come;
Tremble thou vice-polluted breast,
  Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
  On Babylon it lies;
Down with her! down—down to the ground,
  She sinks, she groans, she dies.

Second **Prophet.**

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
Ere yonder setting sun;
Serve her as she has serv'd the just!
'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

First **Priest.**

Recitative.

No more! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.
Unthinking wretches! have not you and all,
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes;
See where dethron'd your captive monarch lies,
Depriv'd of sight and rankling in his chain;
See where he mourns his friends and children slain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind
More pondrous chains, and dungeons more confin'd.

Chorus of All.

Arise, all potent ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause;
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—*Scene as before.*

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are past,
And our fix'd empire shall for ever last;
In vain the madd'ning prophet threatens woe,
In vain rebellion aims her secret blow;
Still shall our fame and growing power be spread,
And still our vengeance crush the traitor's head.

Air.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all:
When ruin shakes all
Then shall Babylon fall.

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

'Tis thus that pride triumphant rears the head,
A little while, and all their power is fled;
But ha! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
That this way slowly bend along the plain?
And now, methinks, to yonder bank they bear
A pallid corse, and rest the body there.
Alas! too well mine eyes indignant trace
The last remains of Judah's royal race:
Our monarch falls, and now our fears are o'er,
Unhappy Zedekiah is no more!

Air.

Ye wretches who by fortune's hate,
  In want and sorrow groan;
Come ponder his severer fate,
  And learn to bless your own.

You vain, whom youth and pleasure guide
  Awhile the bliss suspend;
Like yours, his life began in pride,
  Like his, your lives shall end.

Second **Prophet.**

Behold his wretched corse with sorrow worn,
His squalid limbs with ponderous fetters torn;
Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
These ill-becoming rags—that matted hair.
And shall not Heaven for this its terrors shew,
Grasp the red bolt, and lay the guilty low? (1)
How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall!

Israelitish Woman.

Air.

As panting flies the hunted hind,
  Where brooks refreshing stray;
And rivers through the valley wind,
  That stop the hunter's way.

Thus we, O Lord, alike distrest,
  For streams of mercy long;
Those streams which cheer the sore opprest,
  And overwhelm the strong.

(1) [" And shall not Heaven for this its terror show,
And deal its angry vengeance on the foe!"—*Orig.* MS.]

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

But, whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!
See yonder tower just nodding to the fall;
See where an army covers all the ground,
Saps the strong wall, and pours destruction round!
The ruin smokes, destruction pours along,
How low the great, how feeble are the strong!
The foe prevails, the lofty walls recline—
O, God of hosts, the victory is thine!

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust;
  Thy vengeance be begun:
Serve them as they have serv'd the just,
  And let thy will be done.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails,
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails!
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along,—
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong!
Save us, O Lord! to thee, though late, we pray,
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

First and Second PRIEST.

Thrice happy, who in happy hour
  To heaven their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power
  Before they feel the blow.

First Prophet.

Recitative.

Now, now's our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind;
Too late you seek that power unsought before,
Your wealth, your pride, your kingdom, are no more.

Air.

O, Lucifer, thou son of morn,
  Alike of Heaven and man the foe;
    Heaven, men, and all,
    Now press thy fall,
  And sink thee lowest of the low.

First Prophet.

O, Babylon, how art thou fallen!
  Thy fall more dreadful from delay!
    Thy streets forlorn,
    To wilds shall turn,
  Where toads shall pant and vultures prey.

Second Prophet.

Recitative.

Such be her fate! But listen! from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war.
Cyrus, our great restorer, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Give, give your songs of Zion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind:
He comes pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

Chorus of YOUTHS.

Rise to transports past expressing,
  Sweeter from remember'd woes;
Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
  Comes to give the world repose.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
  Love and pleasure in his train;
Comes to heighten every blessing,
  Comes to soften every pain.

Semi-Chorus.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
  Skill'd in every peaceful art;
Who from bonds our limbs unchaining,
  Only binds the willing heart.

Last Chorus.

But chief to Thee, our God, defender, friend,
  Let praise be given to all eternity;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
  Let us, and all, begin and end in Thee.

RETALIATION.

A

POEM.

[This poem was written in February 1774, but was not published until after the author's decease. It arose not from a scene at the Literary Club in Gerrard-street, as sometimes said, but from a more miscellaneous meeting, consisting of a few of its members and their friends who assembled to dine at the St. James's Coffee-house. Much mirth and convivial pleasantry appear to have resulted from their meetings. The late Sir George Beaumont mentioned that whatever was the dinner hour, whether in a private or public party, Goldsmith always came late and generally in a bustle. A peculiarity like this drew attention upon him at table, and became a source of banter to his companions. This led to further observation: his person, dialect, and manners, his genius mingled with peculiarities, his negligences and blunders, often no doubt the effect of abstraction, furnished a theme for jocular notice, too tempting to be lost by men drawn together to amuse and be amused; and the remark of some one, how he would be estimated by posterity, first gave rise to the idea of characterising him by epitaphs. It does not appear that many were written, or none that deserved remembrance, except that by Garrick, of which the following is stated to be an exact copy:—

"Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

See *Life*, ch. xxi.]

RETALIATION.

A

POEM.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord (1) supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish;
Our Dean(2) shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke(3) shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will(4) shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick (5) with his pepper shall heighten the savour;
Our Cumberland's(6) sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas(7) is pudding, substantial and plain;

---

(1) The master of the St. James's coffee-house, where the Poet, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

(2) Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland. [Afterwards Bishop of Killaloe, and in 1794 translated to the see of Limerick. He died at Wimbledon, in Surrey, June 7, 1806, in his eightieth year.]

(3) The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

(4) Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, member for Bedwin, and afterwards holding office in India.

(5) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada; afterwards Recorder of Bristol.

(6) Richard Cumberland, Esq., author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, Calvary, &c. &c.

(7) Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor (now Bishop of Salisbury), an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes. [He died in 1807.]

Our Garrick's (1) a sallad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge (2) is anchovy, and Reynolds (3) is lamb;
That Hickey's (4) a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean,(5) reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,(6) whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.(7)
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend (8) to lend him a vote;

---

(1) David Garrick, Esq.

(2) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

(3) Sir Joshua Reynolds.

(4) An eminent attorney.

(5) Vide page 99.

(6) Vide page 99.

(7) [In this thought Goldsmith had probably in remembrance a passage in one of Pope's letters to Swift, in which, speaking of Bolingbroke, he complains of his being so much taken up with particular men as to neglect mankind; still rather a creature of this world than of the universe.]

(8) Mr. Thomas Townshend, member for Whitchurch. [Afterwards Lord Sydney.]

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,⁽¹⁾ whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at:
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb! ⁽²⁾
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

---

(1) Vide page 99.

(2) Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on these accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas (1) retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds (2) shall be pious, our Kenricks (3) shall lecture;
Macpherson (4) write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;

---

(1) Vide page 99. (2) The Rev. Dr. William Dodd.

(3) Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare." [For an account of whom, see *Life*, ch. viii.]

(4) James Macpherson, Esq., who lately from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity. [This alludes to his prose translation of Homer, which has been wholly and deservedly neglected.]

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,(1) and Woodfalls(2) so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!

(1) Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(2) Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey(1) reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper!
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and, burn ye:
He was, could he help it?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland; (2)
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

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(1) [See Life, vol. ii. p. 295.]

(2) [" To his gentle and happy composure of mind, our common friend Goldsmith alludes, when, in describing Sir Joshua Reynolds, he employed the epithet *bland*—a word eminently happy, and characteristic of his easy and placid manner; but, taking into our consideration at once the soundness of his understanding, and the mildness and suavity of his deportment, perhaps Horace's description of the amiable friend of the younger Scipio—the ' mitis sapientia Læli,'—may convey to posterity a more perfect idea of our illustrious painter, than the unfinished delineation of his poetical friend." —Malone, Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,(1) and only took snuff. (2)

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,(3) from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave(4) man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!

---

(1) Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

(2) [" These were the last lines Goldsmith ever wrote. He had written half a line more of this character, when he was seized with the fever which carried him in a few days to the grave. He intended to have concluded with his own character."—MALONE.]

(3) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

(4) Mr. Whitefoord was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table be set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall (1) confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press. (2)

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit.
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd
"Muse." (3)

---

(1) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

(2) Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

(3) [The wit of Goldsmith in this poem produced, as such things frequently do, an effusion of wit from other men. Garrick, who had a turn for epigram, was the first in the field: led by the skill and keenness with which his own character had been analyzed, but unprepared for reply, his first feeling seems to have been one of mere discontent, which he expressed in the following

"JEU D'ESPRIT,

"ON DR. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTICAL COOKERY.

"Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks."

Further reflection convinced Garrick of the enduring nature of the satire; and he soon found that it was thought by others to contain much truth. This prompted a more laboured effusion in the form of attack on his assailant; for the idea and point of which, however, he is indebted to Swift. It was not printed, and probably not written, before 1776.

"JUPITER AND MERCURY,

A FABLE.

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow!
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail;
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet;
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be Goldsmith his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him—to make us sport here."

Cumberland, having no resentments to gratify, ventured to imitate his original, by applying to wines the characters appropriated by Goldsmith to dishes. The idea was good; and in the following piece, which was first printed about 1777, is cleverly executed, though infinitely inferior to the humour, discrimination, and talent that pervades 'Retaliation.'

" Poetical Epistle to Dr. Goldsmith, or Supplement to his 'Retaliation.'

"Doctor, according to our wishes,
You've character'd us all in dishes;
Served up a sentimental treat,
Of various emblematic meat;
And now it's time, I trust, you'll think
Your company should have some drink;
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
Ring, then, and see that there is placed
To each according to his taste.

"To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critic lore, give ancient Hock;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure, unadulterated wine;
For if there's fault in taste or odour,
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

"To Johnson, philosophic sage,
The moral Mentor of the age;
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With melting heart, but look austere;
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And crown his cup with priestly Port.

"Now fill the glass with gay Champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain:
Quick! quick! the sparkling nectar quaff;
Drink it, dear Garrick! drink and laugh.

"Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich Burgundy of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid;
With ruddy light refresh the faces,
And warm the bosom of the Graces.

"To Burke a pure libation bring,
Fresh drawn from the Castalian spring;
With civic oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;
Let Clio at his table sip,
And Hermes hand it to his lip.

"Fill out my friend, the Dean of Derry,
A bumper of conventual Sherry.

"Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
Of Whisky punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale,
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale!

"To Cradock (1) next in order turn ye,
And grace him with the wines of Ferney.

"Now, Doctor, you're an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and choose your liquor.
Wil't have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?
With Wakefield's Vicar sip your tea,
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, Doctor, I would have ye know it,
An honest I, though humble, poet;
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover Road;
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade.
Hence with all such! for you and I
By English wares will live and die.
Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire;
And, boy!—a pot of Thrale's entire!"

Dean Barnard, who wrote verses with facility, printed the following lines after perusing those of Goldsmith and Cumberland:—

"Dear Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Though I here must confess that your meat and your wine
Are not to my taste, though they're both very fine;
For Sherry's a liquor monastic, you own—
Now there's nothing I hate so as drinking alone:
It may do for your Monks, or your Curates and Vicars,
But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your Ven'son's delicious, though too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
So soon as you please you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your Sherry, pray make me a—*Bishop*."]

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(1) [Joseph Cradock, Esq. The allusion is to his having altered and adapted Voltaire's 'Zobeide' to the English stage.]

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desir'd by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears;
" An't please you," quoth John, " I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd ! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753. (1)

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS, A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

Preserved by Macrobius. (2)

What ! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age !
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What, in the name of dotage, drives me here ?

---

(1) [This is the only effusion preserved, of several which Goldsmith is said to have written while a student at Edinburgh.]

(2) [This translation was first printed in " The Present State of Polite Learning," in 1759 ; but was omitted in the second edition, which appeared in 1774. Decimus Laberius was made a Roman knight by Julius Cæsar. For a long period he maintained the first character as a farce writer ; but Publius Syrus at last became his rival, and carried off the applause of the theatre. See Aulus Gellius, l. iii., c. 7 ; and Hor. Sat. lib. i. sat. x.]

A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell;
The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

In imitation of Dean Swift. (1)

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,

---

(1) [First printed in the "Busy Body," 1759; to draw attention to which publication it was announced as the production of the Dean of St. Patrick. It was included in the Dublin edition of his works, and is continued by Sir Walter Scott, who had doubtless forgotten its position in the works of Goldsmith. See *Life*, ch. ix.]

Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend, a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob: (1)
Fraught with invective they ne'er go,
To folks at Paternoster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds,
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats for pay.

(1) [Sir Robert Walpole, the object of so much vituperation by Swift.]

Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

EPIGRAM

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH, STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.(1)

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.(2)

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(1) [First printed in "The Bee," 1759. See vol. i. p. 8.]

(2) ["The princess of Eboli, the mistress of Phillip II. of Spain, and Maugiron, the minion of Henry III. of France, had each of them lost an eye; and the famous Latin epigram, which Goldsmith has either translated or imitated, was written on them."—LORD BYRON, Works, vol. vi. p. 390.]

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.(1)

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
  Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
  And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O, Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
  Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
  Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
  And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
  Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

STANZAS.(2)

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
  Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
  Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
  Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
  She long had wanted cause of fear.

---

(1) [First printed in the "Busy Body," 1759. The alleged relationship of the Poet with this distinguished officer, produced very naturally an effort to celebrate him, after a death so honourable.]

(2) [First printed in "The Bee." 1759.]

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Imitated from the French. (1)

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

---

(1) [First printed in "The Bee," 1759. The original is in *Ménagiana*, tom. iv. p. 200:—

ÉTRENNE À IRIS.

"Pour témoignage de ma flamme,
Iris, du meilleur de mon âme,
Je vous donne à ce nouvel an,
Non pas dentelle, ni ruban,
Non pas essence, non pas pommade,
Quelques boites de marmalade,
Un mouchoir, des gants, un bouquet,
Non pas fleures, ni chapelet.
Quoi donc? attendez, je vous donne,
O! fille plus belle que bonne,
Qui m'avez toujours refusé
Le point si souvent proposé,
Je vous donne.—Ah! le puis-je dire?
Oui; c'est trop souffrir le martyre,
Il est temps de m'emanciper,
Patience va m'échapper,
Fussiez-vous cent fois plus aimable,
Belle Iris, je vous donne—au diable."]

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
  Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
  A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
  Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
  I'll give thee—to the devil.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.(1)

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
  Who left a pledge behind.

---

(1) [These lines were first printed in "The Bee," 1759. Mr. Croker observes, in a communication to the editor:—"The elegy on Madam Blaize, and the better part of that on the Death of a Mad Dog, are closely imitated from a well-known French string of absurdities called 'La Chanson du fameux la Galisse;' one of many versions of which you will find in the *Ménagiana*, vol. iii, p.29. I shall select two or three stranzas as examples:—

"Messieurs, vous plait-il d'ouir
  L'air du fameux la Galisse,
Il pourra vous rejouir,—
  Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.

On dit que dans ses amours,
  Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,—
  Tant qu'il marche devant elles.

Il fut par un triste sort,
  Blessé d'une main cruelle;
On croit, puisqu'il est mort,—
  Que la plaie était mortelle."]

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.(1)

Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;

---

(1) [First printed, in 1760, in "The Citizen of the World." See vol. ii. p. 117. On this subject Goldsmith had projected an heroi-comic poem, as appears by one of his letters to his brother (see *Life*, ch. viii.); and with a few variations it forms the description of the ale-house in the "Deserted Village." See p. 62 of the present volume.]

There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;(1)
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears(3) the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

---

(1) [Viz. 1." Urge no healths; 2. Profane no divine ordinances; 3. Touch no state matters; 4. Reveal no secrets; 5. Pick no quarrels; 6. Make no comparisons; 7. Maintain no ill opinions; 8. Keep no bad company; 9. Encourage no vice; 10. Make no long meals; 11. Repeat no grievances; 12. Lay no wagers."]

(2) [" And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:

" Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay,
With sulky eye he smoaked the patient man,
Then pulled his breeches tight, and thus began, &c."

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends, with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier, and more agreeable species of composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet."—*Letter to his Brother*. See *Life*, ch. viii.]

SONG.(1)

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe. (2)

SONG.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.(4)

---

(1) [From the oratorio of the Captivity, written in 1764. See p. 82, in the present volume, and *Life*, ch. xiv.]

(2) [In the original MS., in the possession of Mr. Murray:—
"Hence, deceiver! most distressing,
Seek the happy and the free;
They who want each other blessing,
Ever want a friend in thee."]

(3) [Also from the oratorio of the Captivity. See p. 87.]

(4) [Originally— "Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On Hope the wretch relies;
And every blow that sinks the heart
Bids the deluder rise.
Hope, like the taper's gleaming light,
Adorns the wretch's way," &c.]

In Mr. Murray's MS. the stanza runs thus:—
"To the last moment of his breath,
On Hope the wretch relies:
And e'en the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.
"Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way, &c."]

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.(1)

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.(2)

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
O! had the Archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!——But let exclamations cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.(3)

(1) [Printed in the volume of Essays which appeared in 1765.]

(2) [Here followed, in the first edition:
"Without politeness, aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading."]

(3) [Here followed in the first edition:
"Our alter'd parson now began
To be a perfect lady's man;

Made

So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms:
And, though she felt his usage rough, (1)
Yet, in a man, 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace:
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.

Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
And told the tales oft told before;
Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit;
At college how he show'd his wit;
And as the fair one still approv'd
He fell in love—or thought it love,
So, &c."

The allusion to the "bailiffs pump'd'" applies to an incident in the Poet's own college career. See *Life*, ch. iii.]

(1) [" And though she felt his visage rough." *Orig.*—]

'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy (1)
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations:
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke; (2)
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,—
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
As each a different way pursues,

---

(1) [" Now tawdry madam kept a bevy." *Orig.*—]

(2) [" She in her turn became perplexing,
And found substantial bliss in vexing."—*Ib.*]

While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower :—
Lo ! the small pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes ;
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens ;
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old :
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day :
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.(1)

Long had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious;
First please to turn to God Mercurius!
You'll find him pictur'd at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis; pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed;
A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air:

---

(1) [Printed in the Essays, 1765.]

And here my simile unites;
For in the modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand:
By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue 's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to Hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:—
His wand 's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript;
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.

Moreover Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they—but senseless stones and blocks.

STANZAS

ON WOMAN.(1)

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.(2)

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.(2)

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

---

(1) First printed in the "Vicar of Wakefield," in 1766.]

(2) [" This specimen of Goldsmith's poetical powers is wonderfully pathetic. It is sweet as music, and polished like a gem."—Mrs. Barbauld.]

(3) First printed in the "Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, though probably

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes,

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

---

written at an earlier period; perhaps in 1760, as we find in the "Citizen of the World," (see vol. ii. p. 277), an amusing paper in which Goldsmith ridicules the fear of mad dogs as one of those epidemic terrors to which the people of England are occasionally prone.]

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That shew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
  Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
  I don't think he'll wish to come back.(1)

---

(1) [Purdon died suddenly in Smithfield, in March 1767. He was the college friend of Goldsmith. Being of a thoughtless turn, he enlisted as a private soldier after quitting the University; but becoming tired of this mode of life, he commenced professional writer in London, and renewed his acquaintance with the Poet, of whose bounty he frequently partook, and is believed to have been the cause of some of the difficulties and imprudences of his good-natured friend. He died as he had lived—in penury; and it was, perhaps, with reference to him and others whom Goldsmith had known in the same unfortunate situation, and it is to be feared with the remembrance of some sufferings of his own, that we find the following passage on the effects of hunger in his Animated Nature:—"The lower race of animals, when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man: his mind anticipates distress, and feels the pangs of want even before it arrests him. Thus the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in common language, is often called a broken heart. *Some of these I have known myself when very little able to relieve them.*"—See *Life* ch. vii.]

EPILOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE SISTER.(1)

What? five long acts—and all to make us wiser?
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well! since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue;
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you.
[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore:
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

---

(1) [Written by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, and represented at Covent-Garden Theatre, in January 1769. The plot was taken from the authoress's own novel entitled "Henrietta." The audience expressed their disapprobation of it with so much clamour and appearance of prejudice, that she would not suffer an attempt to exhibit it a second time. She published it without either remonstrance or complaint.—See *Gent. Mag.* vol. xxxix. p. 199.]

"There are but two decent prologues in our tongue—Pope's to Cato—Johnson's to Drury Lane. These, with the epilogue to the Distrest Mother, and, I think, one of Goldsmith's, and a prologue of old Colman's to Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, are the best things of the kind we have."—Lord Byron, Works, vol. ii p. 165.]

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she 's got power to cure:
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, dam'me! who's afraid?
[*Mimicking.*
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t'assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

VERSES

IN REPLY TO

AN INVITATION TO DINNER AT SIR GEORGE BAKER'S.(1)

"This *is* a poem! This *is* a copy of verses!"

Your mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night;
As I hope to be saved,
I put off being shaved;
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds;
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffman beside,
And the Jessamy bride,(2)
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses two,
Little Comedy's (3) face,
And the Captain in lace.(4)
(By the bye you may tell him,
I have something to sell him;

---

(1) [For the above verses, now first published, the reader is indebted to Major General Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. They were written about the year 1769, in reply to an invitation to dinner at Sir George Baker's, to meet the Misses Horneck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Angelica Kauffman, and others.—See *Life*, ch. xvii.]

(2) [Mary Horneck (Mrs. Gwyn).]

(3) [Catherine Horneck, afterwards Mrs. Bunbury.]

(4) [Ensign (afterwards General) Horneck.]

Of use I insist,
When he comes to enlist.
Your worships must know
That a few days ago,
An order went out,
For the foot guards so stout
To wear tails in high taste,
Twelve inches at least:
Now I've got him a scale
To measure each tail,
To lengthen a short tail,
And a long one to curtail.)—
Yet how can I when vext,
Thus stray from my text?
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolick like him,
But, alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's Advertiser? (1)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

---

(1) [The following is the compliment alluded to:—

"While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
Paints Conway's lovely form and Stanhope's face;
Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.
But when the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds! with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride we own,
Such strength, such harmony excell'd by none,
And thou art rivall'd by thyself alone."]

EPITAPH

ON

DR. PARNELL.(1)

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE GOOD NATURED MAN,

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley.(2)

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our play-rights still depend,
For epilogues and prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And make full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teaz'd each rhyming friend to help him out.
An epilogue, things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it.

---

(1) [First printed by T. Davies, in "Miscellanies by the Author of the Rambler," and written about the year 1770.]

(2) The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

Young man, cries one (a bard laid up in clover),
Alas! young man, my writing days are over;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother doctor there, perhaps, may try.
What I! dear Sir, the doctor interposes;
What, plant my thistle, Sir, among his roses!
No, no, I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.
Go ask your manager—Who, me! Your pardon;
Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden.
Our author's friends, thus plac'd at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing away;
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
" To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-natur'd Man.*

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE:

A TRAGEDY; WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADDOCK, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Quick, in the Character of a Sailor. (1)

In these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climate, and the savage shore;

---

(1) [Zobeide was first represented at Covent Garden on the 10th of December 1771, and was well received. Goldsmith appears to have first met

When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;(1)
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;(2)
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost.
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder: [*Upper Gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em— [*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground. [*Tasting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance;
Our Captain, gentle natives! craves assistance;

Mr. *Craddock* at the house of Mr. Yates, the actor. Being applied to for a *prologue through* the medium of the Yateses, the husband being to speak it (though Quick was afterwards deputed to this duty), and the wife to perform in the play, sent the above to the author, accompanied by the following note:—"Mr. Goldsmith presents his best respects to Mr. Craddock; has sent him the prologue, such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the public."—See *Life*, ch. xxi.]

(1) [In allusion to Captain Cook's voyage for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus.]

(2) [Alluding to Sir Joseph Banks's participation in the same voyage.]

[illegible]

Our ship's well stor'd;—in yonder creek we've [illegible]
His honour is no mercenary trader;
This is his first adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from [illegible]
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What! no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

AN EPILOGUE

INTENDED FOR

MRS. BULKLEY.(2)

There is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things;
Lost human wits have places there assign'd [illegible]
And they who lose their senses, there may find [illegible]
But where's this place, this storehouse of the [illegible]
The Moon, says he:—but I affirm the Stage:
At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar, and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

(1) [Mr. Craddock had given his right to any profits that [illegible] from the representation to Mrs. Yates, who greatly distinguished [illegible] the part of Zobeide.]

(2) [Presented in MS., among other papers, to Dr. Percy; [illegible] but for what play intended has not been ascertained. It appears, [illegible] by the concluding lines, that it was not a sentimental comedy, a school which Goldsmith adopted, and praised by the line:

"Still stoops among the low to copy nature."

When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;(1)
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;(2)
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he 's order'd me before,
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This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
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His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What! no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

AN EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR

MRS. BULKLEY.(2)

There is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things:
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The Moon, says he;—but I affirm, the Stage:
At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar, and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

---

(1) [Mr. Craddock had given his right to any profits that might accrue from the representation to Mrs. Yates, who greatly distinguished herself in the part of Zobeide.]

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"Still stoops among the low to copy nature."]

But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses;
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art, her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
The gamester too, whose wit's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stor'd,
As "Dam'me, Sir," and "Sir, I wear a sword;"
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place,
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS;(1)

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.(2)

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius. In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was composed in a period of time equally short.

Overture.—*A solemn Dirge.*

Air—Trio.

Arise, ye sons of worth, arise,
  And waken every note of woe!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
  'Tis ours to weep the want below.

Chorus.

When truth and virtue, &c.

Man *Speaker.*

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to Kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour—
Mere transitory things:

---

(1) [Printed from the copy belonging to Mr. Isaac Reed, who has written on the title-page: "This poem was written, or, as he says, compiled by Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. It is very scarce, and ought to be in his works." It was performed in the Great Room, Soho Square, the 20th February 1772. The composer was Signor Vento; the speakers Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bellemy; and the singers Mr. Champness, Mr. Dine, and Miss Jameson.—See *Life*, ch. xxi.]

(2) [Daughter of Frederick II., Duke of Saxe Gotha, and mother of King George III.]

The base bestow them ; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery ;
But when to pomp and power are join'd,
An equal dignity of mind ;
When titles are the smallest claim ;
When wealth and rank and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good ;
Then all their trophies last—and flattery turns to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb ;
How hast thou left mankind for Heaven !
E'en now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven !
Alas ! they never had thy hate ;
Unmov'd in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send ;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urged thy end :
Like some well-fashioned arch thy patience stood,
And purchased strength from its increasing load :
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free ;
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity !

SONG.—*By a* MAN.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Ev'ry passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying,
In the hopes of being blest.
Ev'ry added pang she suffers,
Some increasing good bestows,

And ev'ry shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN *Speaker.*

Yet, ah! what terrors frown'd upon her fate—
Death with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determin'd took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow;
But, mischievously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defaced the shrine.
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round,
Beheld each hour
Death's growing power,
And trembled as he frown'd.
As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross,—
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG.—*By a* MAN.

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
How great a king of terrors I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings!
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN *Speaker.*

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer;
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature;
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity:
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance;
For as the line of life conducts me on
To Death's great court, the prospect seems more fair.
'Tis Nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline;
Where wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
May every bliss be thine.
And, ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest,
May peace, that claim'd while here thy warmest love,
May blissful, endless peace, be thine above!

SONG.—*By a* WOMAN.

Lovely, lasting Peace below,
Comforter of ev'ry woe,
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky;
Lovely, lasting Peace appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN *Speaker.*

Our vows are heard! long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies;
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest want and patient sorrow dwell;
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor,
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And, oh! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine,
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
A simple song, a sigh profound.
There Faith shall come, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay;
And calm Religion shall repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship shall agree,
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

AIR.—CHORUS.

Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE.—*Pastorale.*

MAN *Speaker.*

Fast by that shore where Thames' translucent stream,
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest;
Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace,
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place;
While sweetly blending, still are seen,
The wavy lawn, the sloping green;
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through ev'ry maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene:—
There sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn a rural bard complain'd,
All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd.
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in homespun grey,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd;
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
And as they view the towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who formed your beauties is no more.

MAN *Speaker.*

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,

Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear and many a sigh between,
"And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require;
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care.
My noble mistress thought not so:
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew."

WOMAN *Speaker.*

In decent dress and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,
Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, that holy guide,
Augusta's care had well supplied.
"And ah!" she cries, all woe-begone,
"What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair,
To ask for charity?
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my Mistress known;
She still relieved, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.
But every day her name I'll bless,
My morning prayer, my evening song;
I'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long."

Song.—*By a* Woman.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
My morning and my evening song,
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

Man *Speaker.*

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangled, maimed in every part,
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire—except his heart;
Mute for awhile, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fir'd his breast.—
"Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main;
But every danger fell before,
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay,
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost."

Song.—*By a* Man.

Old Edward's sons unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right;
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

Woman *Speaker.*

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid,

Affliction o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid;
Every grace that grief dispenses,
Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charms the senses,
While pity harmoniz'd the whole.
" The garland of beauty" (tis this she would say,)
" No more shall my crook or my temples adorn,
I'll not wear a garland—Augusta's away,
I'll not wear a garland until she return;
But alas! that return I never shall see,
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promis'd a lover to come, but, ah me!
'Twas Death,—'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

SONG.—*By a* WOMAN.—*Pastorale.*

With garlands of beauty the Queen of the May,
No more will her crook on her temples adorn;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is remov'd and shall never return.
On the grave of Augusta these garlands be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom;
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb.

CHORUS.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom;
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
The tears of her country shall water her tomb.

LETTER,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, TO MRS. BUNBURY.(1)

MADAM: I read your letter with all that allowance which critical candour could require, but after all find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer. I am not so ignorant, Madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in it, and solecisms also, (solecism is a word that comes from the town of Soleis in Attica among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtains from a town also of that name; but this is learning you have no taste for.)—I say, Madam, there are sarcasms in it and solecisms also. But, not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows:

> " I hope, my good Doctor, you soon will be here,
> And your spring velvet coat very smart will appear,
> To open our ball the first day in the year."

Pray, Madam, where did you ever find the epithet "good" applied to the title of Doctor? Had you called me learned Doctor, or grave Doctor, or noble Doctor, it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year, that is in the middle of winter;—a spring velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism indeed; and yet, to increase the inconsistence, in another part of your letter you call me a beau:

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(1) [Miss Catharine Horneck became, in August 1771, the wife of Henry Bunbury, Esq., celebrated for the powers of his pencil. An invitation from the lady, in a rhyming and jocular strain, to spend some time with them at their seat at Barton in Suffolk, brought from the Poet the above reply, which is now printed for the first time. It was written in 1772. See *Life*, ch. xxii.]

now, on one side or other, you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring velvet in winter; and if I am not a beau—why—then—that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:

> " And bring with you a wig that is modish and gay,
> To dance with the girls that are making of hay."

The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of; you say your sister will laugh, and so indeed she well may. The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous sort of laughter, *Naso contemnere adunco;* that is, to laugh with a crooked nose; she may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit.—But now I am come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister's advice in playing at loo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! And from whom? You shall hear.——

First let me suppose, what may shortly be true,
The company set and the word to be loo;
All smirking and pleasant and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fixed in the centre.
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn,
At never once finding a visit from pam;
I lay down my stake apparently cool,
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool;
I fret in my gizzard, get cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I;
Yet still they sit snug; not a creature will aim,
By losing their money, to venture at fame.
Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold;
All play their own way, and they think me an ass;
What does Mrs. Bunbury? I, Sir? I pass.

Pray what does Miss Horneck? Take courage, come, do!
Who, I? Let me see, Sir; why I must pass too.
Mrs. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the Devil,
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil;
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
Till made by my losses as bold as a lion.
I venture at all; while my avarice regards
The whole pool as my own. Come, give me five cards.
Well done! cry the ladies; ah! Doctor, that's good,
The pool's very rich. Ah! the Doctor is loo'd.
Thus foiled in my courage, on all sides perplext,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next.
Pray, Ma'am, be so good as to give your advice;
Don't you think the best way is to venture for't twice?
I advise, cries the lady, to try it I own;
Ah! the Doctor is loo'd. Come Doctor, put down.
Thus playing and playing I still grow more eager,
And so bold and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.
Now, ladies, I ask if law matters you're skilled in,
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before
    Fielding;
For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be called picking of pockets in law;
And picking of pockets with which I now charge ye,
Is by Quinto Elizabeth, death without clergy.
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!
By the gods I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought!
Both are placed at the bar with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
But the Judge bids them angrily take off their hat.
When uncover'd, a buzz of enquiry goes round,
Pray what are their crimes? They've been pilfering found.

But, pray whom have they pilfer'd? A Doctor, I hear;
What, yon solemn-faced odd-looking man that stands near?
The same. What a pity! How does it surprise one!
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and leering,
To melt me to pity and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles advances with phrases well strung,
Consider, dear Doctor, the girls are but young.
The younger the worse, I return him again,
It shews that their habits are all dyed in grain;
But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves:
What signifies handsome when people are thieves!
But where is your justice? Their cases are hard;
What signifies justice?—I want the reward.——

There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pound—There's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pound—There's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog in the Pound to St. Giles's Watchhouse, offers forty pound—I shall have all that if I convict them.—

But consider their case, it may yet be your own,
And see how they kneel; is your heart made of stone?
This moves; so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this. I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep; but now for the rest of the letter; and next—but I want room.—So I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.—I don't value you all.

O. G.

EPILOGUE

TO

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; OR THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT,"

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, in the Character of Mrs. Hardcastle. (1)

Well, having stooped to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
"I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."

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(1) [This comedy was first acted at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 15th of March 1773. In a letter to Mr. Craddock, written immediately after the representation of the piece, Goldsmith says:—"I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story in short is this; Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a Quarrelling Epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue, but then Miss Catley refused after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged, therefore, to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation." See *Life*, ch. xxii.]

Her second act displays a livelier scene—
The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs*.
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
E'en common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries caro!
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro:
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

EPILOGUE

TO

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,"

Intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley.(1)

Enters Mrs. BULKLEY, *who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enters* Miss CATLEY, *who stands full before her, and curtsies to the Audience.*

Mrs. BULKLEY.

HOLD, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

Miss CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

Miss CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The Epilogue, *I* bring it.

Miss CATLEY.

Excuse me, Ma'am. The Author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl's beside herself! an Epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a blest beginning.

---

(1) [This is the "Quarrelling Epilogue" to which allusion is made by Goldsmith in the preceding note. A copy, in his own hand-writing, given to the late Dr. Farr, who was a fellow student at Edinburgh, remains in the family of that gentleman.]

Besides, a sinner in a comic set—
Excuse me, Ma'am, I know the etiquette.

Miss Catley.

What if we leave it to the house?

Mrs. Bulkley.

The house!—Agreed.

Miss Catley.

Agreed.

Mrs. Bulkley.

And she whose party's largest shall proceed.
And first, I hope you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
What! no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

Miss Catley.

I'm for a different set.—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling.

Air.—*Cotillon.*

Turn my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye.
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu.
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Da Capo.

Mrs. Bulkley.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit;
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French frisseurs and nosegays justly vain;
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here;
Lend me your hand.—O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

Miss Catley.

Ay, take your travellers—travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the chiels?—Ah! ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

Air.— *A bonny young Lad is my Jockey.*

I sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
        With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
        With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

Mrs. Bulkley.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute:*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
"I hold the odds.—Done, done, with you, with you."
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
"My Lord,—Your Lordship misconceives the case."
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
"I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:"
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

Miss CATLEY.

AIR.—*Ballinamony.*

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back.
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

Miss CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

Mrs. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

Miss CATLEY.

Agreed.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

And now with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence.
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

"AH ME! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME?"(1)

Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
  Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
  Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
  Not a look, nor a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
  Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.(2)

---

(1) [Preserved by Mr. Boswell, and communicated by him to the editor of the London Magazine, with the following note:—

"Sir,—I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Humours of Balamagairy,' to which, he told me, he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care. I am, Sir, your humble servant, James Boswell."]

(2) [This air was revived and vulgarized in a song sung by the late Mr. Johnstone in Colman's farce of "The Wags of Windsor." Mr. Moore has brought it back into good company: it is to be found in the ninth number of his "Irish Melodies."—Croker, Boswell, vol. ii. p. 207.]

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES, IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.(1)

Hold! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense:
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my consciense.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
'twas but a dream."

---

(1) [These were probably the last verses written by Goldsmith. They were spoken on the 28th of April 1774, twenty-four days after his death.]

Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating,
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
" The deuce confound," he cries, " these drumstick shanks,
They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew;
Hoicks! hark forward! came thund'ring from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length, his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

DRAMAS.

THE

GOOD-NATURED MAN;

A

COMEDY:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

[The "Good-Natured Man" was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre on the 29th of January 1768. Goldsmith seems to have taken the hint of the character from whom the play is named from the lover of the unfortunate Miss Braddock, in his own Life of Beau Nash, see vol. iii. p. 295. "Dr. Johnson," says Boswell, "pronounced it to be the best comedy that had appeared since 'The Provoked Husband,' and declared that there had not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. I observed, it was the Suspirius of his Rambler. He said Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed it from thence."—See *Life,* ch. xvii.]

PREFACE.

When I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term, genteel comedy, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible that, in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean: I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house; but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation.(1) In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and

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(1) [The taste of the town had become sentimental, and the scene of the bailiffs in the opening of the third act appeared so broad in its humour, as to keep the fate of the piece some time in suspense; nor was its safety fully secured till the scene of the fourth act, where Shuter, in the character of Croaker, read the supposed incendiary letter.]

Molière from the stage, but it has banished all spectators, too.⁽¹⁾

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the Public for the favourable reception which the Good-Natured Man has met with; and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

(1) [" Returning home one day from dining at the chaplain's table, Mr. Johnson told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very comical and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings when his play was hissed; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night, and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress them still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about '*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon*;' but 'all this while I was suffering horrid tortures,' said he, 'and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth, it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson here I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again.' 'All which, Doctor,' said Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world.' "—PIOZZI.]

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON;

Spoken by Mr. Bensley.(1)

Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind;
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:(2)
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care,
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit,
The busy candidates for power and fame,
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.

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(1) [" The first lines of this prologue are strongly characteristic of the dismal gloom of Johnson's mind; which in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose it was to introduce a comedy when Mr. Bensley solemnly began

> 'Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the general toil of human kind.'

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humour shine the more." —Boswell, vol. iii. p. 35.]

(2) [After this line the following couplet was inserted:—

> '*Amidst the toils of this returning year,*
> *When senators and nobles learn to fear,*
> Our *little* bard,' &c.

So the prologue appeared in the Public Advertiser. Goldsmith probably thought that the lines printed in italic characters might give offence, and therefore prevailed on Johnson to omit them. The epithet *little*, which perhaps the author thought might diminish his dignity, was also changed to *anxious*," &c.—Malone.]

Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.(1)
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night, when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."
"This night, our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet—I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judged by those, whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear, to merit, and to you.

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(1) ["Uncheck'd, on both caprice may vent its rage,
As children fret the lion in a cage."—*Orig.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Mr. Honeywood	Mr. Powell.
Croaker	Mr. Shuter.
Lofty	Mr. Woodward.
Sir William Honeywood	Mr. Clarke.
Leontine	Mr. Bensley.
Jarvis	Mr. Dunstall.
Butler	Mr. Cushing.
Bailiff	Mr. R. Smith.
Dubardieu	Mr. Holtam.
Postboy	Mr. Quick.

Women.

Miss Richland	Mrs. Bulkley.
Olivia	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Croaker	Mrs. Pitt.
Garnet	Mrs. Green.
Landlady	Mrs. White.

Scene—London.

THE

GOOD-NATURED MAN.

ACT FIRST.

Scene—An Apartment in Young Honeywood's *House.*

Enter Sir William Honeywood, Jarvis.

Sir Wm. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity, like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarv I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir Wm. Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jarv. I am sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir Wm. What signifies his affection to me; or how can I be proud of a place in a heart, where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

Jarv. I grant you that he is rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir Wm. Not mine, sure? My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors.

Jarv. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir Wm. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarv. What it arises from, I don't know. But to be sure, every body has it, that asks it.

Sir Wm. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarv. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir Wm. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity: to arrest him for that very debt; to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jarv. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

Sir Wm. We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution: and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*

Jarv. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason, that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter Honeywood.

Honey. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarv. You have no friends.

Honey. Well; from my acquaintance then?

Jarv. (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honey. That I don't know; but I am sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarv. He has lost all patience.

Honey. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarv. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth for a while at least.

Honey. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel, because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jarv. 'Sdeath! Sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself; yourself.—Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honey. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I am not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarv. You are the only man alive in your present situation that could do so. Every thing upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honey. I'm no man's rival.

Jarv. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honey. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jarv. Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

Honey. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarv. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honey. No, Jarvis; it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature!

Jarv. Very fine! well, here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler: he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honey. That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarv. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

Enter Butler, *drunk.*

But. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan; you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex—ex—exposition of the matter, Sir.

Honey. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

But. Sir, he's given to drinking, Sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such company.

Honey. Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

Jarv. O, quite amusing.

But. I find my wine's a-going, Sir; and liquors don't go without mouths, Sir; I hate a drunkard, Sir.

Honey. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time; so go to bed now.

Jarv. To bed! let him go to the devil.

But. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honey. Why didn't you show him up, blockhead?

But. Shew him up, Sir! With all my heart, Sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

Jarv. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honey. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jarv. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honey. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than mere friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connexion with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jarv. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honey. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

Jarv. Opposite enough, Heaven knows! the very reverse of each other: she, all laugh and no joke; he, always complaining and never sorrowful; a fretful poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty—

Honey. Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll hear you.

Jarv. One whose voice is a passing-bell—

Honey. Well, well; go, do.

Jarv. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross-bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly night-shade; a — (HONEYWOOD *stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.*) [*Exit* JARVIS.

HONEY. I must own, my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that entirely depresses me. His very mirth is quite an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Enter CROAKER.

CRO. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this! you look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—But God send we be all better this day three months!

HONEY. I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

CRO. May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing-cross and Temple-bar.

HONEY. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

CRO. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

HONEY. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

CRO. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days, the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces.

Honey. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland?

Cro. The best of them will never be canonized for a saint when she's dead. By the bye, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t' other.

Honey. I thought otherwise.

Cro. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honey. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Cro. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all 's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honey. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Cro. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes. But what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honey. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Cro. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend! we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

HONEY. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

CRO. I don't know: some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh.—Poor Dick! [*Going to cry.*

HONEY. His fate affects me.

CRO. Ah, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

HONEY. To say a truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have past, the prospect is hideous.

CRO. Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

HONEY. Very true, Sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

CRO. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself. And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit, from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [*Exit.*

HONEY. Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure to live upon such terms is worse than death itself! And yet, when I consider my own situation,—a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress, the wish but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing*).

Enter BUTLER.

BUT. More company below, Sir; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland: shall I shew them up? but they're shewing up themselves. [*Exit.*

Enter MRS. CROAKER *and* MISS RICHLAND.

MISS RICH. You're always in such spirits.

MRS. CRO. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

HONEY. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good-humour: I know you'll pardon me.

MRS. CRO. I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

MISS RICH. You would seem to insinuate, Madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

Mrs. Cro. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Rich. I own I should be sorry Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honey. There's no answering for others, Madam. But I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Rich. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate professions from others.

Honey. My own sentiments, Madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Rich. And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested, or more capable of friendship, than Mr. Honeywood.

Mrs. Cro. And, indeed, I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Oddbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

Miss Rich. Indeed! an admirer!—I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honey. The town, Madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it—(*smiling*).

Mrs. Cro. But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems; for, as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of these fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age, by every where exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens, looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honey. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss RICH. But, then, the mortifications they must suffer, before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

HONEY. And yet, I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, Madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs. CRO. Well, you're a dear, good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to shew Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

HONEY. I am sorry, Madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs. CRO. What! with my husband? Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

HONEY. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONTINE *and* OLIVIA.

LEON. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are.

OLIVIA. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected—

Leon. The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say, that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where your's could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France, to bring home a sister, and, instead of a sister, bringing home—

Leon. One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leon. Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But mayn't she write, mayn't her aunt write?

Leon. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

Leon. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune!

Leon. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss

Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr. Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

Leon. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I shew a seeming compliance with my father's command; and, perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

Olivia. Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps: I allow it: but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart, may be powerful over that of another.

Leon. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and—

Enter Croaker.

Cro. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leon. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room; he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Cro. Good gracious! can I believe my eyes or my ears! I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! (*A laugh behind the scenes,* Croaker *mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash! Yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

Leon. Since you find so many objections to a wife, Sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Cro. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leon. But, Sir, though, in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Cro. I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the treasury will allow. One-half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leon. But, Sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Cro. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you, I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leon. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

Cro. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leon. An only son, Sir, might expect more indulgence.

Cro. An only father, Sir, might expect more obedience: besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear Sir, I wish you'd be convinced, that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune which is taken from his.

Cro. Well, well, it's a good child, so say no more: but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you; old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state: I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene—Croaker's *House.*

Miss Richland, Garnet.

Miss Rich. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

Garnet. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant: I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss Rich. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why, Madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went further than Paris: there he saw and fell in love with this young lady—by the bye, of a prodigious family.

Miss. Rich. And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

Garn. Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss **Rich.** Well, I own they have deceived me—And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

Garn. And, upon my word, Madam, I don't much blame her: she was loth to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss **Rich.** But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garn. Yet, what can you do? For being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, Madam—

Miss **Rich.** How! idiot, what do you mean? In love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Garn. That is, Madam, in friendship with him; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married; nothing more.

Miss **Rich.** Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them: I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

Garn. Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much 'cuteness!

Miss **Rich.** Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Garn. Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference.

Enter **Croaker**, **Leontine.**

Leon. Excuse me, Sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

Cro. Lord! good Sir, moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin: Well, why don't you? Eh! what? Well then—I must, it seems—Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Cro. How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin, I say? [*To Leontine.*

Leon. 'Tis true, Madam, my father, Madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, Madam.

Cro. Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, Madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leon. The whole affair is only this, Madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Cro. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on (*aside*). In short, Madam, you see before you one that loves you, one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Rich. I never had any doubts of your regard, Sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Cro. That 's not the thing, my little sweeting; my love! No, no, another-guess lover than I: there he stands, Madam, his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog! (*aside*).—But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent.

Miss **Rich.** I fear, Sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Cro. Himself, Madam! he would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss **Rich.** I must grant, Sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Cro. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother-tongue.

Miss **Rich.** And it must be confessed, Sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

Leon. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try (*aside*). Don't imagine from my silence, Madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, Madam, tells me, your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you—he admires you: I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

Miss **Rich.** If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, Sir—

Leon. Doubt my sincerity, Madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory? ask cowards if they covet safety——

Cro. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leon. Ask the sick if they long for health? ask misers if they love money? ask——

Cro. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss RICH. Why indeed, Sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me—forces me to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr. Leontine?

LEON. Confusion! (*aside*). Oh, by no means, Madam, by no means. And yet, Madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, Madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

CRO. But I tell you, Sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

LEON. But, Sir, she talked of force. Consider, Sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

CRO. But I say there 's no cruelty. Don 't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a roundabout way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

LEON. But, Sir, I must beg leave to insist—

CRO. Get off, you puppy, or I 'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder: the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt* Miss RICHLAND *and* LEONTINE.

Enter MRS. CROAKER.

MRS. CRO. Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

CRO. I 'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs. Cro. A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Cro. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs.Cro. Poo! it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news; read it.

Cro. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs. Cro. Fold a fiddlestick. Read what it contains.

Croaker (*reading*).

"Dear Nick,

"An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her.

Your's ever,
Rachael Croaker."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news, indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how slily the little baggage has carried it since she came home; not a word on't to the old ones for the world. Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs. Cro. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Cro. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the most serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs. **Cro.** What would you have me think of, their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a backstairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Is not he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentation could never have got us?

Cro. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet what amazes me is, that, while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs. **Cro.** That perhaps may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter FRENCH SERVANT.

Serv. An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honours instrammant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. **Cro.** You see now, my dear: What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

Cro. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs. **Cro.** Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect—(*a loud rapping at the door*),—and there he is, by the thundering rap.

CRO. Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*

Enter LOFTY, *speaking to his Servant.*

LOFTY. "And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teazing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack-horse to none of them." My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—"And if the expresses to his grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance."—Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. CRO. Sir, this honour—

LOFTY. "And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me."—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. CRO. Sir, this honour—

LOFTY. "And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say."—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.—"And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe."—And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. CRO. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine: and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

LOFTY. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teazed for pensions there, and courted every-where. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Cro. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller, Waller, is he of the House?

Mrs. Cro. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! we men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Cro. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to gad, Madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. Cro. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say: "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and, when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious, he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

Mrs. Cro. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. O, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, Madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button.—" A fine girl, Sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine——borough interest——business must be done, Mr. Secretary.——I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, Sir." That's my way, Madam.

Mrs. Cro. Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary.

Mrs. Cro. This was going to the fountain-head at once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he! he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs. Cro. Poor dear man! no accident, I hope?

Lofty. Undone, Madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. Cro. A prisoner in his own house! How? At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured. But then I could never find that he had any thing in him.

Mrs. Cro. His manner, to be sure, was excessively harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, Madam; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! a poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

Mrs. Cro. How differently does Miss Richland think of him! for I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! does she? You should cure her of that by all means. Let me see; what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, Madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia *and* Leontine.

Leon. And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leon. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what is to be done. We have both dissembled too long.—I have always been ashamed—I am now quite weary of it. Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leon. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

Leon. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leon. However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and I am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leon. And that's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leon. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*

Enter Croaker.

Cro. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, Sir,—if I interrupt you—

Cro. No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing that can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality; yet, Heaven knows, there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Cro. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive any thing, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Cro. Why, then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble; for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed! then I'm undone.

Cro. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear Sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Cro. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in its mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her. [*Aside.*

Olivia. I was prepared, Sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

CRO. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

OLIVIA. And do you permit me to hope, Sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

CRO. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

OLIVIA. O transport! this kindness overpowers me.

CRO. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

OLIVIA. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

CRO. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

OLIVIA. It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter LEONTINE.

LEON. Permit him thus to answer for himself (*Kneeling*). Thus, Sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, Sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness. I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

CRO. And, good Sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

LEON. How, Sir! Is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

CRO. Lord, Sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all this morning!

LEON. But, Sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

CRO. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!

LEON. My sister!

OLIVIA. Sister! How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

LEON. Some cursed mistake in all this, I find. [*Aside.*

CRO. What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you?

LEON. Mean, Sir,—why, Sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, Sir, that is, of giving her away, Sir—I have made a point of it.

CRO. O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

OLIVIA. O! yes, Sir; very happy.

CRO. Do you foresee any thing, child? You look as if you did. I think if any thing was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing. [*Exit.*

LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

OLIVIA. What can it mean?

LEON. He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

OLIVIA. It can't be the connexion between us, I'm pretty certain.

LEON. Whatever it be, my dearest, I am resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

SCENE—Young HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

BAILIFF, HONEYWOOD, FOLLOWER.

BAIL. Lookye, Sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither: men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

HONEY. Without all question, Mr —— I forget your name, Sir?

BAIL. How can you forget what you never knew? he! he! he!

Honey. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bail. Yes, you may.

Honey. Then, pray, Sir, what is your name?

Bail. That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honey. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

Bail. The law does nothing without reason. I'm asham'd to tell my name to no man, Sir. If you can shew cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honey. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bail. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honey. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*). The thing is only this. I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me, till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bail. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honey. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. [*Gives him money.*

Bail. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honey. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bail. Ay, Sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honey. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bail. Humanity, Sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say, that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honey. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. [*Giving money to the follower.*

Bail. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honey. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

HONEY. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve my good friend little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do your hear?

SERV. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

HONEY. The white and gold then.

SERV. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

HONEY. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold then. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit* FLANIGAN.

BAIL. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound; sticks like a weazle. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.) Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

HONEY. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

BAIL. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss RICHLAND *and her* MAID.

Miss RICH. You'll be surprised, Sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

HONEY. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss RICH. Who can these odd-looking men be! I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

BAIL. (*After a pause*) Pretty weather; very pretty weather for the time of the year, Madam.

FOL. Very good circuit weather in the country.

HONEY. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, Madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should in some measure recompense the toils of the brave!

Miss RICH. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, Sir?

HONEY. Why, Madam, they do—occasionally serve in the fleet, Madam. A dangerous service!

Miss RICH. I'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

HONEY. I grant, Madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss RICH. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

HONEY. We should not be so severe against dull writers, Madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Fol. Damn the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honey. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, Madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bail. Taste us! By the Lord, Madam, they devour us. Give monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyfull.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this!

Fol. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?——

Honey. Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out (*aside*). Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, Madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bail. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case—

Honey. I'm quite of your opinion, Sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bail. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case—

Honey. I'm obliged to you, Sir, for the hint. If, Madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Fol. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know—

Honey. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bail. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honey. Nay, Sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bail. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law—

Honey. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at, perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, Madam, of his course of law.

Miss Rich. I protest, Sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bail. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing—

Honey. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Leontine, Sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

HONEY. That's lucky (*aside*). Dear Madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes There are books, Madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, Sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

BAIL. Before and behind, you know.

FOL. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, *and* FOLLOWER.

Miss RICH. What can all this mean, Garnet?

GARNET. Mean, Madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough; sheriff's officers; bailiffs, Madam.

Miss RICH. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there is something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

GARNET. And so they are. But I wonder, Madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

Enter Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.

Sir WM. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find, that among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me: I'll endeavour to sound her affections.—Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Rich. The precaution was very unnecessary, Sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir Wm. Partly, Madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprized of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Rich. It must come, Sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir Wm. That friendship, Madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers, or dupes: men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all; or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

Miss Rich. I am surprised, Sir, to hear one, who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir Wm. Whatever I may have gained by folly, Madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Rich. Your cares for me, Sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal.

No, Sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir Wm. Thou amiable woman! I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude, my pleasure. You see before you one, who has been equally careful of his interest; one, who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished in hopes to reclaim him—his uncle!

Miss Rich. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, Sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I—

Sir Wm. Don't make any apologies, Madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, Madam, that you had some demands upon Government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Rich. Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

Sir Wm. Who, the important little man that visits here? Trust me, Madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion, than his person, I assure you.

Miss Rich. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir Wm. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter Lofty.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, Madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn every where, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Rich. I find, Sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear Madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do every thing; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see; something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir Wm. And, after all, it's more than probable, Sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, Madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir Wm. His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, Sir?—Yes, Madam, as I often said, my dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do any thing, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family: but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss Rich. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment: he confided in your judgment, I suppose?

Lofty. Why, yes, Madam, I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Rich. Pray, Sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, Madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

Sir **Wm.** Did you, Sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, Sir.

Miss **Rich.** This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss **Rich.** A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit; but, hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir **Wm.** He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir **Wm.** Dignity of person, do you mean, Sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, Sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss **Rich.** O, perfectly; you courtiers can do any thing, I see.

Lofty. My dear Madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want: do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir **Wm.** A thought strikes me (*aside*). Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, Madam, and as he seems, Sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he is arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

LOFTY. The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted. [*Aside.*

Sir WM. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him: there are some papers relative to your affairs that require dispatch, and his inspection.

Miss RICH. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

LOFTY. My dear Madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir WM. That would be quite unnecessary.

LOFTY. Well, we must introduce you, then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir WM. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

LOFTY. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate; my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

Sir WM. A short letter to Sir William will do.

LOFTY. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

Sir WM. The letter, Sir, will do quite as well.

LOFTY. Zounds! Sir, do you pretend to direct me? direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, Sir? Who am I?

Miss RICH. Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power.

LOFTY. Delicate creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight: to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter: where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so.

[*Exit with* Miss RICHLAND.

Sir WILLIAM (*alone*).

Ha, ha, ha!—This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview: exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter JARVIS.

Sir WM. How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew?

JARVIS. At his wit's ends, I believe: he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir WM. How so?

JARVIS. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir WM. Ever busy to serve others.

JARVIS. Ay, any body but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir WM. Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

JARVIS. Why, there it is: he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said *No* to any request in his life, he has given them a bill, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir Wm. How!

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir Wm. To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jarvis. Ay, but I 'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir Wm. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you further into my intentions, in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene—Croaker's *House.*

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page: yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha! Honeywood here before me! Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

HONEY. It was unfortunate indeed, Sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

LOFTY. How! not know the friend that served you?

HONEY. Can't guess at the person.

LOFTY. Inquire.

HONEY. I have; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

LOFTY. Must be fruitless!

HONEY. Absolutely fruitless.

LOFTY. Sure of that?

HONEY. Very sure.

LOFTY. Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

HONEY. How, Sir?

LOFTY. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

HONEY. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

LOFTY. To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronized a man of merit.

HONEY. I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

LOFTY. Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear from myself.

HONEY. Ha! dear Sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

LOFTY. Sir, ask me no questions; I say, Sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

HONEY. I will ask no further. My friend! my benefactor! it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

LOFTY. I protest I do not understand all this, Mr. Honeywood: you treat me very cavalierly. I do assure you, Sir—Blood! Sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings, without all this parade?

HONEY. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

LOFTY. Confess it, Sir! torture itself, Sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

HONEY. Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way?—Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honey. How! teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honey. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honey. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honey. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you: Miss Richland.

Honey. Miss Richland!

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter!

Honey. Heavens! was ever any thing more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lofty. Unfortunate, indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honey. Indeed! But, do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [*Exit.*

Honey. Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion!

—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship; a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that has been my tormentor; a friend, that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!—Insupportable! But then to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* GARNET, *who carries a milliner's box.*

OLIVIA. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

GARNET. Why, to be sure, Madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

OLIVIA. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

GARNET. I'll lay my life, Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn; and here you are left behind.

OLIVIA. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

GARNET. Not a stick, Madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in any thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red; and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Olivia. No matter. I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, Madam, I had almost forgot the wedding ring!—The sweet little thing—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, Madam?—But here's Jarvis.

Enter Jarvis.

Olivia. O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly!

Jarvis. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia. How! what's the matter?

Jarvis. Money, money, is the matter, Madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork-jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment! What a base insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, Madam. I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us! now I think on't, Madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Olivia. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this! Bless me, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, Madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was cute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose!

Olivia. Whatever you please.

Garnet. (*Writing.*) Muster Croaker—Twenty guineas, Madam?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick dispatch—Cupid the little god of love.—I conclude it, Madam, with Cupid: I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, any thing. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Garnet. Odso, Madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do any thing for me.

Jarvis. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a-day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly, Garnet; any body we can trust will do. (*Exit* Garnet.) Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us; you may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, Madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again——

Jarvis. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me——

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that——

Olivia. A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!——

Jarvis. Well, Madam, if we must march, why we will march, that's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have still forgot one thing; we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*

Enter Garnet.

Garnet. Undone, undone, Madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

Garnet. No, Madam; don't be uneasy; he can neither make head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask further questions. In the mean time, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CROAKER.

CRO. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed." O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. *(Reads)* "Muster Croaker, as sone as yow see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell called for, or yowe and yower experetion will be all blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! all blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? *(Reads)* "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. *(Reads)* "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. *(Reads)* "Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together. I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! we shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds.

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss RICH. Lord, Sir, what's the matter?

CRO. Murder's the matter. We shall all be blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss RICH. I hope not, Sir.

CRO. What signifies what you hope, Madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beefsteaks at a volcano.

Miss RICH. But, Sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, Sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers, to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

CRO. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [*Exit.*

Miss RICH. (*Alone.*) What can he mean by all this? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day. But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever shewed any thing in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to—but he's here.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

HONEY. I presumed to solicit this interview, Madam, before I left town, to be permitted——

Miss RICH. Indeed! Leaving town, Sir?—

HONEY. Yes, Madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview,—in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

Miss RICH. His fears! What are his fears to mine! (*aside*). We have indeed been long acquainted, Sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's.—Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

HONEY. Perfectly, madam: I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss RICH. And yet you only meant it in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

HONEY. Yes; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wished to take out.

Miss RICH. Well, Sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally shew to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

HONEY. The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious, flattered beauty: I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me, that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss **Rich.** This, Sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lessons have taught me to despise.

Honey. I ask pardon, Madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss **Rich.** Sir! I beg you'd reflect: though, I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours, yet you may be precipitate: consider, Sir.

Honey. I own my rashness; but as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—Don't be alarmed, Madam—who loves you with the most ardent passion, whose whole happiness is placed in you—

Miss **Rich.** I fear, Sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

Honey. Ah, Madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

Miss **Rich.** Well; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and I will own, Sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honey. I see she always loved him (*aside*). I find, Madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it.

Miss **Rich.** Your friend, Sir! What friend?

Honey. My best friend—my friend Mr. Lofty, Madam.

Miss **Rich.** He, Sir!

Honey. Yes, he, Madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him; and to his other qualities he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss **Rich.** Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, Sir.

Honey. I see your confusion, Madam, and know how to interpret it. And, since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

Miss **Rich.** By no means.

Honey. Excuse me, I must; I know you desire it.

Miss **Rich.** Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, Sir, I see it is in vain to expect happiness from him, who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself. [*Exit.*

Honey. How is this! she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done any thing to reproach myself with? No; I believe not: yet after all, these things should not be done by a third person: I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

Enter Croaker, *with the letter in his hand, and* Mrs. Croaker.

Mrs. **Cro.** Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha! ha!

Cro. (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs. **Cro.** Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

Cro. Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs. Cro. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Cro. Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

Mrs. Cro. And pray, what right then have you to my good-humour?

Cro. And so your good-humour advises me to part with my money? Why then, to tell your good-humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh!

Mrs. Cro. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Cro. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. Cro. Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honey. It would not become me to decide, Madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

Mrs. Cro. I told you he'd be of my opinion.

Cro. How, Sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and shew, neither by my tears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honey. Pardon me, Sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Cro. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs. Cro. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honey. What is the best, Madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Cro. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honey. Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs. Cro. But can any thing be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

Honey. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Cro. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honey. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Cro. Then you are of my opinion?

Honey. Entirely.

Mrs. Cro. And you reject mine?

Honey. Heav'ns forbid, Madam! No sure, no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs. Cro. O! then you think I'm quite right?

Honey. Perfectly right.

Cro. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs. Cro. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honey. And why may not both be right, madam? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good-humour? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, Sir, go there; and, when the writer comes to be paid for his expected booty, seize him?

Cro. My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honey. Yes, but I would not chuse to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, Sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Cro. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

Honey. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Cro. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honey. Well, I do; but remember, that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt* Honeywood *and* Mrs. Croaker.

Cro. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene—An Inn.

Enter Olivia, Jarvis.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready——

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay; resolutions are well kept, when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call, too, at the bar, to see if any thing should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, Madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you.

[*Exit* Jarvis.

Enter Landlady.

Land. What! Solomon, why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, Madam?

Olivia. No, Madam.

Land. I find as you're for Scotland, Madam.—But that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Land. May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman—Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-lane.(1)

Olivia. A very pretty picture of what lies before me! [*Aside.*

Enter Leontine.

Leon. My dear Olivia, my anxiety, till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leon. How! an offer of his own too. Sure, he could not mean to deceive us?

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook

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1 [On this subject Goldsmith afterwards drew up a humorous paper which will be found in the Essays. See vol. i. p. 377.]

the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

LAND. Not quite yet; and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north-road is a cold place, Madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good-natured—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and drive away post-boy, was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

CRO. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

LAND. I tell you, Madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north-road. It's a raw night, Madam.—Sir—

LEON. Not a drop more, good Madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

LAND. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say!

[*Exit, bawling.*

OLIVIA. Well, I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

LEON. There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there 's a reason.

Leon. Why let him when we are out of his power. But believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don 't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker, *discovering himself.*

How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leon. Undone!

Cro. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours. What, you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

Leon. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Cro. I want no information from you, puppy: and you too, good Madam, what answer have you got? Eh! (*A cry without, Stop him!*) I think I heard a noise. My friend Honeywood without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no; for now I hear no more on 't.

Leon. Honeywood without! Then, Sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither?

Cro. No, Sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leon. Is it possible?

Cro. Possible! Why he's in the house now, Sir; more anxious about me than my own son, Sir.

Leon. Then, Sir, he's a villain.

Cro. How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leon. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Cro. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (*A cry without, Stop him!*) Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view! Stop him! stop an incendiary! a murderer! stop him! [*Exit.*

Olivia. O, my terrors! What can this tumult mean?

Leon. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes—Consider that our innocence will shortly be all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leon. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us; promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter Postboy, *dragging in* Jarvis; Honeywood *entering soon after.*

Post. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward: I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honey. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jarv. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honey. Confusion!

Leon. Yes, Sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured?

Honey. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leon. Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, Sir, I know you.

Honey. Why, won't you hear me? By all that's just, I know not—

Leon. Hear you, Sir! to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request: your friendship's as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, Sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honey. Ha! contemptible to the world! that reaches me. [*Aside.*

Leon. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter CROAKER, *out of breath.*

CRO. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*Seizing the Postboy.*) Hold him fast, the dog: he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

POSTBOY. Zounds! master, what do you throttle me for?

CRO. (*Beating him*) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

POSTBOY. Zounds, master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

CRO. How!

HONEY. Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there was nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

CRO. And I say, Sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt and double guilt; a plot, a damned jesuitical, pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

HONEY. Do but hear me.

CRO. What, you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose? I'll hear nothing.

HONEY. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

OLIVIA. Excuse me.

HONEY. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

JARV. What signifies explanations when the thing is done?

HONEY. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice! (*To the Postboy*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you—

Postboy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Cro. Come then, you, Madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, Sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, Sir, one that with false pretences has stept into your family to betray it; not your daughter—

Cro. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot—

Honey. Help, she's going; give her air.

Cro. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whosesoever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither.

[*Exeunt all but* Croaker.

Cro. Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes before-hand, we never feel them when they come.

Enter Miss Richland *and* Sir William.

Sir Wm. But how do you know, Madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Rich. My maid assured me he was come to this inn; and my own knowledge of his intending to quit the kingdom suggested the rest. But, what do I see! my guardian here before us! Who, my dear Sir, could have expected meeting you here? to what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Cro. To a fool, I believe.

Miss Rich. But to what purpose did you come?

Cro. To play the fool.

Miss Rich. But with whom?

Cro. With greater fools than myself.

Miss Rich. Explain.

Cro. Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing, now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here: so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Rich. Married! to whom, Sir?

Cro. To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir Wm. Then, Sir, I can inform you; and, though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough, at present, to assure you, that both in point of birth and fortune the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville——

Cro. Sir James Woodville! What, of the west?

Sir Wm. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent to France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Cro. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, Sir. A young lady, Sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those who have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, Sir?

Sir Wm. Yes, Sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I 'll convince you.

[Croaker *and* Sir William *seem to confer.*

Enter Honeywood.

Honey. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please! How have I over-taxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Rich. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

Honey. Yes, Madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven! I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love: to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Rich. And are you sure, Sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

Honey. I have the best assurances of it—his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? what hope, but in being forgotten?

Miss Rich. A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honey. No, Madam, my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to shew you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, Madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over; it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss RICH. You amaze me!

HONEY. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [*Going.*

Miss RICH. Stay, Sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

Enter LOFTY.

LOFTY. Is the coast clear? None but friends? I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence; but it goes no further; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss RICH. Sooner, Sir, I should hope.

LOFTY. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

Miss RICH. It has fallen into yours.

LOFTY. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, Madam.

HONEY. But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

LOFTY. Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Rich. He! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month! it must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you—(*Taking out a large bundle*). That's from Paoli of Corsica; that from the Marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland?—Honest Pon—(*Searching*). O, Sir, what are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir Wm. Sir, I have delivered it; and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Cro. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir Wm. Yes, Sir; I believe you'll be amazed, if after waiting some time in the anti-chamber; after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good! let me die; very good. Ha! ha! ha!

Cro. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't. Ha! ha!

Cro. No, for the soul of me! I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha! ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha!

Cro. Indeed! How? why?

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Cro. And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends; we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Cro. As I hope for your favour I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds! Sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's? have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant-Tailor's Hall? have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects?

Cro. My dear Sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends; the lords of the treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who am I, I say; who am I?

Sir Wm. Since, Sir, you are so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are:—A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with lords of the treasury as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood. (*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*)

CRO. Sir William Honeywood!

HONEY. Astonishment! my uncle! [*Aside.*

LOFTY. So then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

CRO. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs; you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in a pillory.

LOFTY. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir WM. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

CRO. Ay, Sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So, I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir WM. I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter Mrs. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, *and* OLIVIA.

Mrs CRO. Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and I say, you must forgive him. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

CRO. I wish we could both say so. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it.—[*Joining their hands.*

Leon. How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe—

Sir Wm. Excuse me, Sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me.—(*Turning to* Honeywood). Yes, Sir, you are surprised to see me: and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty; your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship, but credulity. I saw with regret great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honey. Cease to upbraid me, Sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, Sir, I have determined this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all, and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—

Lofty. Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place; I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*

Honey. How have I been deceived!

Sir Wm. No, Sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend, for that favour—To Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Rich. After what is past it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him

[*Giving her hand.*

Honey. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Cro. Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months!

Sir Wm. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honey. Yes, Sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors; my vanity, in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any; my meanness, in approving folly lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.(1)

(1) [For the Epilogue, see p. 134.]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A

COMEDY.

[The first representation of this comedy took place at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 15th of March 1773; between which and the conclusion of the season, in consequence of holidays and benefits, no more than twelve nights, including three for the author, remained to the managers: these, however, were occupied by the new comedy, and the house closed with it on the 31st of May. The leading incident of the piece, the mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn, is said to have been borrowed from a blunder of the author himself, while travelling to school at Edgeworthstown. "It is remarkable enough," says Sir Walter Scott, in his Biographical Notices of Goldsmith, "that we ourselves are acquainted with another instance of the kind, which took place, however, in the middle rank of life." Speaking of "She Stoops to Conquer," Dr. Johnson said, "I know of no play, for many years, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."—See *Life*, ch. xxii.]

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Dear Sir,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so.(1) However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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(1) [A few days before the first representation, Dr. Johnson wrote thus to a friend:—" Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager predicts ill-success. I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception." Speaking on the same subject, in 1778, he said, " Both Goldsmith's comedies were once refused: his first by Garrick, his second by Colman, who was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force, to bring it on."—See *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 244.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Sir Charles Marlow	Mr. Gardner.
Young Marlow (his Son)	Mr. Lee Lewis.(1)
Hardcastle	Mr. Shuter.
Hastings	Mr. Dubellamy.
Tony Lumpkin	Mr. Quick.
Diggory	Mr. Saunders.

Women.

Mrs. Hardcastle	Mrs. Green.
Miss Hardcastle	Mrs. Bulkley.
Miss Neville	Mrs. Kniveton.
Maid	Miss Williams.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

(1) [Smith and Woodward, who were designed to play Young Marlow and Tony Lumpkin, threw up their parts. To this fanciful resignation Lee Lewis and Quick owed much of their early celebrity.]

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD, *dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.*

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week.
" 'Tis not alone this mourning suit," good masters :
" I've that within"—for which there are no plasters !
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying ?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying !
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed ! (1)
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents ;
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments !

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(1) [" When this piece was brought forward, the taste of the nation had sickened with a preposterous love for what was termed sentimental comedy; that is a dramatic composition, in which the ordinary business of life, which in a free country like England, produces such a diversity of character, was to be superseded by an unnatural affectation of polished dialogue, in which the usages and singularities of the multitude were to be nearly, if not altogether rejected. Kelly and others were enforcing this principle with ardour, when Goldsmith planted the standard of Thalia on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, and banished triumphantly those mawkish monsters of fashion, which were tending to make sentiment ridiculous, by dissolving its ties with common incidents, and thereby rendering it somewhat independent of social virtue, by weakening its moral interest."—*Biog. Dram.*, vol. iii. p. 263.]

Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do? If Comedy forsake us,
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But, why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes)
Thus I begin—"All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters.
When Ignorance enters, Folly is at hand:
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip; who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble."

I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A Doctor comes this night to show his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He, in Five Draughts prepar'd, presents a potion:
A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd:
But desp'rate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd in what he gives.
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college, you, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ACT FIRST.

Scene.—A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle *and* Mr. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home! In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines; and I believe, Dorothy, *(taking her hand)* you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hard. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you 're for ever at your Dorothy's and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hard. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—(Tony *hallooing behind the scenes.*) —O, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter Tony, *crossing the stage.*

Mrs. Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hard. *(Detaining him.)* You shan't go.

TONY. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. HARD. I say you shan't.

TONY. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit, hauling her out.*

HARD. (*Solus.*) Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she's as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Blessings on my pretty innocence! drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss HARD. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

HARD. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss HARD. I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

HARD. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss HARD. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I never will control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine; I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes! Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. "Would it were bed-time, and all were well." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An Alehouse Room.*

Several shabby Fellows with punch and tobacco. TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.*

OMNES. Hurrea! hurrea! hurrea! bravo!

FIRST FELLOW. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

OMNES. Ay, a song, a song!

TONY. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their quis, and their quæ's, and their quods,
They 're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I 'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I 'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here 's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here 's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

OMNES. Bravo, bravo!

First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

Sec. Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

Third Fellow. O damn any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time: if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Th. Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; "Water Parted," or "The minuet in Ariadne."

Sec. Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

Sec. Fellow. O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter **Landlord.**

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*

Tony. (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half-year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, *conducting* Marlow *and* Hastings.

Marl. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reerve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently, on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, Sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, Sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know.—Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole—the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of?

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred, and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's! (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-Lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash-Lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marl. O, Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways, till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill.

Marl. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then, let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no farther connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward, I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—— damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene.—An Old-fashioned House.

Enter Hardcastle, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of old Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please, (*to Diggory.*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this place.

Sec. Servant. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

Th. Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit* HARDCASTLE.

DIG. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

ROGER. I know that my place is to be every-where.

FIRST SERVANT. Where the devil is mine?

SEC. SERVANT. My place is to be no-where at all; and so I'ze go about my business. [*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frighted, different ways.*

Enter SERVANT *with candles, shewing in* MARLOW and HASTINGS.

SERVANT. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

HAST. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

MARL. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

HAST. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

MARL. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries, in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

HAST. You have lived very much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman, except my mother—But among females of another class, you know——

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marl. They are of *us*, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them, that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker——

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blunt out the broad staring question of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low; answer yes or no to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward unprepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to scar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

MARL. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him*) We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. (*To Hastings*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

HARD. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

HAST. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

HARD. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

MARL. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

HARD. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

MARL. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

HARD. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

HAST. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

HARD. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marl. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Marl. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, Sir! (*aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, Sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, Sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks.*)

Marl. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Hast. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

Hast. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, Sir! (*Aside*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marl. Yes, Sir, supper, Sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him*) Why, really, Sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, Sir?

Hard. O no, Sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To* Hardcastle, *who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out.—Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high rope! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Marl. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Marl. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good Sir, I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marl. Item. A pork pye, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes; I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Marl. Why really, Sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

HARD. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

MARL. Leave that to you! I protest, Sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

HARD. I must insist, Sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MARL. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as I ever met with.

HARD. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt* MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE.

HAST. (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him?—Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss NEV. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

HAST. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss NEV. An inn! sure you mistake: my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

HAST. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss NEV. Certainly, it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? he of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.(1)

Miss Nev. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?——This, this way——

[*They confer.*

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(1) [See Life, vol. ii. p. 394.]

Enter Marlow.

Marl. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marl. (*Aside.*) I have been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Nev. By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, *as returned from walking.*

Hast. (*Introducing them.*) Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow. I 'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*To him*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I 'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

HAST. (*To him*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

MARL. (*To him*) Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss HARD. An observer, like you, upon life were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

MARL. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

HAST. (*To him*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

MARL. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

HAST. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss HARD. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, Sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

MARL. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I —I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss HARD. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

MARL. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss HARD. Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's——a disease——of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish ——for——um—a—um.

Miss Hard. I understand you, Sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing——a——

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon such occasions! (*To him*) You were going to observe, Sir——

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him*) You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, Sir.

Marl. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, Sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, Sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, Sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam. I was saying——that there are some occasions,—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the——and puts us——upon a—a—a—

Miss HARD. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

MARL. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss HARL. I protest, Sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

MARL. Yes, madam, I was——But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss HARD. Well then, I'll follow.

MARL. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss HARD. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY *and* Miss NEVILLE, *followed by* Mrs. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

TONY. What do you follow me for, Cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss NEV. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

TONY. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, Cousin

Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*

Mrs. HARD. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There is nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

HAST. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. HARD. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked-Lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr Hastings?

HAST. Extremely elegant and *degagée*, upon my word, Madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. HARD. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

HAST. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box at the playhouse would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. HARD. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

HAST. But that can never be your case, Madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs. HARD. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, Madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. **Hard.** But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. **Hard.** Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. **Hard.** Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. **Hard.** And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of your's, I should presume?

Mrs. **Hard.** My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a-day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. HARD. Never mind him, Con, my dear, he's in another story behind your back.

Miss NEV. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

TONY. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. HARD. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

TONY. You had as good not make me, I tell you.

(*Measuring*).

Miss NEV. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. HARD. O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

TONY. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. HARD. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

TONY. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Housewife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincey next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. HARD. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

TONY. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart; I see he does.

Hast. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Hardcastle *and* Miss Neville.

Hastings, Tony.

Tony, *singing*.

"There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee."—— Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her so well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantackerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmate, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mum. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beside in jewels that you little dream of.

HAST. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

TONY. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

> "We are the boys
> That fears no noise
> Where the thundering cannons roar."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *alone.*

HARD. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed.*

HARD. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss HARD. I find such a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

HARD. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss **Hard.** You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss **Hard.** I never saw any thing like it: and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss **Hard.** It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss **Hard.** Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss **Hard.** Mr. Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss **Hard.** Sure, Sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss **Hard.** Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss **Hard.** He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked me if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes: but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming—if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly, we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so——But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, Sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

HARD. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss HARD. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make farther discoveries?

HARD. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss HARD. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TONY, *running in with a casket.*

TONY. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my genus, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

TONY. And here's something to bear your charges by the way *(giving the casket)*; your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

HAST. But how have you procured them from your mother?

TONY. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

HAST. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morice! prance!

[*Exit* Hastings.

Tony, Mrs. Hardcastle, *and* Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if with such a pair of eyes you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? does your cousin Con. want any jewels in your eyes to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss **Nev.** My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. **Hard.** A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-shew. Besides, I believe, I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. *(Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.)* Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. **Hard.** *(Apart to Tony.)* You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss **Nev.** I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. **Hard.** To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss **Nev.** I'll not believe it! this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. **Hard.** Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. **Hard.** You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the mean time you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me: You shall have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit* Miss Neville.] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine wheel.

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it acted better in all my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that: ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they are gone, and I'm to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that. (*He runs off, she follows him.*)

Enter Miss **Hardcastle** *and* **Maid.**

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, Madam.

Miss Hard. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of our sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—

Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, Madam. But he's here.

[*Exit* **Maid.**

Enter **Marlow.**

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story: if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsey down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. (*Walks and muses.*)

Miss Hard. Did you call, Sir? Did your honour call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honour call? (*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*)

Marl. No, child (*musing*). Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no (*musing*). I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. (*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*)

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir?

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

Marl. No, no, I tell you (*looks full in her face*). Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir; we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hard. Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you was born. How old are you?

Miss Hard. O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching*). Yet nearer I don't think so much (*approaching*). By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—(*attempting to kiss her.*)

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you were before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) 'Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hard. O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her.*)

Miss Hard. Hold, sir, you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it is a very merry place, I suppose?

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! then you must shew me your embroidery.

I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)

Miss HARD. Ay, but the colours do not look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. (*Struggling.*)

MARL. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following. [*Exit* MARLOW.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

HARD. So, madam. So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss HARD. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

HARD. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milk-maid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss HARD. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARD. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarce been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss HARD. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Hastings *and* Miss Neville.

Hast. You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the 'Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and if I should not see him again, will write him farther directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. Well! success attend you. In the mean time I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, *followed by a Servant.*

MARL. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

SER. Yes, your honour.

MARL. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

SER. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [*Exit Servant.*

MARL. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

MARL. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

HAST. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

MARL. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing, that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

HAST. Well, and what then?

MARL. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips; but,—egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

HAST. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

MARL. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

HAST. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

MARL. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

HAST. I believe the girl has virtue.

MARL. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

HAST. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

MARL. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself——I have——

HAST. What?

MARL. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

HAST. To the landlady!

MARL. The landlady.

HAST. You did?

MARL. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

HAST. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

MARL. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

HAST. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself, as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

Marl. Thank ye, George: I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. (*Bowing low.*)

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, Sir, you must be sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marl. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good Sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side-scene*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, *drunk.*

Marl. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

Jer. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, Sir.

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow—Sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marl. Leave your house!——Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hard. I tell you, Sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure you cannot be serious? at this time o'night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious! And now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, Sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you.—(*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if I ever did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, Sir." By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and there's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Marl. Bring me your bill, Sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress, for your own apartment?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marl. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house. Every thing looks like an inn; the servants cry coming; the attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will farther inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss **Hard.** Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss **Hard.** A relation of the family, Sir.

Marl. What! a poor relation?

Miss **Hard.** Yes, Sir; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as bar-maid of this inn.

Miss **Hard.** Inn! O la——what brought that in your head? One of the best families in the country keep an inn —Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss **Hard.** Ay, sure! Whose else should it be?

Marl. So then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The *Dullissimo-Maccaroni.* To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There, again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss HARD. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

MARL. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—This house I no more show my face in.

Miss HARD. I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

MARL. (*Aside.*) By Heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss HARD. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him—(*To him*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

MARL. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss HARD. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that, if I had a thousand pounds, I would give it all to.

MARL. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay, I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her.—(*To her*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly: and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Miss HARD. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY, Miss NEVILLE.

TONY. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss NEV. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

TONY. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face.

Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. (*They retire, and seem to fondle.*)

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. HARD. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances and broken murmurs? Ah!

TONY. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. HARD. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss NEV. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

TONY. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss NEV. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—(*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. HARD. Pretty innocence!

TONY. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazle eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. HARD. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

DIG. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

TONY. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

DIG. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

TONY. Who does it come from?

DIG. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

TONY. I could wish to know though (*turning the letter and gazing on it*).

Miss NEV. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed.—You must know, Madam—This way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

TONY. (*Still gazing.*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce know the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all ——buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. HARD. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss NEV. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor.—(*Reading*) Dear, Sir,—ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard, or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is (*pretending to read*). Dear 'Squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds——um——odd battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up. (*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! (*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*)

Mrs. Hard. How's this!—(*Reads*) " Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay, the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience: I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Curtesying very low.*) Fine spoken Madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, Madam. (*Changing her tone*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut: were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool,—and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you? Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him? a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! dam'me, but I'll fight you both, one after the other——with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, Sir——

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Miss NEV. Well, well: I'll come presently.

MARL. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

HAST. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, Sir?

Miss NEV. Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Miss NEV. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss NEV. O, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I am sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

MARL. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

HAST. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss NEV. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think,—that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connexion. If——

Mrs. Hard. *(Within.)* Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Hast. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marl. *(To Tony.)* You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. *(From a reverie.)* Ecod, I have hit it: it's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky.—My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Hastings *and* Servant.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Serv. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

HAST. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and* HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir CHAS. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

HARD. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir CHAS. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon inn-keeper; ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary, and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir CHAS. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness, and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do——

HARD. If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir CHAS. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

HARD. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. I come, Sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Marl. Really, Sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, Sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little, too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marl. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir——

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, Sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it; every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

HARD. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir CHAS. And you never grasped her hand or made any protestations?

MARL. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands; I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no farther proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir CHAS. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

HARD. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir CHAS. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

HARD. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

HARD. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss HARD. The question is very abrupt, Sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

HARD. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir CHAS. And pray, Madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss HARD. Yes, Sir, several.

HARD. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir CHAS. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss HARD. A lasting one.

Sir **Chas.** Did he talk of love?

Miss **Hard.** Much, Sir.

Sir **Chas.** Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss **Hard.** Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir **Chas.** And how did he behave, Madam?

Miss **Hard.** As most profest admirers do: said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir **Chas.** Now I'm perfectly convinced indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive: this forward canting ranting manner by no means describes him; and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

Miss **Hard.** Then, what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir **Chas.** Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

Miss **Hard.** And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the back of the Garden.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he! and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, *booted and spattered.*

Hast. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

TONY. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

HAST. But how? where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

TONY. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varment.

HAST. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

TONY. Left them! Why where should I leave them but where I found them?

HAST. This is a riddle.

TONY. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

HAST. I'm still astray.

TONY. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

HAST. Ha! ha! ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

TONY. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

HAST. But no accident, I hope?

TONY. No, no, only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey; and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go and kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville: if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit* Hastings.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed! Shook! Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us again the quickset hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should come upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid.—Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree.—Don't be afraid.

Mrs. **Hard.** The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. **Hard.** Oh, death!

Tony. No; it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. **Hard.** As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks.—(*To her.*) Ah! it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. **Hard.** Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough, and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close. (Mrs. Hardcastle *hides behind a tree in the back scene.*)

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony! is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. **Hard.** (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. **Hard.** (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself you did not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. **Hard.** (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. (*Detaining him.*)

Hard. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. **Hard.** (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come? or what does she mean?

Mrs. **Hard.** (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy! don't you know me?

Mrs. **Hard.** Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to

What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door!—(*To him*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you.—(*To her*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it.—(*To Tony*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

Enter Hastings *and* Miss Neville.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

HAST. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss NEV. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

HAST. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and* Miss HARDCASTLE.

Sir CHAS. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss HARD. I am proud of your approbation; and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir CHAS. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit* Sir CHARLES.

Enter MARLOW.

MARL. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss HARD. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

MARL. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me.—(*To her.*) It must not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, Sir: I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle *and* Sir Charles, *from behind.*

Sir Chas. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay; make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marl. By heavens, madam! fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Chas. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think

I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me! Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must intreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (*Kneeling*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, Madam, every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir Chas. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure: that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public: that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—This lady your daughter?

Hard. Yes, Sir, my only daughter: my Kate; whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, the devil!

Miss **Hard.** Yes, Sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for (*courtesying*); she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club. Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss **Hard.** In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning?—Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. O, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down! I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs. **Hardcastle**, **Tony**.

Mrs. **Hard.** So so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. **Hard.** My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir **Chas.** Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

HARD. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Mrs. HARD. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

HARD. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. HARD. Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

HARD. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. HARD. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS *and* Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. HARD. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it.

HAST. (*To Hardcastle.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss NEV. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready to give up my fortune to secure my choice: but I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs. HARD. Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

HARD. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

TONY. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

HARD. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

TONY. Of age! Am I of age, father?

HARD. Above three months.

TONY. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking* Miss NEVILLE's *hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir CHAS. O brave 'Squire!

HAST. My worthy friend!

Mrs. HARD. My undutiful offspring!

MARL. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

HAST. (*To* Miss HARDCASTLE.) Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

HARD. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife. [*Exeunt omnes.* (1)

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(1) [For the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, in the character of Miss Hardcastle, see p. 153.]

EPILOGUE,

To be Spoken in the Character of Tony Lumpkin.

BY J. CRADOCK, ESQ. (1)

WELL—now all's ended—and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of "mother's nonly son?"
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my station.
And try to make a bluster in the nation;
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bet Bouncer.

Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year!
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad, they've some regard to spirit.
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoiks to jigs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite;
To Sadler's-Well perhaps, or operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard:
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what's damn'd genteel as well as they.

(1) This came too late to be spoken. [See p. 153.]

SCENE

FROM

THE GRUMBLER,

A FARCE.

[*Now first printed.*]

[Gratitude to Quick, for his able personation of Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer," induced Goldsmith to consent to alter Sir Charles Sedley's translation of Bruey's Comedy of "Le Grondeur" into a Farce for his benefit. The following is an outline of the plot. Sourby, an ill-tempered, discontented man, is the torment of his family, neighbours, and servants. In the opening of the piece his son is on the point of being married to Clarissa, the consent of Sourby being chiefly obtained by the lady, who believes he has a design upon her himself, relinquishing her naturally mild character for that of a termagant. The character thus assumed agrees however so well with his own, that, in defiance of previous arrangements, he determines to marry her himself, a design favoured by her fortune being in his power. No other remedy occurs to the lovers to avoid his tyranny than further deception: the lady therefore assumes the character of an extravagant, giddy woman of fashion, who is determined to have "habits, feasts, fiddles, hautboys, masquerades, concerts, and especially a ball for fifteen days after their nuptials." Above all, her intended husband must learn to dance; and she will admit of no excuse on the plea of years. In a change of scene the dancing-master arrives; Sourby, as soon as he knows his errand, orders him off and threatens chastisement: but the former having his cue, declares he has positive orders from Clarissa to make him dance, and drawing his sword compels him to do so by force. In the midst of this scene Wentworth arrives, and Sourby, in a fit of rage, renounces the lady. The piece was represented at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 8th of May 1773, but was not repeated. As it has never been printed, a scene, from the MS. copy, in the possession of John Paine Collier, Esq., is here given.—See *Life*, ch. xiii.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sourby (*the Grumbler*)	Mr. Quick.
Octavio (*his Son*)	Mr. Davis.
Wentworth (*Brother-in-law to Sourby*)	Mr. Owenson.
Dancing Master (*called Signior Capriole in the Bills*)	Mr. King.
Scamper (*Servant*)	Mr. Saunders.
Clarissa (*in love with Octavio*)	Miss Helme.
Jenny (*her Maid*)	Miss Pearce.

SCENE

FROM THE

GRUMBLER.

Enter SCAMPER (*Sourby's servant*) *to* SOURBY, *and his intended wife's maid* JENNY.

SCAM. Sir, a gentleman would speak with you.

JENNY. Good! Here comes Scamper; he'll manage you, I'll warrant me. [*Aside.*

SOUR. Who is it?

SCAM. He says his name is Monsieur Ri—Ri—Stay, Sir, I'll go and ask him again.

SOUR. (*Pulling him by the ears*) Take that, sirrah, by the way.

SCAM. Ahi! Ahi! [*Exit.*

JENNY. Sir, you have torn off his hair, so that he must now have a wig: you have pulled his ears off; but there are none of them to be had for money.

SOUR. I'll teach him—'Tis certainly Mr. Rigaut, my notary; I know who it is, let him come in. Could he find no time but this to bring me money? Plague take the blockhead!

Enter DANCING-MASTER *and his* FIDDLER.

SOUR. This is not my man. Who are you, with your compliments?

Dan. Mast. (*Bowing often*) I am called Rigaudon, Sir, at your service.

Sour. (*To Jenny.*) Have not I seen that face somewhere before?

Jenny. There are a thousand people like one another.

Sour. Well, Mr. Rigaudon, what is your business?

Dan. Mast. To give you this letter from Madame Clarissa.

Sour. Give it to me—I would fain know who taught Clarissa to fold a letter thus. What contains it?

Jenny. (*Aside, while he unfolds the letter.*) A lover, I believe, never complained of that before.

Sour. (*Reads.*) "Every body says I am to marry the most brutal of men. I would disabuse them; and for that reason you and I must begin the ball to-night." She is mad!

Dan. Mast. Go on, pray Sir.

Sour. (*Reads.*) "You told me you cannot dance; but I have sent you the first man in the world."

(Sourby *looks at him from head to foot.*)

Dan. Mast. Oh Lord, Sir.

Sour. (*Reads.*) "Who will teach you in less than an hour enough to serve your purpose." I learn to dance!

Dan. Mast. Finish, if you please.

Sour. "And if you love me, you will learn the Allemande." The Allemande! I, the Allemande! Mr. the first man in the world, do you know you are in some danger here?

Dan. Mast. Come, Sir, in a quarter of an hour, you shall dance to a miracle!

Sour. Mr. Rigaudon, do you know I will send you out of the window if I call my servants?

Dan. Mast. (*Bidding his man play.*) Come, brisk, this little prelude will put you in humour; you must be held by the hand; or have you some steps of your own?

Sour. Unless you put up that d—d fiddle, I'll beat it about your ears.

Dan. Mast. Zounds, Sir! if you are thereabouts, you shall dance presently—I say presently.

Sour. Shall I dance, villain?

Dan. Mast. Yes. By the heavens above shall you dance. I have orders from Clarissa to make you dance. She has paid me, and dance you shall; first, let him go out. [*He draws his sword, and puts it under his arm.*

Sour. Ah! I'm dead. What a madman has this woman sent me!

Jenny. I see I must interpose. Stay you there, Sir; let me speak to him; Sir, pray do us the favour to go and tell the lady, that it's disagreeable to my master.

Dan. Mast. I will have him dance.

Sour. The rascal! the rascal!

Jenny. Consider, if you please, my master is a grave man.

Dan. Mast. I'll have him dance.

Jenny. You may stand in need of him.

Sour. (*Taking her aside.*) Yes, tell him that when he will, without costing him a farthing, I'll bleed and purge him his bellyfull.

Dan Mast. I have nothing to do with that; I'll have him dance, or have his blood.

Sour. The rascal! (*muttering.*)

Jenny. Sir, I can't work upon him; the madman will not hear reason; some harm will happen—we are alone.

Sour. 'Tis very true.

Jenny. Look on him; he has an ill look.

Sour. He has so (*trembling*).

Dan. Mast. Make haste, I say, make haste.

Sour. Help! neighbours! murder!

Jenny. Aye, you may cry for help; do you know that all your neighbours would be glad to see you robbed and your throat cut? Believe me, Sir, two Allemande steps may save your life.

Sour. But if it should come to be known, I should be taken for a fool.

Jenny. Love excuses all follies; and I have heard say that when Hercules was in love, he spun for Queen Omphale.

Sour. Yes, Hercules spun, but Hercules did not dance the Allemande.

Jenny. Well, you must tell him so; the gentleman will teach you another.

Dan. Mast. Will you have a minuet, Sir?

Sour. A minuet; no.

Dan. Mast. The loure.

Sour. The loure, no.

Dan. Mast. The passay!

Sour. The passay, no.

Dan. Mast. What then? the trocanny, the tricotez, the rigadon? Come, choose, choose.

Sour. No, no, no, I like none of these.

Dan. Mast. You would have a grave, serious dance perhaps?

Sour. Yes, a serious one, if there be any—but a very serious dance.

Dan. Mast. Well, the courante, the hornpipe, the brocane, the saraband?

Sour. No, no, no!

Dan Mast. What the devil then will you have? But make haste or death!

Sour. Come on then, since it must be so; I'll learn a few steps of the—the——

Dan Mast. What of the—the——

Sour. I know not what.

Dan. Mast. You mock me, sir; you shall dance the Allemande, since Clarissa will have it so, or——

[*He leads him about, the fiddle playing the Allemande.*

Sour. I shall be laughed at by the whole town if it should be known. I am determined, for this frolic, to deprive Clarissa of that invaluable blessing, the possession of my person.

Dan. Mast. Come, come, sir, move, move. (*teaching him.*)

Sour. Cockatrice!

Dan. Mast. One, two, three! (*teaching.*)

Sour. A d—d, infernal——

Enter **Wentworth.**

Oh! brother, you are come in good time to free me from this cursed bondage.

Went. How! for shame brother, at your age to be thus foolish.

Sour. As I hope for mercy—

Went. For shame, for shame—practising at sixty what should have been finished at six.

Dan. Mast. He's not the only grown gentleman I have had in hand.

Went. Brother, brother, you'll be the mockery of the whole city.

Sour. Eternal babbler! hear me; this curs'd confounded villain will make me dance perforce.

Went. Perforce!

Sour. Yes; by order, he says, of Clarissa; but since I now find she is unworthy, I give her up—renounce her for ever.

[The young couple enter immediately after this declaration, and finding no farther obstruction to their union, the piece finishes with the consent of the Grumbler, "in the hope," as he says, "that they are possessed of mutual requisites to be the plague of each other."]

CRITICISM,

RELATING TO

POETRY AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

[*Now first collected.*—See LIFE, ch. vi. and viii.]

CRITICISM,

RELATING TO

POETRY AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

I.—BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL. (1)

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1757. "*A Philosophical Enquir into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*' 8*vo. Dodsley.*]

There are limits prescribed to all human researches, beyond which if we attempt to explore, nothing but obscurity and conjecture lie before us, and doubts instead of knowledge must terminate the enquiry. The genius, not the judgment, of an author may appear in the too abstracted speculation; he may contribute to the amusement, but seldom to the instruction of the reader. His illustrations may perplex, but not enlighten the mind; and, like a microscope, the more he magnifies the object, he will represent it the more obscurely.

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(1) [This celebrated work, which Dr. Johnson considered "an example of true criticism," and which now forms a text book in liberal education, was planned when Mr. Burke was in his twenty-second year, and finished before he had attained his twenty-fifth. Whether Goldsmith knew the author personally at this time is doubtful; that he may have been informed of his name, and remembered him as a college contemporary, is probable.— See *Life*, ch. vi.]

There is, perhaps, no investigation more difficult than that of the passions, and other affections resulting from them. The difference of opinion among all who have treated on this subject, serves to convince us of its uncertainty. Even the most eminent philosophers have sometimes taken novelty, not truth, for their conductor; and have destroyed the hypothesis of their predecessors without being able to establish their own. It often happens, indeed, that while we read the productions of such a philosopher, though we condemn the reasoner, we admire the writer. Yet still learning, taste, and perspicuity, can lay claim but to a subordinate degree of esteem, when they are employed in contradicting truth, or in the investigation of inextricable difficulties.

Our author thus, with all the sagacity so abstruse a subject requires; with all the learning necessary to the illustration of his system; and with all the genius that can render disquisition pleasing; by proceeding on principles not sufficiently established, has been only agreeable when he might have been instructive. He rejects all former systems, and founds his philosophy on his own particular feelings. He has divided the whole into sections, with the contents of each prefixed; a method peculiarly necessary in works of a philosophical nature; as such divisions serve for resting places to the reader, and give him time to recollect the force of the author's reasoning.

The Sublime and the Beautiful have, through inadvertency, or ignorance, been frequently confounded, and mistaken one for the other. What in its own nature is sublime, has the appellation of beauty; and what is beautiful, is often called sublime. This, as the author remarks, must necessarily cause many mistakes in those whose business it is to influence the passions; since, by being unacquainted with the difference between the sublime and the beautiful, they cannot happily succeed, unless by chance, in either. The design of the work then is, to lay down such principles as may tend to ascertain and distinguish the sublime and the beautiful in any art, and to form a sort of standard for each.

The author first enquires into the affections of the sublime and beautiful, in their own nature; he then proceeds to investigate the properties of such things in nature as give rise to these affections; and lastly, he considers in what manner these properties act to produce those affections, and each correspondent emotion.

All our passions have their origin in *self-preservation* and in *society;* and the ends of one or the other of these they are all calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, and which are the most powerful of all the passions, turn mostly on pain or danger. For instance, the idea of pain, sickness, and death, fill the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, make no such impression by the single enjoyment.

When danger or pain immediately affect us, they are simply terrible, and incapable of giving any delight; but when the idea of pain or danger is excited, without our being actually in such circumstances as to be injured by it, it may be delightful, as every one's experience demonstrates. This pleasing sensation, arising from the diminution of pain, and which may be called hereafter *delight*, is very different from that satisfaction which we feel without any pain preceding it, which may be, in the sequel, termed *positive pleasure*, or simply pleasure. Delight acts by no means so strongly as positive pleasure; since no lessening, even of the severest pain, can rise to pleasure,(1) but the mind still continues impressed with awe; a sort of tranquillity shadowed with horror. When we have suffered from any violent emotion, the mind naturally continues in something like the same condition, even after the cause which first produced it has ceased to operate; as the fashion of the countenance and the gesture of the body, in those who have just escaped some imminent degree of danger, sufficiently indicate.

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(1) To prevent any interruption of the author's chain of reasoning, whatever remark may happen to occur to us, in the course of our epitome of his

Whatever excites this delight, whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, without their actual existence, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is the source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion the mind is capable of feeling.(1)

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performance, we shall subjoin it as a note. Thus with regard to his dictinction between delight and pleasure, we may here observe, that most of the real pleasures we possess, proceed from a diminution of pain. Our author imagines, that positive pleasure operates upon us, by relaxing the nervous system; but that delight acts in a quite contrary manner. Yet it is evident, that a reprieve to a criminal often affects him with such pleasure, that his whole frame is relaxed, and he faints away: here, then, a diminution of pain operates just as pleasure would have done, and we can see no reason why it may not be called pleasure. To put our objections in another light —all wants that immediately affect us, are in some degree painful. If upon offering any enjoyment to the mind, it feels no consciousness of the want, no uneasiness for the fruition of the pleasure profferred, we may safely conclude it will find no great degree of pleasure in its possession. How vainly do delicacies solicit the appetite of him who feels not a want from hunger! What various methods are tried to create this pain, only that the voluptuous may enjoy a greater pleasure by its diminution! Hence, if what the author himself allows to be pleasures are increased by preceding pain, why may they not be produced from it? In fact, pleasure and pain may be found positively subsisting without relation to each other; but then they may also be found mutually to produce each other.

(1) [Our Author, by assigning terror for the only source of the sublime, excludes love, admiration, &c. But to make the sublime an idea incompatible with these affections, is what the general sense of mankind will be apt to contradict. It is certain, we can have the most sublime ideas of the Deity, without imagining him a God of terror. Whatever raises our esteem of an object described, must be a powerful source of sublimity; and esteem is a

The second head to which the passions are referred, in relation to their final cause, is society. There are two kinds of society; the first is the society of the sex, the passion belonging to which is called love; it contains a mixture of lust, and its object is the beauty of women. The other is the great society with man, and all other animals; but this has no mixture of lust, though its object be beauty.(1) The passions belonging to the preservation of the individual, which are capable of affecting us with the strong emotions of

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passion nearly allied to love: our astonishment at the sublime as often proceeds from an increased love, as from an increased fear. When, after the horrors of a tempestuous night, the poet hails us with a description of the beauties of the morning, we feel double enjoyment from the contrast. Our pleasure here must arise from the beautiful or the sublime. If from the beautiful, then we have a positive pleasure, which has had its origin, contrary to what the author advances, in a diminution of pain. If from the sublime, it is all we contend for; since here is a description, which, though destitute of terror, has the same effect that any increase of terror could have produced.

(1) Self-interest, and not beauty, may be the object of this passion: it is not from beauty in the man, we cement friendships; it is not from beauty in animals, that we value and maintain them; nor from the beauty of vegetables, that we improve them by culture: were this the case, there would be no society betwixt the deformed of mankind; we should entertain an abhorrence of every ill-looking, though useful and inoffensive animal; receive the painted snake to our bosom, and the spotted panther into our dwelling. Even in vegetables, we prefer use to beauty: "alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." Reason, not sensation, certainly suggests our ideas of this species of beauty, and from the dictates of reason it is we admit of new connections. The infant, new to the world, finds all beauty in colour: as he grows older, shape, smoothness, and several other adventitious ideas are superadded, which his reason, not his senses, have suggested. Some, even among the adult, have no idea of what is called beauty in animals with which they are not conversant, as the beauty of horses, dogs, &c.; but an acquaintance with these animals, and a knowledge of their fitness, by particular symmetries, &c. to answer their own or our purposes, soon discover to us beauties of which we could otherwise have had no conception. Hence a great part of our perceptions of beauty arises not from any mechanical operation on the senses, capable of producing positive pleasure, but from a rational inference drawn with an eye to self-interest, and which may, in many instances, be deduced from self-preservation. Therefore, some ideas of beauty have their origin in self-preservation.

the sublime, turn wholly on pain and danger, but those of society, on our desire of enjoyment; hence, as the sublime had its rise in pain, so beauty has its source in positive pleasure.

The passion caused by the great and the sublime in *nature*, when these causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; by which all the motions of the soul are suspended, with some degree of horror. Whatever also is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look to any thing as trifling, or contemptible, that may be dangerous. To heighten this terror, obscurity, in general, seems necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Thus, in Pagan worship, the idol is generally placed in the most obscure part of the temple; which is done with a view of heightening the awe of its adorers. Wherefore it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination. Nay, so far is clearness of imagery from being absolutely necessary to influence the passions, that they may be considerably operated upon, as in music, without presenting any image at all. Painting never makes such strong impressions on the mind as description, yet painting must be allowed to represent objects more distinctly than any description can do; and even in painting, a judicious obscurity, in some things, contributes to the proper effect of the picture. Thus, in reality, clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions; as it is, in some measure, an enemy to all enthusiasm whatsoever.(1)

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(1) Distinctness of imagery has ever been held productive of the sublime. The more strongly the poet or orator impresses the picture he would describe upon his own mind, the more apt will he be to paint it on the imagi-

All general privations are great, because they are terrible; as vacuity, darkness, solitude, silence. Greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. Infinity is another source; though perhaps it may be resolved into magnitude. In all objects where no boundary can be fixed to the eye, as in the inside of a rotund, there must necessarily arise the idea of greatness. Another source of greatness is difficulty. When any work seems to have required immense force and labour to effect it, as in Stonehenge, the idea is grand. Magnificence, too, or a great profusion of any things which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is sublime.

With respect to colours, such as are soft or cheerful (except, perhaps, a strong red, which is cheerful), are unfit to produce great images. An immense mountain, covered with a shining green turf, as the author expresses it, is nothing in this respect to one dark and gloomy. The cloudy sky is more grand than the blue; and night more sublime and solemn than day; therefore, in historical painting, a gay or gaudy drapery can never have a happy effect: and in buildings, where an uniform degree of the most striking sublimity is intended, the materials should consist of sad and fuscous colours; and as darkness is productive of more sublime ideas than light, the inside should have all that gloom which may be consistent, at the

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nation of his reader. Not that, like Ovid, he should be minute in description; which, instead of impressing our imagination with a grand whole, divides our idea into several littlenesses. We only think the bold yet distinct strokes of a Virgil far surpass the equally bold but confused ones of Lucan. The term *painting*, in poetry, perhaps implies more than the mere assemblage of such pictures as affect the sight; sounds, tastes, feelings, all conspire to complete a poetical picture: hence, this art takes the imagination by every inlet, and while it paints the picture, can give it motion and succession too. What wonder, then, it should strike us so powerfully! Therefore, not from the confusion or obscurity of the description, but from being able to place the object to be described in a greater variety of views, is poetry superior to all other descriptive arts.

same time, with showing the particular beauties of the architecture. Sounds also have a great power in producing the sublime: the noise of cataracts, raging storms, thunder; these overpower the soul, suspend its action, and fill all with terror. A sudden beginning also, or ceasing of sound, puts all our faculties on their guard. Low, tremulous, intermitting sounds, and the yelling of animals, all, as they inspire some degree of horror, conduce to exalt us into the sublime. Smells and tastes, particularly the ideas of excessive bitters or intolerable stenches, have some, though but a small share, in our ideas of greatness.

With respect to feeling, the idea of bodily pain in all the modes and degrees of labour, anguish, torment, is productive of the sublime; and nothing else in this sense can produce it. Hence, every cause of the sublime, with reference to the senses, evinces that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation: that is therefore one of the most affecting we have; that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress, and that no positive or absolute pleasure belongs to it.

Beauty is that quality, or those qualities, of bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it. This idea cannot arise from proportion, since in vegetables and animals there is no standard by which we can measure our ideas of proportion; and in man, exact proportion is not always the criterion of beauty; neither can it arise from fitness, since then all animals would have beauty; for every one seems best adapted to its own way of living; and in man, strength would have the name of beauty, which, however, presents a very different idea. Nor is it the result of perfection, for we are often charmed with the imperfections of an agreeable object. Nor, lastly, of the qualities of the mind; since such rather conciliate our esteem than our love. Beauty, therefore, is no criterion of reason, but some merely sensible quality acting mechanically upon the human mind, by the intervention of the senses. I shall consider, therefore, says the author, in what manner these sensible qualities are disposed in such things as, by experience, we find beautiful, or which excite in us the passion of love, or some correspondent affection.

First, then, the qualities of beauty, as they are merely sensible qualities, are comparative smallness. Thus the diminutives of every language express affection. In the animal creation, exclusive of their own species, it is the small we are inclined to be fond of. Secondly, they must be smooth ; a quality so essential, that few things are beautiful that are not smooth : in trees and flowers, smooth leaves are beautiful, smooth slopes in gardens, smooth streams in landscapes. Thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of parts. Fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. Fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength. Sixthly, to have its colours clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring. Seventhly, or if it should have any gloomy colours, to have it diversified with others. In sounds, the most beautiful are the soft and delicate ; not that strength of note required to raise other passions, nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep. It agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. Thus there is a remarkable contrast between the beautiful and the sublime : sublime objects are vast in their dimensions ; beautiful ones comparatively small. Beauty should be smooth and polished ; the great, rugged and negligent. Beauty should not be obscure ; the great ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty should be light and delicate ; the great ought to be solid, and even massive.

The author comes next to consider in what manner the sublime and beautiful are produced. As the sublime is founded on pain and terror, which are but different degrees of an unnatural tension of the nerves, whatever produces this tension must be productive also of the sublime; but how any species of delight can be derived from a cause so apparently contrary to it, deserves to be considered.

As the body, by inactivity, contracts disorders, so labour is necessary to prevent those evils. Labour is an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles, and as such resembles pain, (which consists in tension or contraction) in every thing but degree. Thus, as common labour, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer parts of the system. In this case, if the pain or terror be so modified as not to be actually noxious, they are capable of producing delight, since they serve to put the machine into motion. In visual objects, the eye labours to take in their great dimensions; and by a parity of reasoning, we may extend this to every sense in its reception of sublimity. Darkness has, by general consent of mankind and perhaps by its own painful operation on the sensory, been accounted terrible; too great a dilatation of the pupil of the eye, caused by darkness, may be offensive to the mind, as being primarily so to the organs of the body: and hence this sensation is so well fitted to produce sublimity.(1)

Beauty, as we may gather from the attitude of any person beholding a beautiful object, arises from a quite contrary cause to the sublime, namely, from an universal relaxation of the nervous system. Hence smoothness, which has no asperities to vellicate the parts, nor cause a sensation of pain, is beautiful. Sweets also, which, when reduced to their proper salts, assume a globular figure, and may be called the smooth in taste, must consequently relax, that is, be beautiful to the sense which they respectively affect. Smallness and colour may be accounted for on the same principles.

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(1) The muscles of the uvea act in the contraction, but are relaxed in the dilatation of the ciliary circle. Therefore, when the pupil dilates, they are in a state of relaxation, and the relaxed state of a muscle is its state of rest. In an amaurosis, where these muscles are never employed, the pupil is always dilated. Hence darkness is a state of rest to the visual organ, and consequently the obscurity which the author justly remarks to be often the cause of the sublime, can affect the sensory by no painful impression; so that the sublime is often caused by a relaxation of the muscles, as well as by a tension.

Thus have we given an abstract of the more material parts of a performance, which seems to have cost the author much study and attention; and which, with all the charms of style, is branched out more extensively on the subject than any modern work of this kind within our recollection. A writer who endeavours to penetrate beyond the surface of things, though he may be sometimes too minute, and at others even erroneous, will, however, clear the way for succeeding adventurers; and perhaps make even his errors subservient to the investigation of truth. If we have, in a very few instances, attempted to point out any mistake or oversight in this very agreeable author's principles, not a captious spirit of controversy, but a concern for truth, was the motive: and the ingenious enquirer, we are persuaded, is too much a philosopher to resent our sometimes taking a different course in pursuit of the game he has started.

II.—MYTHOLOGY AND POETRY OF THE CELTES.

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1757. *On "Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia, designed as a Supplement and Proof of the Introduction to the History of Denmark. By P. H. Mallet,*(1) *Copenhagen*, 1756. 4*to*.]

If all the brilliancy of sentiment which so dry a subject may require to its support, and all the laborious assiduity which may be necessary in the solution of its intricacies, demand applause, Professor Mallet must deserve it, who has so happily united both. The learned on this side the Alps have long laboured at the antiquities of Greece and Rome, but almost totally neglected their own; like conquerors who, while they have made inroads into the territories of their neighbours, have left their own natural dominions to desolation.

The cause of this our author ascribes; first, to the disadvantageous idea we have conceived of the Celtes in general, an idea entirely groundless, and which offers no reason for not studying those antiquities to which our manners, our government, our laws, are continually calling us back. Secondly, to the few monuments of Celtic mythology which have reached our times. "To draw this subject from obscurity, we ought in some measure to give new life to those poetical mythologists, our ancestors; we should consult them, and attend, in the frightful gloom of their forests, to those mysterious incantations in which is concealed the whole system of their religion and morality."

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(1) [Paul Henry Mallet was born at Geneva in 1731. He was for some time professor of history in his native city, and became afterwards professor royal of the Belles-Lettres at Copenhagen, a member of the academies of Upsal, Lyons, Cassel, and of the Celtic Academy at Paris. An excellent translation, by Bishop Percy, of his "Northern Antiquities, including the Edda," was published in 1770. He died in 1807.]

In France, Spain, and England, the ravages of time, or of more destructive zeal, have left few remains of this sacred poesy. The countries of the north, who were more slowly converted from superstition, still preserve those valuable monuments. Here is to be found the "EDDA," (1) first written in Iceland after the abolition of the Celtic religion there. This was a work designed for the use of those young Icelanders who intended to become Scaldes or poets. Odin and Friga, genii and fairies, served as machinery to northern poetry then, as Grecian mythology does to ours now; and though they had abandoned the religion, yet the poets found it necessary to retain the knowledge of these fabulous divinities. The author of the Edda, therefore, has given his countrymen an abridgment of this mythology, with a poetical dictionary to explain words or metaphors that may be too sublime. A translation of this work M. Mallet now lays before the public. There were two books of this name: the first was composed by Sæmund Sigfusson, born in Iceland, about the year 1057;(2) but being too voluminous and obscure in many respects, Snoro Sturleson,(3) about a hundred and twenty years after, abstracted from the collection of Sæmund a system of poetical mythology, both easy and intelligible. The Celtic religion, as our author clearly evinces in the work preceding this, was at first extremely simple; yet even this did not long hold its simplicity. Though nothing can be more express than some passages in the Edda concerning the supreme government of ONE God, yet those intelligencers who are supposed to act by his commands receive in it too much veneration; their assistance seems nearer than that of a Deity, whose very name calls to our imagination the immense distance between him and his creatures: yet must we still remember (says M. Mallet), that the Edda is but a poetical mythology, in which the real opinions of those times are set off with all the luxuriance of a heated imagination.

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(1) ["This name of Edda hath frequently exercised the penetration of the etymologist. The most probable conjectures are, that it is derived from an old Gothic word signifying *grandmother*. In the figurative language of the old poets, this term was, doubtless, thought proper to express an ancient doctrine."—*Mallet*, Northern Antiq. vol. ii. p. 24.]

(2) [Sæmund was born in 1056. He studied at Cologne, and travelled in Italy and Germany. On his return to Iceland, he took holy orders. Not long before his death, which took place about the year 1134, he wrote a History of Norway.—*Nouv. Dict. Hist.*]

(3) [A nobleman of ancient family, who twice, in 1215 and 1222, filled the high post of chief judge of Iceland. He was assassinated, in 1241, by Gyssarus, the chief of an opposite faction.—*Ibid.*]

A King of Sweden, says the Edda, named Gylfe, astonished at the respect his subjects paid to some people who had newly come from Asia, was resolved to travel to Asgard, habited like an old man, and under the fictitious name of Gangler, with intention to improve by the journey.

On his arrival there, he was introduced into a magnificent palace, where he had a long conference with three kings, Har, Jafnar, and Thredi, whom he found seated on thrones in one of the inner apartments. These conferences are comprised in thirty-three fables, of which the first part of the Edda is composed. There we see those remarkable passages already hinted at with relation to the Supreme Being. Gangler demands, "Who is the supreme of the gods?" Har replies, "Him whom we call Alfader, that is, Father of all." Gangler again asks, "What has he done to make his glory appear?" Har replies, "He lives eternally. He governs his dominions, and things great and little, with great care." Jafnar adds, "He has made the heaven, the earth, and the air."—"He has done more than making an heaven, or an earth," continues Thredi; "He has made man, and infused into him a living soul, which, even after the body is reduced to dust and ashes, shall continue to live for ever."

The three first fables abound in allegories, as extraordinary as an imagination the most fruitful of wonders could possibly conceive, on the formation of the earth, and the creation of man. Here may be perceived, however, striking resemblances of the doctrine of Moses, with respect to the luminous matter before that of the sun and moon; as also of the deluge, and the history of the giants spoken of in Genesis. Our author, in his notes, takes care to point out these similitudes; and remarks, that of all the known systems, that of the ancient Persians most approaches the mythology of the Edda: an observation which greatly serves to confirm what several learned men have advanced, that anciently there was no difference between the Persians and Celtes.

The fourth fable describes Odin as father of gods and men, and who by his virtue has produced all things. Friga (or the earth) is his daughter, and wife, on whom he begat his son Thor. This doctrine of the union of the Deity with the earth, is of great antiquity. It has been generally received in all the Celtic nations; nay, the Greeks themselves adopted the same sentiments, as appears by the history of Saturn and Rhea. And here our author ingeniously remarks, that though in this mythology the concourse of Deity and matter produced the universe, yet there is a vast difference, according to the Celtes, in these two principles. The Supreme God was eternal. By him matter was made, and consequently had a beginning. The name also of Thor, their son, signifies, in the language of the north, thunder; and our Thursday even now is called by the Flemish, donderday, or the day of thunder.

Nothing, however, can be more ridiculous than the system of physics that runs through the whole Edda, particularly the sixth fable. A horse with his shining mane scatters light, and illuminates the earth and air. Two little children, with a pitcher suspended at the end of a stick, accompany the moon, and occasion its eclipses. The sun runs very swiftly; for two wolves, ready to devour him, continually follow. In this fable we have the origin of a custom received among us, the source of which seems to have been forgotten. The Edda gives the night pre-eminence over the day; it precedes, and out of it the day is produced. Hence we say, 'this day se'nnight', for seventh night; 'fortnight', for fourteenth night. Thus customs taken from forgotten opinions are often erroneously attributed to the effects of chance or caprice.

The eighth fable takes for its title, The Holy City, or the Residence of the Gods. In it we hear of Odin demanding a draught of the Fountain of Wisdom, but obliged to pawn one of his eyes for the grant. Thus, we see the father of heaven wanting an eye, which Mimis keeps as a pledge in his own possession, and every morning bathes it with hydromel. A strange allegory this; and, what is worse, we want the key for its solution. In this fable also we find a complete theory of Fairyism. "Three virgins whose names, as in the Celtic language, are past, present, and future, as fates, dispense the periods of man's life; but there are several who assist at his birth, and decide his future fortune." Fairies, according to the conjectures of our author, were deified prophetesses, for the Celtic women excelled in every sort of superstition, particularly in augury; and perhaps those who were most distinguished in this art, were raised to the rank of gods. The ninth fable treats of Thor, son to the father of the universe, who conquered the giants, who performed many wonderful exploits, and whose palace was called an asylum against fear. He too, like the Persian Mithras, was the symbol of fire, and like him a merciful divinity, a mediator between God and man.

of Loke and Loup Fenris, we have the principle of evil characterised in the most perspicuous and striking manner. Loup Fenris is represented as a being educated by the gods, till they perceived, "that he every day most surprisingly increased in stature, and till the oracles had apprised them he should one day be their foe. Accordingly they united to bind him, and the execrations he then poured forth were most horrible; since when, the "foam issues from his mouth in such abundance, that it forms a river called Vam, that is to say, vices;—but this monster will break his chains at the twilight (crepuscule) of the gods, in other words, at the end of the world."

But the great event which the Edda never loses sight of, is the future destruction of the world; and the description of it, in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth fables, is to the last degree sublime and picturesque. Take an instance in the following sketch. "Loup Fenris advances, opening his enormous jaws, the lower of which descended to earth while the upper was lifted to heaven, and would have aspired even above the heavens, could it find room. Destroying flames burst from his eyes and nostrils; he vomits floods of poison, that overwhelm the air and the waters in the inundation. In the midst of this tumult the heaven divides, and the genii of fire come riding through the chasm." We are displeased to find Odin, the father of all, perish in the dreadful catastrophe. This contradicts his eternity; but we are not to expect precision in poetical mythology.

Vodar, his son, however, became at last victorious, and reduced all things to order. And, says the Edda, when this world shall be consumed by flames, again shall spring from the sea another earth, beautiful, pleasing, and cloathed with landscapes of unceasing verdure. The author, in a note at the end of the last fable, gives us the doctrine of the Edda, stripped of its poetical ornaments and its adventitious allegories: "And though," says he, "the Edda should have no other merit than that of informing us what the Celtes thought of futurity, even for this it might deserve to be saved from oblivion."

III.—THORNTON AND COLMAN'S CONNOISSEUR. (1)

[*From the Monthly Review,* 1757. *On* "*The Connoisseur. By Mr. Town, Critic and Censor General.*" 4 *vols.* 12*mo.*]

When fate or fortune calls from us the friend whose society has contributed towards the pleasure or the happiness of our lives, how gladly do we substitute in his room all that remains of him! We find consolation in every pledge of friendship he has left behind, and cherish every relic that reminds us of our past satisfaction. The Connoisseur has taken leave of the public, and every admirer of good taste and good humour must regret his departure; but he here commits to their patronage a new edition of his late publications, and we doubt not their welcome reception of them will evince their regard to his memory.

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(1) [The publication of the "Connoisseur" was commenced in January 1754, by Bonnell Thornton and George Colman. Thornton had been one of the contributors to the "Adventurer;" and Colman, at the age of twenty, had then made, what was probably his first appearance in public as a prose writer. Their humour and their talents were well adapted to what they had undertaken; and Beaumont and Fletcher present what is probably the only parallel instance of literary co-operation so complete, that the portions written by the respective parties are undistinguishable. "Cowper," says Mr. Southey, "contributed a few papers to the 'Connoisseur.' One of them is upon the subject of Keeping a Secret; and though written in a strain of levity, it had so good an effect upon himself, that he says, 'from that day he believed he had never divulged one.' If he had not the same virtue of discretion before (and so it may be inferred from such an acknowledgment), this is a remarkable instance of the benefit that may be derived from calmly considering what our opinions are upon any question of practical importance, before it happens directly to concern us."—*Southey's Cowper,* vol. i. p. 49.]

The writer may be styled the friend of Society, in the most agreeable acceptation of the term; for he rather converses with all the ease of a cheerful companion, then dictates, as other writers in this class have done, with the affected superiority of an author. He is the first writer since Bickerstaff, who has been perfectly satirical yet perfectly good-natured; and who never, for the sake of declamation, represents simple folly as absolutely criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and humour and wit to allure the gay: in a word, as the manners of the times which he represents differ from those of the preceding, so his method of treating them is different from that of former essayists. "Whatever objections," says our author, "the reader may have to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chosen to treat them. The dread of falling into what they are pleased to call colloquial barbarisms, has induced some skilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination; the English language is sufficiently copious, without any further addition of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however purposely ushered in,—as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

"The subjects of my Essays have been chiefly such as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice, by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the Spectator is initimable: nor can I hope to say any thing new upon these topics, after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the powerful ornament of that work; I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly, by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the drowsiness of a philosopher; I have rather chosen to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour; as I am convinced that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed, and advice never comes with a better force than when it comes with a laughing one."

IV.—WILKIE'S EPIGONIAD." (1)

[*From the Monthly Review,* 1757. *" The Epigoniad. A Poem, in nine Books.* 12*mo. Edinburgh."*]

This poem, as the author informs us, " is called the Epigoniad, because the heroes whose actions it celebrates, have got the name of Epigones," (Epigoni, he should have said),

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(1) [William Wilkie, D.D., the " Scottish Homer," as he has been called, was born at Echlin, in the county of Linlithgow, in 1721. While at the university of Edinburgh, he formed intimacies with Dr. Robertson, David Hume, Adam Smith, and John Home, the author of " Douglas." Henry Mackenzie, in his Life of the last-mentioned individual, says that Wilkie's friends all spoke of him as " superior in genius to any man of his time, but rough and unpolished in his manners, and still less accommodating to the decorum of society in the ordinary habits of his life. Charles Townshend, a very competent judge of men, said, after being introduced to him and spending a day with him, that he had never met with a man who approached so near to the two extremes of a god and a brute as Dr. Wilkie." The " Epigoniad" was published at Edinburgh in 1757, and a second edition in 1759; after which it was not re-printed till 1794, when it was admitted by Dr. Anderson into his edition of the British Poets. Wilkie died in 1772.]

"being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition."

When the poet carries his readers back into classic antiquity, he seems in a peculiar manner to bespeak the patronage of the learned; for them his labours appear to be calculated, and from them alone he must expect an adequate reward: but then, as he writes for the scholar, it is expected that he himself should be one of the number. Possessed of this advantage, the learned will regard him with fraternal tenderness; and though he may not obtain the highest applause, he is sure at least to meet with indulgence for slight defects. On the contrary, if he be detected of ignorance when he pretends to learning, his case, indeed, will deserve our pity: too antique to please one party, and too modern for the other, he is deserted by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all, except his enemies.

The Epigoniad seems to be one of these *new old* performances; a work that would no more have pleased a peripatetic of the academic grove, than it will captivate the unlettered subscriber to one of our circulating libraries. "Tradition," says the author in his preface, "is the best ground on which a fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon." We might have expected from this remark, that he had not only taken tradition for the ground of his fable, but employed it also to guide him through the narration; nevertheless, unfortunately, he has not only forsook, but contradicted it, on almost every occasion; and given up the conduct of his poem to an invention barren of incidents, or at best productive of trifling ones.

Eustathius, in his commentary upon the fourth book of the Iliad, gives us a list of the nine warriors who were called the Epigoni; most of which our author never once mentions in this poem, but, instead of them introduces, not the descendants of those unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but several of their cotemporaries, as Theseus and Nestor, who had no motives of revenge to prompt them to this undertaking. Theseus in particular was not there; for we find in the Suppliants of Euripides, that Theseus went upon a former expedition to Thebes, to procure funeral honours for the seven fathers of the Epigoni, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and at the end of the same tragedy we are told, that the capture of the city was reserved for the Epigoni alone. Our poet also gives Theseus the conduct of the war, in contradiction to Diodorus Siculus, who affirms, that by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmæon was constituted generalissimo. He likewise makes Creon king of Thebes; but Creon had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says, that Laodamas was at that time their king.

The author's disregard of the traditions of the ancients, is not more flagrant than his neglect of their manners and customs; thus he introduces virgins as priestesses at the altar of Venus, talks of Styx as a river of fire, gives a nymph the conveyance of winged shoes; the caduceus of Mercury he calls his sceptre, and instead of the whistle which Virgil describes as pendant from the neck of Polyphemus, our author claps a bag on the giant's back,

> "—— around his shoulders flung,
> His bag enormous, by a cable hung,"

Here is a large bag, and a very strong rope to tie it withal; but we cannot conceive what use the Cyclops had for such a bag, unless he chose to wear it as our physicians wear their swords, merely for ornament.

However, we must acknowledge, though he had been minutely exact, nor ever transgressed in any of the abovementioned particulars, his subject is of such a nature as could at best have afforded us but small satisfaction. We speak with regard to our own particular feelings; and some may perhaps wonder when we assign as a reason of our disgust, our being conscious that the poet believes not a syllable of all he tells us. Poets, like flatterers, are only heard with pleasure when they themselves seem persuaded of the truth of all they deliver. Boileau, to convince us that he believes what he writes, avers, that if he has any success beyond his cotemporary poets, it is wholly owing to his being superior to them in point of truth. We have no reason to doubt but Homer, who lived in an age of ignorance, and consequently of credulity, believed, or at least was thought to believe, what he relates; and Virgil, though he might not credit the story of Eneas, yet his countrymen gave credit to it. Witches and enchanters, too, made a part of the popish mythology (if we may so call it) in the days of Tasso: and the subject of Paradise Lost is reverenced with almost universal assent.

As we have nothing to commend in this author's plan, so we have little to praise with respect to his execution. He has, indeed, some good lines, and here and there something of the true spirit of poetry flashes out; but what can be said for such passages as the following?

> " The Gods *assembled met;* and view'd from far,
> Thebes and the various combats of the war.
> From all apart, the Paphian goddess sat,
> And *pity'd in her heart* her fav'rite state,
> Decreed to perish by the Argive bands,
> Pallas's art, Tydides' *mighty hands.*"

That the gods not only *assembled* but *met,* is truly marvellous; and as truly piteous is the distress of poor Venus: —but we are chiefly struck with the Broughtonian idea of

Diomed's *mutton-fists;* which the author seems fond of displaying upon most occasions. Thus in another place, p. 13:

> "grasping in his *mighty hand*
> The regal staff."

Again, p. 67:

> "Andremon first, beneath his *mighty hand,*
> Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand."

The hands of Minerva, too, though a lady, were, it seems, cast in the same mould with those of her favourite Tydides—vide the prayer of Ulysses:

> "Great Queen of Arts! on thee my hopes depend:
> By thee my infant-arms were taught to throw
> The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
> Oft on my *little hands,* immortal maid!
> To guide the shaft, *thy mighty hands* were laid."

Our witty countryman, Butler, says, that

> "Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
> With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

And therefore,

> "Those who write in rhyme still make
> The one verse for the other's sake;
> For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
> I think's sufficient at one time."

Our *handy* poet seems to have profited by this observation; and therefore we need not wonder to see him, like a good steersman, so constantly keep his *hands* to the rudder; of which we have the following, among other instances:—

> "grasping in his *mighty hand,*
> The regal staff, the sign of high command." p. 13.
>
> "in whose *superior hand,*
> Consenting Princes plac'd their chief command." p. 14.
>
> "the Prince, whose *sov'reign hand*
> Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command."
>
> "Supine he fell amidst his native bands,
> And wrench'd the fixed dart with *dying hands.*" p. 30.

" *Only be men*, and make the Argive bands
Dread in succeeding times your *mighty hands*." p. 38.

" Their valiant Chief resign'd to *hostile hands*,
He thus aloud address'd the scatt'ring bands." p. 44.

" In the devoted line myself I stand,
And here must perish by some *hostile hand*." p. 53.

" Silent amidst th' assembled peers he stands,
And wipes his falling tears with trembling *hands*."(1) p. 78.

" Thebes on ev'ry side assembled stands,
And supplicates the Gods with *lifted hands*." p. 80.

" Now in full view before the guards they stand,
The priest displays his ensigns in his *hand*." p. 81.

" the princely band,
By turns presented each his *friendly hand*." p. 83.

" they soon shall feel my *hand*,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trinacria's strand." p. 90.

" with his *weighty hand*,
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the sand." p. 92.

" Oblations vow'd, if, by his *mighty hand*,
Conducted safe, I found my native land." p. 99.

" These eyes beheld when, with a *ruthless hand*,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the strand." p. 101.

" If heav'n's dread sov'reign, to my *vengeful hand*
His wasting flames would yield, and forked brand." p. 102.

" Who still intent to catch it where it stands,
And grasps the shining meteor with his *hands*." p. 103.

" equity and public right demands,
That Thebes should fall by our *avenging hands*." p. 110.

" Now round the flaming hearth th' assembly stands,
And Theseus thus invokes with *lifted hands*." p. 118.

" Any bold warrior of the Argive bands,
Against a Theban lifts his *hostile hands*. Ibid.

" The chief of Argos, warriors! first demands
Funereal honours from our *grateful hands*." p. 123.

" As when the sire of Gods, with *wrathful hand*,
Drives the swift lightning and the forked brand." p. 133.

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(1) The imagery in this couplet being perfectly just, we are somewhat concerned that two such good lines should fall into such bad company.

"Him Tydeus lov'd, and in his *faithful hand*,
Had plac'd the sceptre of supreme command." p. 146.

"Never, obsequious to thy mad command,
Against the foe I'll lift a *hostile hand*." p. 150.

"The scourge of Thebes, whose *wide destroying hand*
Has thinn'd our armies in their native land." p. 171.

"That no bold warrior of the Theban bands,
This maid shall violate with *hostile hands*." p. 173.

"Whose feeble age the present aid demands,
And kind assistance of my *filial hands*." p. 179.

"by command
The captive violates with *hostile hand*." p. 181.

"with *vengeful hands*,
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands." Ibid.

"the bow commands,
And arrows sacred, from his *mighty hands*." p. 189.

"round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their *burning hands*." p. 199.

"Obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his *willing hands*." p. 204.

"With an *unrelenting hand*,
Fix, in the bows beneath, a flaming brand." p. 209.

"If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand,
Safe and protected by his *mighty hand*." p. 211.

"the forked brand,
Which for destruction arms thy *mighty hand*." p. 233.

"In his *mighty hand*,
Brandish'd with gesture fierce a burning brand." p. 243.

"Myself, my daughters, dragg'd by *hostile hands*,
Our dignity exchang'd for servile bands." p. 266.

"Such sacrifice Cassandra's ghost demands,
And such I'll offer with *determin'd hands*." p. 280.

"and stand,
A rampart to oppose my *vengeful hand*." Ibid.

"Creon in vain the desp'rate rout withstands,
With sharp reproaches and *vindictive hands*." p. 286.

To the foregoing citations we could have added many others of the same sort; but these are more than sufficient to convince the critics at George's and the Bedford, that verses have ***hands*** as well as *feet.*

Our northern bard frequently seems, indeed, at some loss for a variety of language, which has led him into many disgustful repetitions. Thus, p. 13, Diomed charges Talthybius:

> "to *convene* from tent to tent
> The Kings to Eteon's lofty monument."

Where they meet accordingly, p. 15, and Tydides is exhorted

> "to declare
> What cause *convenes* the senate of the war."

Tydides thus replied:

> "Princes! I have not now the host *conven'd,*
> For secrets by intelligence obtain'd."

It is said this poem is a Scotch production; but p. 31, we meet with the following notorious Londonism:

> "Presumptuous youth forbear,
> To tempt the fury of my flying spear,
> *That* warrior *there* was by my javelin slain."

That there, and *this here*, had, doubtless, their origin in Cheapside; but how they found their way down to Scotland, is a mystery which our poet is best able to unriddle. Elsewhere, however, our bard seems more strongly attracted towards the Hibernian shores; particularly where he makes Jupiter apprehensive lest fate should forget to be fatal, and, harlequin-like, jump down her own throat. To explain this enigma, we must give our author's own words; for no others can do him equal justice. Jove's messenger thus addresses Apollo, p. 74:

> "Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
> So Jove commands, and night her shade extend,
> Else Thebes must perish; and *the doom of fate,*
> *Anticipated, have an earlier date,*
> *Than fate decrees:* for, like devouring flame,
> Tydides threatens all the Theban name."

But it is no uncommon thing for this poet to employ his celestials in a manner somewhat incomprehensible to mere mortal understandings. Page 76, War, like a brawling brat, who cries and frets himself to sleep in his cradle, rocks *itself* to rest in much the same mood:

> " the martial clangors cease,
> And war *tumultuous lulls itself* to peace."

As contending countries and cities severally claimed the honour of having produced the author of the Iliad, so, we foresee, will various parts of the British empire contend for that of having given us the author of the Epigoniad. And as the authority of the review will, doubtless, be quoted, in support of the conjectures and proofs that shall in future times be advanced on this occasion, we have been careful to note our several observations with regard to this matter. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been mentioned; but here comes a line that seems to vacate all their claims, and by its gurgling, or turkey-cock sound, to point out some other part of the world,—but whether Wales, or Germany, or the Cape of Good Hope, let the reader determine. Here it is, taken from p. 114, where Discord is described in her flight from hell:

> " Gliding *meteorous*, like a *stream* of *flame*."

But if sometimes a rumbling line chance to offend the nicer ear, it will meet with more frequent opportunities of *lulling itself to peace*, by the help of many a soothing couplet, like the following:

> " In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel,
> And each deserves a prize for *shooting well*."

> " here, in doubtful poise, the battle *hings*, (1)
> Faint is the host, and wounded *half* (2) the Kings.

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(1) What country word is this? (2) Precisely half?

Again:

> "Rank above rank the living structure grows,
> As settling bees the *pendent heap* compose,
> Which in some shade or vaulted cavern, *hings*,
> *Woven* thick with complicated feet and wings."

If bad rhimes are to be deemed, as some think they are, a capital defect, our author will be capitally convicted on many an indictment in the court of criticism. For instance, p. 242, we have the following strange couplet:

> "*Graceful* the goddess turn'd, and with a *voice*,
> Bold, and superior to the vulgar *noise*,
> O'er all the field commands."

The badness of the rhyme in the two first lines is, however, their smallest imperfection: Minerva, sure, will never pardon the *ungraceful* mention he has made of her goddess-ship's vociferation; which, according to the idea here raised, would even silence the loudest water-nymph in the neighbourhood of Thames-street.

But as it may, and not unreasonably, be urged, in our poet's favour, that a few single lines, or couplets, culled from different parts of his work, are by no means to be considered as a fair specimen of the whole; we shall conclude with his entire description of a swimming-match, which, though we have disapproved his choice of the sport, will shew the author to somewhat more advantage than, possibly, the reader may expect, from the samples already produced:

> "With thirst of glory fir'd,
> Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd;
> With Sparta's younger chief; Ulysses came,
> And brave Clearchus, emulous of fame,
> A wealthy warrior from the Samian shore,
> In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore;
> Distinguish'd in the midst the heroes stood,
> Eager to plunge into the shining flood.
>
> "His brother's ardour purpos'd to restrain,
> Atrides strove, and counsell'd thus in vain:
> Desist, my brother! shun th' unequal strife;
> For late you stood upon the verge of life:

No mortal man his vigour can retain,
When flowing wounds have emptied ev'ry vein.
If now you perish in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief shall cloud this mournful day.
Desist, respect my counsel, and be wise,
Some other Spartan in your place will rise.
To change his brother's purpose thus he try'd,
But Menelaus resolute reply'd;
Brother, in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear;
For firm as e'er before my limbs remain,
To dash the fluid waves, or scour the plain.

"He said, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighbouring grove;
Which to the bank its shady walks extends,
Where, mixing with the lake, a riv'let ends.
Prompt to contend, their purple robes they loose,
Their figur'd vests, and gold embroider'd *shoes*;
And through the grove descending to the strand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order stand.
As when in some fair temple's sacred shrine,
A statue stands, express'd by skill divine,
Apollo's, or the herald pow'rs, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings;
The form majestic awes the bending crowd:
In port and stature such the heroes stood.

"Starting at once; with equal strokes they sweep
The smooth expanse, and shoot into the deep;
The Cretan chief exerting all his force,
His rivals far surpass'd, and led the course;
Behind, Atrides, emulous of fame;
Clearchus next; and last Ulysses came.
And now they measur'd back the wat'ry space,
And saw from far the limits of the *race*.
Ulysses then with thirst of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aspir'd;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be last,
With equal speed the Spartan hero pass'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch strove with pain,
His doubtful hopes of conquest to maintain;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wishing, from afar the shore descry'd:
For near and nearer still Ulysses press'd,
The waves he felt rebounding from his breast.

With equal zeal for victory they strove,
When gliding sudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulysses only saw her form reveal'd.
Majestic by the hero's side she *stood;*
Her shining sandals press'd the trembling *flood.*
She whisper'd soft, as when the western breeze
Stirs the thick reeds, or shakes the rustling trees:
Still shall thy soul, with endless thirst of fame,
Aspire to victory in ev'ry game.
The honours which from bones and sinews rise,
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wise:
To envy still they rouse the human kind;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomenĕus yield the race,
Contented to obtain the second place.
The goddess thus: while, stretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the strand;
Ulysses next arriv'd, and, spent with toil,
The weary Samian grasp'd the welcome soil.

"But far behind, the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd and fainting in the wat'ry way.
Thrice struggling from the lake, his head he rear'd;
And thrice imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch hastes the youth to save,
And Ithacus again divides the wave:
With force renew'd, their manly limbs they ply,
And from their breasts the whit'ning billows fly.
Full in the midst a rocky isle divides
The liquid space, and parts the silver tides;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erspread, two hillocks and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged swain; his cottage stood
Under the cliffs, encompass'd by a wood.
From poverty secure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.
Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd, the peasant sat,
When first the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the stream.
He rose; and turning whence the voice was heard,
Far struggling in the deep, the youth appear'd.
Hast'ning, his skiff he loos'd, and spread the sail,
Some present god supply'd a prosp'rous gale:

For as the Spartan chief, with toil subdu'd,
Hopeless of life, was sinking in the flood;
The swain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him safe, from danger imminent retriev'd.

" Upon a willow's trunk Thersites sat,
Contempt and laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank, it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring surface clung;
He saw Atrides safe; and thus aloud,
With leer malign, address'd the list'ning crowd:
Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth shall stand;
A hecatomb the fav'ring gods demand,
Who sav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And snatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate.
Without his aid, we all might quit the field;
Ulysses, Ajax, and Tydides yield:
His mighty arm alone the host defends,
But dire disaster still the chief attends:
Last sun beheld him vanquish'd on the plain;
Then warriors sav'd him, now a shepherd swain.
Defend him still from persecuting fate!
Protect the hero who protects the state;
Guard him amidst the dangers of the war;
And when he swims let aid be never far!
He said, and scorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious spite,
Smiling contempt, and pleas'd his ranc'rous heart
With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long; for soon the faithless wood,
Strain'd from the root, resign'd him to the flood.
Plunging and sputt'ring, as his arms he spread,
A load of soil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipt from the bank: along the winding shore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd,
With horror pale, with blotting clay besmear'd:
Then clamb'ring by the trunk in sad dismay,
Which, half immers'd, with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he skulk'd along,
Amidst the shouts and insults of the throng."

If any should imagine that we have been rather severe upon this author, let it be observed in our excuse, that his presumptuous attack of so superior a character as that of the late Mr. Pope, has justly divested him of all title to favour: read the following extract from his preface.(1)

"The language [of the Epigoniad] is simple and artless. This I take to be a beauty rather than a defect; for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject. The quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, is not at all suitable either to the antiquity, or majestic gravity of his author,(2) and contributes more to make his fable appear vain and absurd, than any circumstance that seems of so little moment could easily be supposed to do."(3)

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(1) This preface however, upon the whole, shows the author to be a man of more reading and taste than his poem speaks him; and had he published that discourse without the Epigoniad, and committed the latter to the flames, his reputation would have sustained no loss on that account.

(2) [" Perhaps it is to a want of poetical sensibility that we may chiefly impute the inferior degree of interest excited by the Epigoniad, to that which its merits in other respects might excite. Perhaps it suffers also from its author having the Homeric imitation constantly in view, in which, however, he must be allowed, I think, to have been very successful,—so successful, that a person ignorant of Greek will, I believe, better conceive what Homer is in the original by perusing the Epigoniad than by reading over the excellent translation of Pope."—HENRY MACKENZIE, Life of Home.

" If you meet with a metaphorical expression in Homer you meet with a rarity indeed. Pope is no where more figurative in his own pieces than in his translation of Homer. The Iliad and the Odyssey, in his hands, have no more of the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them. Their simplicity is overwhelmed with a profusion of fine things, which, however they may strike the eye at first sight, make no amends for the greater beauties which they conceal. The venerable Grecian is as much the worse for his acquisitions of this kind, as a statue of Phydias or Praxiteles would be for the painter's brush."—COWPER.]

(3) [" In the second edition of this poem, this passage was properly omitted. David Hume, in a letter to Adam Smith, dated April 12, 1759, gives the following account of its reception in London. 'The Epigoniad, I hope, will do, but it is somewhat up-hill work. You will see in the Critical Review a letter upon that poem, and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author.' This letter was written by Hume himself to recommend the poem to the public, 'as one of the ornaments of our language.' The success was not answerable to his expectations. Too antique to please

He must be a tasteless critic, indeed, who could remain unmoved, after perusing so dogmatical a sentence, pronounced by *such a poet*, upon SUCH A GENIUS!

V.—HOME'S TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.(1)

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1757. "*Douglas, a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden*, 8*vo*."]

WHEN the town, by a tedious succession of indifferent performances, has been long confined to censure, it will naturally wish for an opportunity of praise; and, like a losing gamester, vainly expect every last throw must retrieve the former. In this disposition, a performance with but the slightest share of merit is welcomed with no small share of applause: its prettinesses exalt us into rapture; and the production is compared, not with our idea of excellence, but of the exploded trash it succeeds. Add to this, that the least qualified to judge are ever foremost to obtrude their opinions: ignorance exclaims with excess of admiration;

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the unlettered reader, and too modern for the scholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all."—*Anderson, British Poets*, vol. xi., p. xii.]

(1) [John Home was born at Leith in 1722, and died at Edinburgh in 1808, in his eighty-sixth year. Besides this tragedy, he wrote "Agis," the "Siege of Aquileia," the "Fatal Discovery," "Alonzo," and "Alfred;" and also a "History of the Rebellion of 1745." Having passed some time as a volunteer in a royal corps raised to repel the attack of the Chevalier, he was, in 1746, presented to the church and parish of Athelstanesford, in East Lothian, vacant by the death of Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." In 1756, he came up to London, and offered this tragedy to Garrick, but the English Roscius pronounced it totally unfit for the stage. The friends of the author being of a different opinion, the play was produced at Edinburgh, in December 1756, and met with a brilliant reception. In the following February, it was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre; Garrick still persisting in not performing it at Drury-lane.]

party roars in its support; and thus the trifle of the day is sure to have the loudest voices and the most votes in its favour; nor does it cease to be "*the finest piece in nature*," till a newer, and consequently a finer, appears, to consign it to oblivion.

Do these men of applause, who can so easily be brought

> "To wonder with a foolish face of praise,"

deserve our envy, or our censure? If their raptures are real, none but the ill-natured would wish to damp them; if fictitious, stupidity only can sympathize with their pretended felicity.

As in company, the loudest laugh comes generally from the person least capable of relishing the conversation, so in criticism, those are often most easily pleased whose sensations are least exquisite in the perception of beauty. The glutton may like the feast, but the delicacy of the epicure alone can distinguish and enjoy the choice, the disposition, the flavours, that give elegance of spirit to the entertainment.

To direct our taste, and conduct the poet up to perfection, has ever been the true critic's province; and though it were to be wished that all who aim at excellence would endeavour to observe the rules he prescribes, yet a failure in this respect alone should never induce us to reject the performance.

A mechanically exact adherence to all the rules of the drama is more the business of industry than of genius. Theatrical lawgivers rather teach the ignorant where to censure, than the poet how to write. If sublimity, sentiment, and passion, give warmth and life and expression to the whole, we can the more easily dispense with the rules of the Stagyrite; but if languor, affectation, and the false sublime, are substituted for these, an observance of all the precepts of the antients will prove but a poor compensation.

We would not willingly have applied this last observation to the performance now before us; but when a work is obtruded upon us as the consummate picture of perfection, and the standard of taste,

> "Ne quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi!"

Let candour allow this writer mediocrity now; his future productions may probably entitle him to higher applause.(1)

With respect to his present tragedy, we could, indeed, enter on a particular examen of the beauties or faults discoverable in the diction, sentiment, plot, or characters; (3) but, in works of this nature, general observation often characterizes more strongly than a particular criticism could do; for it were an easy task to point out those passages in any indifferent author, where he has excelled himself, and yet these comparative beauties, if we may be allowed the expression, may have no real merit at all. Poems, like buildings, have their point of view, and too near a situation gives but a partial conception of the whole. Suffice it, then, if we only add, that this tragedy's want of moral, which should be the ground-work of every fable; the unfolding a material part of the plot in soliloquy; the preposterous distress of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years;(1) the want of incidents to raise that fluctuation of hope and fear which interest us in the catastrophe; are all faults we could easily pardon, did poetic fire, elegance, or the heightenings of pathetic distress, afford adequate compensation: but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand.

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(1) [On the first appearance of *Douglas*, David Hume gave it as his opinion, that it was one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces ever exhibited on any theatre. "Should I give it the preference," says he, "to the *Merope* of Maffei, and to that of Voltaire; should I affirm that it contained more fire and spirit than the former, more tenderness and simplicity than the latter, I might be accused of partiality." Not content with this, he proceeded to declare, that the author possessed the true theatric genius of Shakspeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and the licentiousness of the other.—See *Hume's Dedication to his Four Dissertations*, and *Biog. Dram.* vol. i. p. 174.

"In a letter to a friend, dated August 10, 1757, Mr. Gray says, 'I am greatly struck with the tragedy of *Douglas*, though it has infinite faults: the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the work.' "—*Mason's Gray*, vol. i. p. 357.]

(2) ["The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's *Mérope*, but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. *Mérope* came out about 1743, and Mr. Homê may therefore easily have seen it; but he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad of Gil Morrice. In memory of this, the tune of Gil Morrice, a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises."—Sir Walter Scott, Prose Works, vol. xix. p. 345, edit. 1835.]

However, as we have perceived some dawnings of genius in this writer, let us not dwell on his imperfections, but rather proceed to shew on what particular passage in his performance we have founded our hopes of his brightening, one day, into stronger lustre.

Those parts of nature, and that rural simplicity with which the author was, perhaps, best acquainted, are not unhappily described; and hence we are led to conjecture, that a more universal knowledge of nature will probably increase his powers of description. The native innocence of the shepherd Norval is happily expressed; it requires some art to dress the thoughts and phrases of the common people, without letting them swell into bombast, or sink into vulgarity: a fault generally charged upon the English authors, who are remarked by their neighbours of the continent to write too much above, or too much below, every subject they undertake to treat upon.

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(1) [" There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful, certainly, to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen."—SIR WALTER SCOTT, Prose Works, vol. xix. p. 342.]

Glenalvon's character is strongly marked, and bears a near resemblance to Shakspeare's 'Richard.' It is thus delineated in the first act:—

" ANNA.

Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?

LADY RANDOLPH.

Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.
Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men, its features. Self-denied,
And master of his appetites he seems;
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey;
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.
Yet he is brave, and politic in war."(1)

(1) [" There is something awkward in Lady Randolph's sudden confidence to Anna, as is pointed out by David Hume. 'The spectator,' says the critic, 'is apt to suspect it was done in order to instruct him; a very good end, but which might have been obtained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue.' This is all unquestionably true; but the spectator should, and indeed must, make considerable allowances, if he expects to receive pleasure from the drama. He must get his mind, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, into 'a concatenation accordingly,' since he cannot reasonably expect that scenes of deep and complicated interest shall be placed before him in close succession, without some force being put upon ordinary probability; and the question is not, how far you have sacrificed your judgment in order to accommodate the fiction, but rather what is the degree of pleasure you have received in return. Perhaps, in this point of view, it is scarcely possible for a spectator to make such sacrifices for greater pleasure than we have enjoyed in seeing Lady Randolph personified by the inimitable Siddons. Great as that pleasure was on all occasions, it was increased in a manner which can hardly be conceived, when her son (the late Mr. Henry Siddons) supported his mother, in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowings of maternal tenderness are authorized, nay, authenticated and realised, by the actual existence of the relationship."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" Mrs. Siddons told me, that she never found any *study* (which, in the

The following passage is an oblique panegyric on the Union, and contains a pleasing gradation of sentiment. The lines marked in italics demand particular distinction.

"LADY RANDOLPH.(1)

War I detest; but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that with which our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, and there an idle line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other,—
Both for their valour famous through the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict;
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay."

It may not be improper to observe, before we take our leave of this performance, that it was first acted with great applause in Edinburgh;(2) but made its appearance in

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technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) so easy as that of *Douglas*, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."—HENRY MACKENZIE, *Life of Home*, vol. i. p. 43.]

(1) [" When this tragedy was originally produced at Edinburgh, the title of the heroine was Lady Barnard: the alteration to Lady Randolph was made on its being transplanted to London."—*Jackson's Hist. of the Scottish Stage.*]

(2) [" I have a perfect recollection," says Mr. Mackenzie, " of the strong sensation that *Douglas* produced in Edinburgh. I was present at the first representation; the applause was enthusiastic; but a better criterion of its merits was the tears of the audience, which the tender parts of the drama drew forth unsparingly. The town was in an uproar of exultation, that a

England under a peculiar disadvantage; the commendation a man of taste had bestowed on it, previous to its representation here, perhaps raised too much expectation in some, and excited a spirit of envy and critical prejudice in others. Possibly, indeed, that gentleman, in some degree, sacrificed his taste to his friendship. However, if this was the case, he will sustain no great loss with regard to his reputation, since he may gain as much on the one hand, as he can lose on the other; the worst that can be said amounting only to this, that the benevolence of his disposition prevailed over the rectitude of his judgment.(1)

Scotsman should write a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merits were first submitted to them." The appearance, however, of a tragedy written by a clergyman, gave such offence to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, that the author, to escape degradation, abdicated his pulpit.]

(1) [" As we sat over our tea, at Inverary, Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas* was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee-house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, 'How came you, Sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?' and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist that they should be put together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetic and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage:—

> 'Sincerity.
> Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
> Thy onward path, although the earth should gape
> And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
> To take dissimulation's winding way.'

Johnson.—'That will not do, Sir, nothing is good but what is consistent with probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue:—

> 'Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem,
> Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis,
> Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
> Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
> Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'*

"He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, 'And after this comes Johnny Home, with his *earth-gaping*, and his *destruction-crying*,'—pooh!'"—*Boswell*, vol. v. p. 106, edit. 1835.]

> * [" Be brave, be just; and, when your country's laws
> Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
> Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
> And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,
> Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface,
> To purchase safety, with compliance base,
> At honour's cost, a feverish span extend,
> And sacrifice for life, life's only end."—Gifford.]

VI.—CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC'S "ANTI-LUCRETIUS."

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1757. "*Anti-Lucretius, of God and Nature; a Poem. Written in Latin by the Cardinal De Polignac. Rendered into English by the Translator of Paradise Lost.*" (1) *4to.*]

It is a doubt whether the Cardinal de Polignac be better known to the statesmen of Europe as a politician, or to the learned as a poet: it is certain, his talent of persuasion in both capacities was extraordinary; and it is somewhat surprising, that amidst such a multiplicity of state negociations, as might seem sufficient to engross all his attention, he found leisure for the intricate disquisitions of philosophy. As neither his editor nor our translator have mentioned what first gave rise to this poem, it may not be improper to mention it here: "A seeming chance," as we are told, "first put Polignac upon this undertaking. The author, in his return from Poland, made some stay in Holland, where, becoming acquainted with M. Bayle, he asked him, which of the sects in vogue he professed? Bayle eluded the question, by repeating some lines out of Lucretius; and being closer pressed, he made no other answer than that he was a true Protestant. The Abbé still urging him, he answered with some emotion, 'Yes, Sir, I am a true Protestant, and to the utmost extent of the word, for I protest against all that is said or done;' which was followed by another more energetic repetition from Lucretius. The Abbé finding that learned person far gone in the system of Epicurism, or at least of Scepticism, and that these notions were seducingly advanced in his celebrated Dictionary, immediately conceived a design of refuting those errors, and his two relegations (to the States) proved fortunate for the accomplishment."

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(1) [John Dobson, of New College, Oxford. For translating Paradise Lost into Latin verse, Mr. Auditor Benson, who erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, gave him one thousand pounds. "Dobson had acquired great reputation by his translation of Prior's Solomon, the first book of which he finished when he was a scholar at Winchester College. He had not, at that time, as he told me (for I knew him well), read Lucretius, which would have given a richness and force to his verses. Mr. Pope wished him to translate the Essay on Man; which he began to do, but relinquished on account of the impossibility of imitating its brevity in another language. Though he had so much facility in translating, his original poems, of which I have seen many, were very feeble and flat, and contained no mark of genius."—Dr. Joseph Warton.

"There is one translation which I greatly admire. I mean Dobson's 'Paradisus Amissus:' my son studied, and, I believe, read every line of it. It is more true to the original, both in sense and spirit, than any other poetical version of length that I have seen. The author must have had an amazing command of Latin phraseology, and a very nice ear in harmony. All that I could ever hear of Dobson's private life was, that in his old age he was given to drinking"—Dr. Beattie.]

Certainly nothing can be a more proper antidote than the "Anti-Lucretius" against the mischievous doctrines of the charming poet, but indifferent philosopher, here controverted by our author. It must be confessed Lucretius has more poetic enthusiasm, and more frequently amuses his reader with the glowing descriptions of a fine imagination. Our author, with greater severity, seems always in quest of truth, and never loses the philosopher in the poet. Lucretius strikes his reader with the brilliancy of his arguments; the demonstrations of Polignac operate more slowly, but then they are sure to carry conviction. The one aims at instruction merely to please; the other pleases merely to instruct. In short, the fictions of the disciple of Epicurus seem to acquire additional graces from poetry, while poetry receives new graces from his antagonist, by being employed in the service of truth.

Lucretius has long ago been translated into our language. This, in some measure, implied a necessity for translating his opponent also; and the first book of the Anti-Lucretius in English verse, is here submitted, by the ingenious Mr. Dobson, as a specimen of his abilities for the whole. He certainly seems every way equal to the laborious undertaking, if we may be allowed to judge from this part of his performance now before us. He ever preserves the sense, and very seldom loses the spirit of his original. Sometimes, however, he seems inferior to him in strength; thus, line 32, in the original:

> "Incute vim dictis, propriamque ulciscere causam,"

he translates less energetically thus:

> " inspire
> My song, and vindicate thy sovereign cause."

Where the poet rapturously cries out,

> "O utinam, dum te regionibus infero sacris—"

the translator coolly says,

> "Were mine the gift, as o'er the sacred clime—"

But that the reader may not rest solely upon our judgment, it may be proper to select a specimen or two of the original, to which subjoining the translation, we shall leave him to determine for himself. The author thus addresses the atheist:

> "Si virtutis eras avidus, rectique bonique
> Tam sitiens, quid Relligio tibi sancta nocebat?
> Aspera quippe nimis visa est? Asperrima certe
> Gaudenti vitiis, sed non virtutis amanti.
> Ergo perfugium culpæ, solisque benignus
> Perjuris ac fœdifragis, Epicure, parabas.
> Solam hominum fæcem poteras devotaque furcis
> Devincire tibi capita, indignæque patronus
> Nequitiæ tantum scelerisque assertor haberi;
> Cui tales animos viresque atque arma ministras.
> Degener ille bonis etenim non ingruit horror
> Quem perimis: sibi nec restingui Tartara poscunt,
> Quos bene gesta satis tranquillant; ipsaque morum
> Integritas, et parta quies moderamine casto
> Vindicat à miserâ longæ formidine pœnæ.
> His procul anguicomæ strident crepitantque flagellis
> Eumenides; procul his æterna incendia fumant."

> "Were you with ardent love of virtue fir'd,
> And did you thirst for equity and truth,

Why should Religion's sacred laws offend?
She's too severe. Severe she is to those
Whom Vice delights, but not to Virtue's friends.
For Vice, then, Epicurus, you contriv'd
A friendly refuge, to each miscreant kind,
Each perjur'd wretch. Hence to your banners hie
In droves, the dregs and outcast of mankind.
Hence are you styl'd th' assertor of the base,
Patron of villains; whom you thus supply
With impious courage, and ignoble arms.
For that degen'rate fear you boast to quell
Damps not the virtuous; whose ingenuous deeds
Becalm their minds, and chaste integrity
Wraps in soft peace, unconscious of alarms.
From these far distant, hiss and clash their thongs,
The snake-curl'd Furies; distant far from these
Burn the relentless flames that never die."

"Quid si autem invenies quod credimus, ultima cum te
Sustulerit tenebrisque perennibus obruerit nox,
Nempe Deum ultorem, quem non cognoveris antè,
Vel potius notum famâ neglexeris? Eheu!
Horresco reputans: tibi luditur alea, Quinti,
Magna nimis. Quoquò te vertas, fit tua pejor
Conditio nostrâ. Neque enim, si fallimur, hujus
Erroris dabimus poenas: sors æqua manebit
Nos omnes; uno simul involvemur inani:
Tu, si deciperis, contrà; sine fine futurus
Infelix. Cur tanta igitur discrimina tentas?"

"But should you find (what merits firmest faith),
When Death shall wrap thee in her sable shade,
Should you then find, with righteous vengeance arm'd,
That God you knew not once, or known, defied,
I shudder at the thought. Ah! Quintius, rash
Th' adventure; great the hazard you explore.
Shift as you please, in every light appears
Your state far worse than our's. What if we err?
That error no dread punishment attends.
One fate then all involves; we all shall sink
In one vast unessential void absorpt.
Err you? What fatal misery ensues!
Woe infinite!—Such perils who would prove?"

The Anti-Lucretius is not a refutation of Lucretius only, but of those in general who seem to have been favourers of

Atheism. Democritus, Aristotle, Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, are confuted; and among the number of those whom he has opposed, we are sorry to find Newton, Locke, and Gassendus, whose opinions concerning a vacuum, &c., he has taken great pains to obviate; but his reasonings on natural subjects seem chiefly drawn from the stores of Des Cartes, in whose amusing systems our author had been early initiated; and it is but natural to controvert any opinions that tend to discover the futility of our former researches into nature. If the translator proceeds in this performance, (as we sincerely hope he will) some notes added in those places where the author erroneously controverts the great men already mentioned, would certainly be not less useful than pleasing to the English reader. His vacuums and his gravity of atoms, may be given up to Lucretius, while still our obligations will remain to the author for impugning the rest of his doctrines.(1)

VII.—GRAY'S ODES.

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1757. *Odes. By Mr. Gray.* *4to.*]

As this publication seems designed for those who have formed their taste by the models of antiquity, the generality of readers cannot be supposed adequate judges of its merit; nor will the poet, it is presumed, be greatly disappointed if he finds them backward in commending a performance not entirely suited to their apprehensions.(2) We cannot, however, without some regret behold those talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars, "*study the people*." (1) This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar himself, of whom our modern lyrist is an imitator, appears entirely guided by it. He adapted his works exactly to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, enthusiastic, and quick in transition,—he wrote for a people inconstant, of warm imaginations, and exquisite sensibility. He chose the most popular subjects, and all his allusions are to customs well known, in his days, to the meanest person. (2)

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(1) [Another translation of the first book of the "Anti-Lucretius" was published in 1767, by George Canning, Esq., father of the late Right Honourable George Canning. Mr. Canning died the 11th of April 1771; upon which day his eminent and highly-gifted son had completed his first year.]

(2) ["My friends tell me that the Odes do not succeed, and write me many topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but an actor and a doctor of divinity that profess their esteem for them."—*Gray to Dr. Hurd*, Aug. 25, 1757.

His English imitator wants those advantages. He speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed; and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited then to our national character is that species of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected flights! where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from us; and, in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm, in order to

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" Dr. Warburton is come to town, and I am told likes them extremely: he says the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for that, in other things, they have affected to like or dislike, whereas here they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true; but yet thinks they understand them as well as Milton or Shakspeare, whom they are obliged, by fashion, to admire. Mr. Garrick's verses to me you have seen."—*The Same to Dr. Warton*, Oct. 7, 1757.]

(1) [Mr. Southey, who has introduced this passage into his Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 325, was not aware that Goldsmith was the critic.]

(2) The best Odes of Pindar are said to be those which have been destroyed by time; and even they were seldom recited among the Greeks, without the adventitious ornaments of music and dancing. Our Lyric Odes are seldom set off with these advantages; which, trifling as they seem, have alone given immortality to the works of Quinault.

taste his beauties! To carry the parallel a little farther: the Greek poet wrote in a language the most proper that can be imagined for this species of composition; lofty, harmonious, and never needing rhyme to heighten the numbers. But, for us, several unsuccessful experiments seem to prove that the English cannot have Odes in blank verse; while, on the other hand, a natural imperfection attends those which are composed in irregular rhymes;—the similar sound often recurring where it is not expected, and not being found where it is, creates no small confusion to the reader,—who, as we have not seldom observed, beginning in all the solemnity of poetic elocution, is by frequent disappointments of the rhyme, at last obliged to drawl out the uncomplying numbers into disagreeable prose.

It is by no means our design to detract from the merit of our author's present attempt: we would only intimate that an English poet,—"one whom the Muse has *marked for her own*,"(1) could produce a more luxuriant bloom of flowers by cultivating such as are natives of the soil, than by endeavouring to force the exotics of another climate: or, to speak without a metaphor, such a genius as Mr. Gray might give greater pleasure, and acquire a larger portion of fame, if, instead of being an imitator, he did justice to his talents, and ventured to be more an original. These two Odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition, and hazardous epithet, of his mighty master; all which, though evidently intended for beauties, will, probably, be regarded as blemishes by the generality of his readers. In short, they are in some measure a representation of what Pindar now appears to be, though perhaps not what he appeared to the states of Greece, when they rivalled each other in his applause, and when Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody.

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(1) ["And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."—Elegy in a Country Church Yard.]

In conformity to the ancients, these Odes consist of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode, which, in each Ode, are thrice repeated. The strophes have a correspondent resemblance in their structure and numbers; and the antistrophe and epode also bear the same similitude. The poet seems, in the first Ode particularly, to design the epode as a complete air to the strophe and antistrophe, which have more the appearance of recitative. There was a necessity for these divisions among the ancients, for they served as directions to the dancer and musician; but we see no reason why they should be continued among the moderns; for, instead of assisting, they will but perplex the musician, as our music requires a more frequent transition from the air to the recitative than could agree with the simplicity of the ancients.

The first of these poems celebrates the Lyric Muse. It seems the most laboured performance of the two; but yet we think its merit is not equal to that of the second. It seems to want that regularity of plan upon which the second is founded; and though it abounds with images that strike, yet, unlike the second, it contains none that are affecting.

In the second antistrophe the Bard thus marks the progress of poetry.

II.

" In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering natives' dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame."

There is great spirit in the irregularity of the numbers towards the conclusion of the foregoing stanza.

II. 3.

" Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hollow'd fountain,
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains,
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 2.

" Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The second Ode "is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." The author seems to have taken the hint of this subject from the fifteenth Ode of the first book of Horace. Our poet introduces the only surviving Bard of that country in concert with the spirits of his murdered brethren, as prophetically denouncing woes upon the conqueror and his posterity. The circumstances of grief and horror in which the Bard is represented, those of terror in the preparation of the votive web, and the mystic obscurity with which the prophecies are delivered, will give as much pleasure to those who relish this species of composition, as any thing that has hitherto appeared in our language, the Odes of Dryden himself not excepted. (1)

I. 2.

" On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of Woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or lost Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

" ' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
No more I weep. They do not sleep.

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(1) [" One of the greatest poets of this century, the late and much lamented Mr. Gray of Cambridge, modestly declared to me, that if there was in his own numbers any thing that deserved approbation, he had learned it all from Dryden."—BEATTIE.]

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.'"—

When the prophetic incantation is finished, the Bard thus nervously concludes.

"'Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night."

VIII.—WISE'S ENQUIRIES CONCERNING THE FIRST INHABITANTS, LANGUAGE, RELIGION, LEARNING, AND LETTERS OF EUROPE.(1)

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1758. "*Some Enquiries concerning the First Inhabitants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe. By a Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London. Printed at the Theatre, Oxford, 4to.*"]

EVERY search into remote antiquity inspires us with a pleasure somewhat similar to what we feel upon the recollection of the earlier occurrences of our younger days: dark, indeed, and very confused the remembrance; yet still we love to look back upon those scenes, in which innocence and tranquillity bear, or seem to bear, so great a proportion. But how agreeable soever enquiries of this nature may prove in gratifying our curiosity, the advantage would be trifling if they rested only here. They are further useful in promoting the advancement of other kinds of learning; for, an acquaintance with the causes whence arts and sciences had their rise, will probably direct us to the methods most conducive to their perfection. Nor is the historian less than the philosopher indebted to the antiquarian. It is from that painful collection of opinions, and the seemingly tedious inductions of the last, that the first draws his materials for the ascertainment of truth, gathers order from confusion, and justly marks the features of the age.

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(1) [Francis Wise, B.D., and F.S.A., many years fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, was born in 1695. In 1726, the Earl of Guildford, who had been his pupil, presented him to the vicarage of Ellesfield, in Oxfordshire. Besides the above work, he published "Annales Ælfredi Magni," "Observations on the History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages," &c. "He died," says Mr. Nicholls, "at his favourite retreat, at Ellesfield, October 1767, aged seventy-two, universally beloved and esteemed, on account of his great merit and learning."—*Lit. Anec.*, vol. v. p. 527.]

It is true, however, that as researches into antiquity are beyond the abilities of the many, so are they calculated only for the entertainment and instruction of the few. The generality of readers regard investigations of this nature as an uninformed rustic world view one of the India warehouses; where he sees a thousand things, which, being ignorant of their uses, he cannot think convertible to any valuable purpose; and wonders why people travel so far, and run such hazards, to make so useless a collection. Experience would, however, convince him, that from such acquisitions as these, different artists take the materials of their different occupations; and that the mistake lay not with the collectors, but in the observer.

The more polite every country becomes, the fonder it seems of investigating antiquity; yet it happens somewhat unfortunately for this branch of science, that it is always cultivated to most advantage at those times when a people are just beginning to emerge from primeval obscurity. The first writers have the materials of many preceding ages to choose from, and all that remains for their successors is to glean what they have left behind. From hence, therefore, we may infer, the great indulgence that should be shewn to a writer, who, in an age so enlightened as ours, continues to cultivate so laborious a part of learning. As his materials, in such a case, are not of his own choosing, he may often seem triflingly minute, many conjectures will be offered upon slight probabilities, and those opinions which he supposes peculiarly his own, may appear to be the repeated observations of former writers.

As to our author in particular, his learning is extensive, and his candour, good sense, and modesty, serve to adorn it. He professes himself not bigotted to any opinion, but willing to have his own examined, though not deserving of controversy: such talents cannot fail of rendering a search after truth pleasing, even though the enquiry should prove abortive.

He draws the origin of the inhabitants of Europe from the northern parts of Asia, anciently called Scythia; whose colonies spreading southward, settled near the Euxine Sea, under the general name of Cimmerians—by whom, in all probability, the other parts of Europe were afterwards peopled. The first Europeans whose history is transmitted to us are the Greeks, who had their original from Scythia, as appears from what Strabo relates, that the Greeks were anciently called Barbarians; but Scythia and Barbarian were synonimous terms, and consequently, how much soever that polite people might have been ashamed of their rude progenitors, they could be derived from no others. Their very gods, whom they seemed so fond of making natives of Greece, were probably of Scythian original: and it deserves notice, that some of the greatest nations, in all ages, have valued themselves upon being descended from Scythian conquerors. Thus the modern Moguls boast their descent from Tamerlane; almost all the royal families of Europe claim kindred with the Goths; and we may see by our own history, how careful the Saxon princes were to trace up their several pedigrees to Woden. The Greeks, Phœnicians, and Egyptians did the same, only with this difference, they would have it thought that the gods were natives of their respective countries; and there is no doubt but each had as good a right to them as the other. However, whether the Titans, or Gods, were originally Scythians, the posterity of Japhet, or whether they were Phœnicians, descendants of Ham, our author thinks it certain, that they were temporal sovereigns,—that they possessed large territories, and were otherwise greatly interested in the affairs of Europe: that probably, in their times, one common language prevailed over Europe; and that the remains of such a language are still to be found in different places, particularly such as have had no commerce with strangers. "Such," says he, "are the mountains of Biscay, the retreat of the old Cantabrian; which is still preserved entire, in spite of all the conquests that kingdom has undergone from Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Moors. The old Gallic gave way to the Teutonic, but is still spoken in Armorica, or Bass Bretany. The British sank under the Roman yoke, and would have been utterly extirpated by the Saxons, had it not taken refuge in Wales and Cornwall; in which last place it is now almost extinct. The Highlands of Scotland, and the numerous isles upon that coast, are so many barriers of this ancient language; and above all, Ireland, where it is thought to be preserved most uncorrupt."

To support his reasoning in this particular, the author gives us the following anecdote, taken from his friend, the

Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Fellow of Eton College, &c. "In my middle age, at a particular friend's house, I found a near relation of his, one Mr. Hutchins of Frome, just come into England out of Spain, from Bilboa, where he had belonged to the factory the better part of twenty years; who, among other things, told us, that while he was there, some time after the Protestants became entire masters of Ireland, there came over to Bilboa an Irish Roman Catholic priest, that knew neither English nor Spanish. When the person to whom he was recommended, being at a loss what to do, brought him to the English factory, to see if any one there understood Irish; but to no purpose; till some mountain Biscainers, that used Bilboa market, coming to the house where he lodged, and talking together, were perfectly understood by him, and on his accosting them in Irish, he was as well understood by them, to the great surprise of all that knew it, as well Spaniards as English." This, it is true, seems a confirmation of the affinity between those languages, that are evidently derived from the same source; *viz.* the Celtic, which may be styled the universal language of the post-diluvian world, and a sister-dialect of the Hebrew:—but the foregoing anecdote has been strongly contested, by a writer in one of the magazines,(1) who denies the fact; asserting, that there is no affinity between the Irish and Biscayan languages, and appealing to all who have any trade or intercourse with Biscay.

Our Enquirer goes on to give an account of the war of the Titans, and of the *Cabiric*(2) mysteries, which were by that means introduced. He dwells considerably upon this subject, as being the first known æra in the history of Europe, and therefore essential to an enquiry into its language and inhabitants. The result of his reasonings upon this head is, that Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter were powerful princes, sovereigns over a vast empire, comprehending all Europe and great part of Asia; that this empire existed long before those petty kingdoms of Greece, that boasted such great antiquity; that the Titans were masters of all the knowledge derived from the sons of Noah; that they had the same religion with the people of the East; that is, either worshipped one God, or, if more, the sun, moon, and stars; and that their descendants in the west were the first who set up the grosser idolatry of paying divine honours to their progenitors.

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(1) [Gent. Magazine, vol. xxviii, p. 482.]

(2) ["In the course of Dr. Johnson's visit to me in 1754, we walked three or four times to Ellsfield, a village beautifully situated about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr. Francis Wise, Radclivian librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. At this place, Mr. Wise had fitted up a house and gardens in a singular manner, but with great taste. Here was an excellent library, particularly a valuable collection of books in northern literature,

The Titan language, therefore, our author considers as the vehicle of the first knowledge which dawned in Europe; and supposes that whatever antiquity and learning the Egyptians might have pretended to, it was, in all probability, derived to them from Scythia. The Egyptians pretended to no science till the time of Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus, who does not appear to have been a native of Egypt; and if we may believe Sanconiathon's history, come no further off than from Phœnicia; "but I rather," says the Enquirer, "suspect he was a Scythian." We have no other

with which Johnson was often very busy. One day Mr. Wise read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for the press, entitled 'A History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages.' Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and called the Cabiri, made a very important part of the theory of this piece; and in conversation afterwards Mr. Wise talked much of his Cabiri. As we returned to Oxford in the evening, I outwalked Johnson, and he cried out, '*Sufflamina*,' a Latin word which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, '*Put on your drag-chain.*' Before we got home, I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the *Cabiri* in a body.'"—THOMAS WARTON, Boswell, vol. ii, p. 20.]

certainty of the time when Thoth lived, than what is collected from the book fathered upon him, which calls Uranus and Saturn his ancestors, and from them our author supposes he derived his science. This he thinks antiquity sufficient, and that from this beginning the Egyptians became famous in the following ages, and in their turn were possessed of the learning then in being. Agreeably to the natural course of things, the arts had their periods: they flourished for a period in one country, and then sunk, and rose in another. The Greeks, to whom we owe all profane history, seemed to have lost their due reverence for it, and thought themselves beholden to other nations for their learning; but a little reflection might have taught them, that their country, from the first ages, was the seat of arts and sciences. Astronomy, for instance, had evidently its origin among the Europeans: the planets are distinguished by Titan names; Uranus, the father of the Titans, is represented as an observer of the stars; Hyperion, one of his sons, is said to have found out the motion of the planets. Atlas, son of Japetus, another Titan, is called the supporter of the heavens; and his brother, Prometheus, is acknowledged to be the founder of the Chaldean astronomy.

The author proceeds to prove, that the Barbaric sphere, so much disputed about by critics, was only the northern hemisphere, cultivated by the Scythians; and he thus concludes his reasonings upon this subject: "Should it be asked how and when the Greeks became ignorant in matters that so much concerned their honour and original, I answer, that their ignorance began to appear at a time when they prided themselves most upon their knowledge: this is often the case with particular persons, and custom and example make it more general. From the just use of reason, men took a pleasure and found their advantage in transmitting to posterity past transactions; at first by the help of memory, and then by some more lasting tokens, such as the setting up of rough stones, which was one of the most ancient methods. But when in time such marks could not be understood without tradition, and where that failed were of no further use, something more significative was required, which perhaps gave birth to sculpture and writing. These began upon stones or trees, with rude delineations of the things intended to be recorded; which by degrees were reduced to more contracted signs and characters, sufficiently intelligible to the learned of the several countries where they were used. In this manner all knowledge was conveyed for many ages; witness the ancient learning of Egypt, and the living instance of the practice in China. When the Greeks had gained the more compendious method of expressing their sentiments by words in alphabetical letters, they soon grew weary of writing by characters, as well they might; and this means, perhaps, enriched their language, and made it so copious and harmonious as it appears at present. But they seem from that time to have forgot, as useless, what was contained in their former writings, or retained it but very imperfectly, and, as it were, by tradition."

As the Grecian and Roman languages increased, the Titan language proportionably decreased: though it kept its ground a considerable time in the western parts of Europe, where it might still have flourished in a great degree, had it not been continually exposed to irruptions from the north.

The author next proceeds to consider the Gothic language; a dialect very different from the Celtic, which probably had its origin in the more northern parts of Asiatic Scythia, and partook more of the northern idiom, as the Celtic had more of the eastern. The people in Crim Tartary, mentioned by Busbequius, as speaking the Gothic or

Saxon language, seem to be the old Goths, from whom the language of England is partly derived.

Having thus settled the origin of the inhabitants, language, and learning of Europe, he proceeds to give an account of the origin of their letters also. The invention of these, he supposes, transcending human genius, can only be ascribed to God; from whom Moses first received them upon Mount Sinai: and that Cadmus, who was probably a Jew, conveyed the discovery into Europe. Our author's reasonings on this head are but slightly supported, nor have they even novelty to recommend them, as Mr. Anselm Bayly(1) and others, particularly those of the Hutchensonian caste, have pre-occupied the conjectures.

As our author has spoiled the Egyptians of their learning, so neither will he allow them an alphabet. Their books, being written in symbolic and hieroglyphic characters, were unintelligible to those nations who knew the use of an alphabet. The Latins, as all authors agree, received their letters from the Greeks, who, at different times, sent colonies into Italy, where they improved their old arts and gave birth to new ones. The Tyrrhenes, or Etruscans, were the first polite people in Italy; and in the early ages of Rome the Roman youth were instructed in the Etruscan language by way of accomplishment. But, adds our author, when a nation is arrived at a certain pitch of politeness, it often becomes a prey to another less civilized. This was the case, continues he, with the Etruscans and Romans. As the one increased in power, the other, who before were held to be the most accomplished nation, sunk in esteem; as is usual with a conquered people.

"The Etruscan language (a species of corrupt Greek) being at length extinct, the materials designed to preserve it were soon destroyed or buried in ruins; the too common fate of monuments, wherever ignorance prevails. Here they underwent a long night of oblivion, till the revival of true learning, which is always accompanied with a veneration for antiquity. These monuments, as time and chance brought them to light, were carefully preserved by persons of curiosity; who, though they understood them not, yet judged that hereafter they might be intelligible to others, and therefore worth preserving. It is more than a century since some of these inscriptions have been made public, and in this last age a new scene of literature has been opened by their means; whole volumes have been filled with Etruscan sculptures and inscriptions, and attempts have been made to illustrate and explain them."

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(1) See the next article. Mr. Bayly's work was published before these Enquiries.

It does not appear what letters the most ancient Celtæ used in writing; the remains of their language now to be found in works being written in the common character of the country where their descendants lived. The author thinks it may be taken for granted, that they made use of hieroglyphics only, as we said before of the Scythians in general. But the Goths are an exception; for they had an alphabet peculiar to themselves, consisting formerly of sixteen letters, which is thought to be just the number in the Greek and Phœnician alphabets. In short, as all languages, says he, were derived from one, so it is but reasonable to think the same of all alphabets; and their affinity with each other serves to prove that they had all the same source; *viz.* the Hebrew, or Cadmean.

Thus we see through what regions of conjecture, doubt, and palpable obscurity, our truly inquisitive author has explored his way. He catches every gleam of light that an extensive acquaintance with the ancients can afford him; but he often, however, seems to have a favourite hypothesis in view, by which, we doubt, he is biassed somewhat from that truth he professes to investigate. It can no way affect the interests of our religion, though we should not admit the Jewish nation to be that fountain of learning and letters from whence the rest of mankind have been supplied: which would be allowing them greater marks of honour than their best writers ever arrogated to themselves. This way of thinking appears to have been most warmly embraced by Eusebius, and other Christian writers, through a laudable, though perhaps mistaken zeal for a cause of which they were the champions. But it is more our business to exhibit the opinions of the learned, than to controvert them.

IX.—BAYLY'S INTRODUCTION TO LANGUAGES.

[*From the Monthly Review,* 1758. "*An Introduction to Languages, Literary and Philosophical; especially to the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew: exhibiting, at one view, their Grammar, Rationale, Analogy, and Idiom. In three parts. By Anselm Bayly, LL.B.*"(1) 8*vo.*]

Scaliger assigns the man he would have completely miserable, no other employment than that of composing grammars and compiling dictionaries;(2) perhaps with reason, as there is not, in the whole Encyclopædia, a more laborious, yet a more unthankful study, than that bestowed on the rudiments of language. The labour employed in other parts of science may be great, but it is also apparent: in this, as in the mine, it is excessive, yet unseen. This consideration may probably have been the cause that few good essays upon language are to be found among us: men whose talents were equal to such an undertaking, choosing to employ them on more amusing studies; and those who were unequal to the task, shewing only by their unsuccessful attempts how much a well-executed performance of this kind was wanting. To echo back the rules of former grammarians, to translate Latin grammars into English, or English grammars into Latin, requires but small abilities, and has been the practice of many late writers in this species of erudition. But to trace language to its original source, to assign reasons for the justness of every rule in grammar, to shew the similitude of languages, and at the same time every distinguishing idiom of each, was reserved for the ingenious writer before us.

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(1) [Afterwards LL.D. He published also, "Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory," the "Old Testament, English and Hebrew, with Critical Remarks, &c.;" and died in 1794.]

(2) [See, in Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 8, Scaliger's epigram on this subject; and also in "Johnsoniana," 8vo. edit. p. 370, the opening lines of Murphy's translation of Dr. Johnson's Latin verses, written after revising and enlarging his Dictionary:—

"When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long:
And if, enrag'd he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its secret vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endless woe, &c."]

In the first and second parts of his work we have the rudiments of the four languages referred to in the title, explained with the utmost precision and brevity; those rules which serve for one language being adapted, with very little variation, to the other three. Here no technical term is used, till it be first made plain by a definition; and reasons are always assigned for the peculiarities of languages and usages in syntax.

The third part contains four Dissertations; in which, as these are calculated for entertainment as well as instruction, our author often indulges some peculiarities, ingeniously supported, though very liable to be controverted.

The first treats of the possible number of simple sounds in speech, of which he presents us with an alphabet; by these sounds alone he would have children taught to read, being of opinion, that they might learn by this method in a few months, what they are years in acquiring by the other, now in use among us. The author is led from his inquiry concerning the origin of simple sound, into an examination, whether language is the natural result of man's own industry, or whether communicated to him by some superior power. "If," says he, "in the ordinary course of things, language is transmitted in a constant series from parents to children, we must go back till we arrive at some point of time, wherein the first of the human species, whether one, two, or a thousand, could not receive language in this channel; but it must have been derived to them in as extraordinary a manner as their existence, from the same fountain that gave them their being. We cannot help apprehending but that the first man's creator must be his instructor in languages as well as duty, teaching him how to form articulate sounds and words, giving him knowledge of things, their attributes, actions, and relations, as well as the power of assigning them their names." To the same origin our author attributes the use also of alphabetical writings, and is of opinion, as we have hinted in the preceding article, that the alphabet was first given by God to Moses on the mount.(1) His reasoning on this head is curious, if not satisfactory; however, we must decline the particulars for want of room.

The second dissertation treats of the changes of sounds in pronunciation; how far they may be imitated in writing;

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(1) ["Talking of the origin of language:—JOHNSON. It must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay a million, of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language: by the time there is understanding enough, the organs are become stiff. Inspiration seems to me to be necessary, to give man the faculty of speech; to inform him that he may have speech; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration, than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty."—*Boswell*, vol. viii. p. 198.]

and the chief causes of the variation in words. As we have seen some modern innovations in our language, with regard to spelling, Mr. Bayly may be an useful monitor, to warn writers against such affectation. "Language," says he, "by following pronunciation in writing, may be so altered from itself as to become new, and rendered so vague in its meaning, that books written even but a hundred years past, have the appearance of being barbarous, and to the surviving generation are scarce intelligible. Pronunciation might be left to take its course, vary ever so much and ever so often; but writing, as being the only preservative of a language, ought to be kept to some standard. Orthography should be steady, be made the guide to orthoepy, or at least a check upon it, and not orthoëpy be the guide to orthography. Had such a rule as this, founded in reason and the nature of things, been attended to in all writings, though it is easy to see that it required a knowledge equal to divine to be able to write words truly in the first language, posterity would not have found so much difficulty as they now do, in understanding them; the etymology and meaning of words would have been more determinate, and the streams of knowledge traced with more certainty up to their fountain head."

The subject of the third dissertation is style, or the art of just writing; that of the fourth, elocution, or the art of speaking: both contain rules that may be useful, hints that are new, and ingenious observations. Upon the whole, the author attempts to give a rational and universal view of language, from its elements through its several combinations and powers, in writing and speaking. He is possessed of learning to examine his subject minutely, and good sense to avoid incurring the imputation of pedantry; so that his book will be found equally useful to the student and entertaining to the critic.

X.—BURTON'S GREEK TRAGEDIES.(1)

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1758. "*Pentalogia; sive Tragediarum Græcarum Delectus.*" 8*vo. Oxford.*]

Dr. Burton, whose former productions in the learned languages are more than sufficient proofs of his abilities for an undertaking of this nature, has here presented the public with an edition of five Greek tragedies, indisputably the best in that language; and we may venture to add, superior to all that were ever composed in any other. Three of these are the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone of Sophocles; the first peculiarly excellent for its fine complication of terror and distress, especially towards the catastrophe; the second, for its pathetic opening, which Milton has so happily imitated in his Sampson Angonistes; the third, also a master-piece, for what is called by Aristotle the Των επεισοδιων οικονομιαν, the just disposition of incidents. The other tragedies in this book are the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the Septem ad Thebas of Æschylus, which, though inferior to those of Sophocles, have, however, with great propriety, a place in this edition. They are introduced with intention to shew, (as our author expresses it) "in materia consimili ingeniorum dissimilium concertatio," the efforts of different geniuses in the same species of composition.

This edition, as we are informed, was long since undertaken; but the death of a young gentleman, who was principally instrumental in forwarding it, occasioned its being for some time discontinued: and it had perhaps been totally suppressed, but for the assistances given the editor by Dr. Markland and Mr. Heath, and the advantage of printing at the expense of the fund bequeathed to the university by Mr. Rolle, for purposes of this nature.

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(1) [Dr. John Burton was born at Wombworth, in Devonshire, in 1696, and died rector of Mapledurham, Oxfordshire, in 1771. His works consist of "Occasional Sermons," "Opuscula Miscellanea Theologica," and "Opuscula Metrico-prosaica, &c." "He was," says Dr. Kippis, "an able divine, a sound scholar, and an excellent academic: and set an useful example to University men, whether as fellows, tutors, officers, or editors."]

The work is a performance of much less ostentation than use; not being calculated to amuse the critic, but to advance the learner. The notes annexed contain no minute philological disquisitions, which are often still more obscure than the text, and counteract their intention, by increasing that labour which they profess to lessen. Here we have the conduct of the drama laid open, the grammatical difficulties explained, the different readings exhibited, and the text receiving proper light from a just punctuation. Notwithstanding this, the learned author seems sensible of one objection that may be raised against the present performance; namely, that he has given no Latin translation of the text, as is usual in most editions of the Greek classics. This objection he has taken some pains to obviate. The idioms of the Greek and Latin languages, as he observes, are so different as to render a translation very difficult, if not impossible; but though such a labour were actually effected, it would rather obstruct than promote the end it seems intended to answer. He who, in learning Greek, has continual recourse to a translation for assistance, is insensibly drawn into a disuse of his grammar and lexicon, the proper guides for introducing him to an intimacy with the language he desires to be acquainted with. "Opibus alieni adjustus nihil de suo promet; nihil demum marte proprio sibi elaborandum esse censebit: et velut in regione ignota hospes inelegans, ducem secutus aliquando falsum sæpe fallacem, huc illuc temere circumvagabîtur: et cum Græciam universam itinere rapido peragraverit, nihil fere de Græcia, nihil vere Atticum aut quovis modo memorabile, domum reportabit." We should in this respect imitate such as first revived Greek learning in the West; who, without translations, instructed those that afterwards became so eminent for their skill in this enchanting language.

The assistances, however, which are denied in a translation, are amply recompensed here, by the explications of every material difficulty in the text, in notes at the bottom of each page; by a separate phraseology, and by a lexicon of the uncommon words subjoined to the whole. These are the helps offered to the scholar, and we will venture to assert, that the learner who will be at the pains of reading Sophocles with only the assistances here offered him, will know more of the real beauties of the original, and the true structure of the language, than if he spent double the time in poring over a faulty Latin version. The translations hitherto published of Sophocles, will be more apt to lead the scholar astray, than to direct him to the meaning or spirit of the original; for, whether through ignorance of the language they attempted to translate, or through an awkward affectation of elegance, certain it is they are almost always mistaking the meaning of their author.

Though much may be said in commendation of the design and usefulness of the edition now before us, there is room for some objection to the method which our commentator has thought proper to pursue. Not content with the illustrations at the bottom of each page, he adds, by way of appendix, his *δευτεραι φροντιδες*, or Scholia, which are the result of more mature deliberation. These second thoughts, which were not entered upon, as we are informed, till the other parts of the work were printed off, are not only a further comment upon the original, but sometimes corrections of his former annotations, which they frequently profess to contradict, amend, and explain. This ingenuous way of confessing one's faults, though it should serve to shew a man's modesty, may, it is feared, rather lead to prejudice his reputation in other respects. Some may be apt to remark, that criticisms which could, upon a review, want so much amendment, were prematurely inserted: they may say, that it would have been most prudent in our editor to have kept his work by him till repeated amendments had rendered a palinodia unnecessary. And we may add, though second thoughts are generally allowed the preference, yet our annotator, it must be confessed, often corrects himself where there seems very little occasion for correction. As to the edition, upon the whole, it may be numbered among the most correct productions of the British press, some few faults in the accenting excepted. The book is certainly well calculated for the use of schools; and deserves all the encouragement due to the best performances of this kind.

XI.—CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

[*From the Monthly Review*, 1758. "*The Tusculan Disputations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. In five Books. A new Translation. By a Gentleman.*" 8*vo.*]

THE panegyric upon Cicero, which Erasmus hath left us, at the same time that it does justice to the merits of the philosopher, reflects honour on the taste of his encomiast. "I am incapable of determining," says that judicious critic, "whether or not my judgment be improved by time, but certain it is, Cicero never so much pleased me in youth as he now does in my old age. I am now at a loss whether most to admire, the divine felicity of his style, or the purity of his heart and morals. His influence upon me rises almost to inspiration; and I always feel myself a better man upon every perusal. I make no scruple, therefore, to exhort our youth to spend their hours in reading and retaining his works, rather than in the vexatious disputes, and ill-mannered controversies which at present perplex mankind. For my own part, though I am now in the decline of life, yet as soon as my present undertakings are completed, I shall think it no reproach to seek a renewal of my acquaintance with my Cicero, and an increase of that intimacy which has been for many years interrupted."

How differently does Montaigne express himself on the same subject, when he gives us to understand, that though he finds much entertainment in Seneca or Plutarch, he could never gain any from Cicero. "For," says the Frenchman, "instead of beginning to talk upon the subject proposed, he blunts the edge of curiosity by superfluous divisions; and the time that should be employed in argument is wasted in adjusting preliminaries."

The truth is, Montaigne was, during his whole life, what Erasmus was in his early youth, incapable of thinking connectedly; so that this celebrated essayist only exposed the defects of his own understanding by attempting to detract from the reputation of Cicero. The concurrent testimony of all antiquity, and of modern times, sufficiently confutes him; it being universally agreed, that no philosopher has more forcibly recommended all those generous principles that tend to exalt and perfect human nature.

From hence, therefore, we may infer, how much the public is bound to acknowledge every judicious attempt to translate any part of the works of a writer so admired as Cicero. If the translator succeeds in so difficult an undertaking, the motives to virtue acquire a more universal diffusion, and our language makes a valuable acquisition: should he fail in the execution, the great difficulty of the work may, in some measure, plead his excuse, and the usefulness of the design should soften the rigour of censure.

It is not without reason that this elegant Roman has been thought the most difficult to be translated of all the classics. The translator must not only be master of his sentiments, but also of his peculiar way of expressing them. He must have acquired a style correct without labour, and copious without redundancy. The difficulty is not so much to give his sense, as to give it in such language as Tully himself would have spoken, had he been an Englishman. To follow him in a verbal translation, is to catch his words only, and lose his spirit.

This literal timidity, if we may so express it, where the translator cautiously moves from word to word, for fear of going astray, is still the more unpardonable, as Cicero himself has given us directions to the contrary. "Nec tamen exprimi verbum e verbo necesse erit, ut interpretes indiserti solent." His example also, as well as his precept, teaches us to avoid this error. What liberties does he not take with Plato, Euripides, and others! Their sentiments remain their own, but their language is always expressed in the manner of Cicero. The translator before us has fallen into the error of which we have been complaining; so that Cicero appears in this English dress, not unlike some disguised hero in romance who, though concealed in the garb of a peasant, still moves with an air of superior dignity.

These Tusculan disputations were composed by Cicero when, under the dictatorship of Cæsar, he was excluded from any share in the administration; at which time, as he informs us, he was obliged to substitute retirement and study, for scenes of more active employment. The work is divided into five books; the first of which teaches us how to contemn the terrors of death, and to look upon it as a blessing rather than an evil. The second, to support pain and affliction with a manly fortitude. The third and fourth, to moderate all our complaints and uneasiness under the accidents of life. The fifth, to evince the sufficiency of virtue to make man happy. It was Cicero's custom, in his leisure hours, to take some friends with him into the country, where (to use the words of this very incompetent translator) "he used to order one to propose something which he would have discussed. I disputed (says Tully) on that either sitting or walking. I have compiled *the schools*, as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books; it was in this manner. When he who was the hearer had said what he thought proper, I disputed against him. To give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely give you an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on."

Perhaps there never was a finer or more spirited dialogue, conducted with greater ease, or managed with more impartiality than this, in the original. After having silenced the objections which his antagonist had brought against his doctrine, of death's being no evil, Cicero finally establishes it, with that spirit and energy which his present translator has very impotently endeavoured to preserve: let the reader judge for himself, from the following specimen.

"Should it indeed be our case to know the time appointed by God for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it with a pleasant and grateful mind, as those who are delivered from a jail, and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed as to look on that last hour as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil, which is an appointment of the immortal Gods, or of Nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard, or without design, that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power concerned for human nature, which would neither have produced nor provided for a being, which, after having gone through the labours of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer, that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which I wish we could make for with crowded sails; but though the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, though somewhat later."

The exordium of the third book is, in the original, one of the finest passages in all antiquity. Let us see how it reads here. "What reason shall I assign, Brutus, why, as we consist of soul and body, the art of curing and preserving the body should be so much sought after, and the invention of it, as being so useful, should be ascribed to the immortal Gods; but the medicine of the soul should neither be the object of inquiry, whilst it was unknown, nor so much improved after its discovery, nor so well received or approved of by some, disagreeable, and looked on with an envious eye by many others? Is it because the soul judges of the pains and disorders of the body, but we do not form any judgment of the soul by the body? Hence it comes that the soul never judgeth of itself, but when that by which itself is judged is in a bad state. Had nature given us faculties for discerning and viewing herself, and could we go through life by keeping our eye on her our best guide, no one certainly would be in want of philosophy or learning. But as it is, she has furnished us only with some few sparks, which we soon so extinguish by bad morals and depraved customs, that the light of nature is quite put out. The seeds of virtue are connatural to our constitutions, and were they suffered to come to maturity, would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as soon as we are born, and received into the world, we are instantly familiarized to all kinds of depravity and wrong opinions; so that we may be said almost to suck in error with our nurse's milk. When we return to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we imbibe so many errors, that truth gives place to falsehood, and nature herself to established opinion. To these we may add the poets, who, on account of the appearance they exhibit of learning and wisdom, are heard, read, and got by heart, and make a deep impression on our minds. But when to these are added the people who are, as it were, one great body of instructors, and the multitude who declare unanimously for vice, then are we altogether overwhelmed with bad opinions, and revolt entirely from nature; so that they seem to deprive us of our best guide, who have ascribed all greatness, worth, and excellence, to honour, and power, and popular glory, which indeed every excellent man aims at: but whilst he pursues that only true honesty which nature has in view, he finds himself busied in arrant trifles, and in pursuit of no conspicuous form of virtue, but a shadowy representation of glory. For glory is a real and express substance, not a mere shadow. It consists in the united praise of good men, the free voice of those who form true judgments of excellent virtue: it is as it were the very echo of virtue, which being generally the attendant on laudable actions, should not be slighted by good men. But popular fame, which would pretend to imitate it, is hasty and inconsiderate, and generally commends wicked and immoral actions, and taints the appearance and beauty of the other, by assuming the resemblance of honesty. By not being able to discover the difference of these, some men, ignorant of real excellence, and in what it consists, have been the destruction of their country, or of themselves. And thus the best men have erred, not so much in their intentions, as by a mistaken conduct."

The classical reader will perceive that the spirit of the original is, in a manner, totally extinguished in this translation. Indeed,such is the "*gentleman's*" obscurity in some places, such are his mistakes of his author's meaning in others; such is the meanness, affectation, and impropriety of his language throughout, that it is really matter of surprise to us, how such a work came into print; especially when we take the poetry into the account, which is below all criticism, and even contempt.

In short, the present performance is so totally destitute of every kind of merit, which might serve to qualify our censure, that we cannot avoid concluding with Cicero, upon another occasion: "Obsecro, abjiciamus ista, et semi-liberi saltem simus; quod assequemur et tacendo et latendo."(1)

XII.—MASSEY'S OVID'S FASTI.

[*From the Critical Review*, 1758. "*Ovid's Fasti; or, the Roman Sacred Calendar. Translated into English Verse, with Explanatory Notes. By William Massey.*"(2) 8vo.]

It was no bad remark of a celebrated French lady,(3) that a bad translator was like an ignorant footman, whose blundering messages disgraced his master by the awkwardness of the delivery, and frequently turned compliment into abuse, and politeness into rusticity. We cannot indeed see an ancient elegant writer mangled and misrepresented by the *doers into English*, without some degree of indignation; and are heartily sorry that our poor friend Ovid should send his Sacred Calendar to us by the hands of Mr. William Massey, whó, like the valet, seems to have entirely forgot his master's message, and substituted another in its room very unlike it. Mr. Massey observes, in his preface, with great truth, that it is strange that this most elaborate and learned of all Ovid's works should be so much neglected by our English translators; and that it should be so little read or regarded, whilst his Tristia, Epistles, and Metamorphoses, are in almost every school-boy's hands. "All the critics, in general," says he, "speak of this part of Ovid's writings with a particular applause; yet I know not by what unhappy fate there has not been that use made thereof, which would be more beneficial, in many respects, to young students of the Latin tongue, than any other of this poet's works. For though Pantheons, and other books that treat of the Roman mythology, may be usefully put into the hands of young proficients in the Latin tongue, yet the richest fund of that sort of learning is here to be found in the Fasti. I am not without hopes, therefore, that by thus making this book more familiar and easy, in this dress, to English readers, it will the more readily gain admittance into our public schools; and that those who become better acquainted therewith, will find it an agreeable and instructive companion, well stored with recondite learning. I persuade myself also, that the notes which I have added to my version will be of advantage, not only to the mere English reader, but likewise to such as endeavour to improve themselves in the knowledge of the Roman language.

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(1) [For a detail of the very distressing circumstances under which Goldsmith wrote this and the three preceding articles, see *Life*, vol. i. p. 285. This anonymous translation, though destitute of every kind of merit, was actually reprinted so recently as 1828." See Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual.* vol. i. p. 425.]

(2) [Many years master of a boarding-school at Wandsworth, in Surrey.]

(3) Madame de la Fayette.

"As the Latin proverb says, *Jacta est alea;* and my performance must take its chance, as those of other poetic adventurers have done before me. I am very sensible, that I have fallen in many places far below my original; and no wonder, as I had to copy after so fertile and polite a genius as Ovid's; who, as my Lord Orrery, somewhere in Dean Swift's Life, humorously observes, 'could make an instructive song out of an old almanack.'

"That my translation is more diffuse, and not brought within the same number of verses contained in my original, is owing to two reasons: firstly, because of the concise and expressive nature of the Latin tongue, which it is very difficult (at least I find it so) to keep to strictly, in our language; and secondly, I took the liberty sometimes to expatiate a little upon my subject, rather than leave it in obscurity, or unintelligible to my English readers, being indifferent whether they may call it translation or paraphrase; for, in short, I had this one design most particularly in view, that these Roman Fasti might have a way opened for their entrance into our grammar schools."

What use this translation may be of to grammar schools, we cannot pretend to guess, unless, by way of foil, to give the boys a higher opinion of the beauty of the original by the deformity of so bad a copy. But let our readers judge of Mr. Massey's performance by the following specimen. For the better determination of its merit, we shall subjoin the original of every quotation.

"The calends of each month throughout the year,
Are under Juno's kind peculiar care;
But on the ides, a white lamb from the field,
A grateful sacrifice, to Jove is kill'd;
But o'er the nones no guardian god presides;
And the next day to calends, nones, and ides,
Is inauspicious deem'd; for on those days
The Romans suffer'd losses many ways;
And from those dire events, in hapless war,
Those days unlucky nominated are." (1)

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(1) Vindicat Ausonias Junonis cura kalendas:
Idibus alba Jovi grandior agna cadit.
Nonarum tutela Deo caret. Omnibus istis
(Ne fallere cave) proximus Ater erit.
Omen ab eventu est: illis nam Roma diebus
Damna sub adverso tristia Marte tulit.

Ovid's address to Janus, than which in the original scarcely any thing can be more poetical, is thus familiarized into something much worse than prose by the translator:

> " Say, Janus, say, why we begin the year
> In winter? sure the spring is better far: (1)
> All things are then renew'd; a youthful dress
> Adorns the flowers, and beautifies the trees;
> New swelling buds appear upon the vine,
> And apple-blossoms round the orchard shine;
> Birds fill the air with the harmonious lay,
> And lambkins in the meadows frisk and play;
> The swallow then forsakes her wint'ry rest;
> And in the chimney chatt'ring makes her nest;
> The fields are then renew'd, the ploughman's care;
> Mayn't this be call'd renewing of the year?
> To my long questions Janus brief replied,
> And his whole answer to two verses tied.
> The winter tropic ends the solar race,
> Which is begun again from the same place;
> And to explain more fully what you crave,
> The sun and year the same beginning have.

(1) Dic, age, frigoribus quare novus incipit annus,
  Qui melius per ver incipiendus erat?
Omnia tunc florent: tunc est nova temporis ætas
  Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet.
Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos:
  Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum:
Et tepidum volucres concentibus aera mulcent
  Ludit et in pratis, luxuriatque pecus.
Tum blandi soles: ignotaque prodit hirundo;
  Et luteum celsa sub trabe fingit opus.
Tum patitur cultus ager, et renovatur aratro.
  Hæc anni novitas jure vocanda fuit.
Quæsieram multis: non multis ille moratus,
  Contulit in versus sic sua verba duos.
Bruma novi prima est, veterisque novissima solis
  Principium capiunt Phœbus et annus idem.
Post ea mirabar, cur non sine litibus esset
  Prima dies. Causam percipe, Janus ait.
Tempora commisi nascentia rebus agendis;
  Totus ab auspicio ne foret annus iners.
Quisque suas artes ob idem delibat agendo:
  Nec plus quam solitum testificatur opus.
Mox ego; cur, quamvis aliorum numina placem,
  Jane, tibi primo thura merumque fero?
Ut per me possis aditum, qui limina servo,
  Ad quoscunque velim prorsus, habere deos
At cur læta tuis dicuntur verba kalendis;
  Et damus alternas accipimusque preces?
Tum deus incumbens baculo, quem dextra gereba
  Omina principiis, inquit, inesse solent.
Ad primam vocem timidas advertitis aures:
  Et visam primum consulit augur avem.
Templa patent auresque deum: nec lingua caduca
  Concipit ulla preces; dictaque pondus habent.

But why on new-year's day, said I again,
Are suits commenc'd in courts? The reason's plain,
Replied the god; that business may be done,
And active labour emulate the sun,
With business is the year auspiciously begun;
But every artist, soon as he was tried
To work a little, lays his work aside.
Then I; but further, father Janus, say,
When to the gods we our devotions pay,
Why wine and incense first to thee are given?
Because, said he, I keep the gates of heaven;
That when you the immortal powers address,
By me to them you may have free access.
But why on new-year's day are presents made,
And more than common salutations paid?
Then, leaning on his staff, the god replies,
In all beginnings there an omen lies;
From the first word, we guess the whole design,
And augurs, from the first-seen bird, divine;
The gods attend to every mortal's prayer,
Their ears and temples always open are."

Is there a possibility that any thing can be more different from Ovid in Latin than this Ovid in English? Quam sibi dispar! The translation is indeed beneath all criticism. But let us see what Mr. Massey can do with the sublime and more animated parts of the performance, where the subject might have given him room to shew his skill, and the example of his author stirred up the fire of poetry in his breast, if he had any in it. Towards the end of the second book of the Fasti, Ovid has introduced the most tender and interesting story of Lucretia. The original is inimitable. Let us see what Mr. Massey has made of it in his translation. After he has described Tarquin returning from the sight of the beautiful Lucretia, he proceeds thus:

" The near approach of day the cock declar'd,
By his shrill voice, when they again repair'd (1)

(1) Jam dederat cantum lucis prænuncius ales;
Cum referunt juvenes in sua castra pedem.
Carpitur attonitos absentis imagine sensus
Ille: recordanti plura magisque placent.
Sic sedit: sic culta fuit: sic stamina nevit:
Neglectæ collo sic jacuere comæ:

Back to the camp; but Sextus there could find
Nor peace nor ease for his distemper'd mind;
A spreading fire does in his bosom burn,
Fain would he to the absent fair return;
The image of Lucretia fills his breast,
Thus at her wheel she sat! and thus was drest!
What sparkling eyes, what pleasure in her look!
How just her speech, and how divinely spoke!
Like as the waves, rais'd by a boisterous wind,
Sink by degrees, but leave a swell behind:

Hos habuit vultus: hic illi verba fuere:
Hic decor, hæc facies, hic color oris erat.
Ut solet a magno fluctus languescere flatu;
Sed tamen a vento, qui fuit ante, tumet:
Sic, quamvis aberat placitæ præsentia formæ,
Quem dederat præsens forma, manebat amor.
Ardet; et injusti stimulis agitatus amoris
Comparat indigno vimque dolumque toro.
Exitus in dubio est: audebimus ultima, dixit:
Viderit, audentis forsne deusne juvet.
Cepimus audendo Gabios quoque. Talia fatus
Ense latus cingit: tergaque pressit equi.
Accipit ærata juvenem Collatia porta:
Condere jam vultus sole parante suos.
Hostis, ut hospes, init penetralia Collatina:
Comiter excipitur: sanguine junctus erat.
Quantum animis erroris inest! parat inscia rerum
Infelix epulas hostibus illa suis.
Functus erat dapibus: poscunt sua tempora somni.
Nox erat; et tota lumina nulla domo.
Surgit, et auratum vagina deripit ensem:
Et venit in thalamos, nupta pudica, tuos.
Utque torum pressit; ferrum, Lucretia, mecum est,
Natus, ait, regis, Tarquiniusque vocor.
Illa nihil: neque enim vocem viresque loquendi,
Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.
Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,
Parva sub infesto cum jacet agne lupo.
Quid faciat? pugnet? vincetur femina pugna.
Clamet? at in dextra, qui necet, ensis adest.
Effugiat? positis urgetur pectora palmis;
Nunc primum externa pectora tacta manu.
Instat amans hostis precibus, pretioque, minisque
Nec prece, nec pretio, nec movet ille minis.
Nil agis; eripiam, dixit, per crimina vitam:
Falsus adulterii testis adulter ero.
Interimam famulum; cum quo deprensa fereris.
Succubuit famæ victa puella metu.
Quid, victor, gaudes? hæc te victoria perdet.
Heu quanto regnis nox stetit una tuis!
Jamque erat orta dies: passis sedet illa capillis;
Ut solet ad nati mater itura rogum.
Grandævumque patrem fido cum conjuge castris
Evocat; et posita venit uterque mora.
Utque vident habitum; quæ luctus causa, requirunt:
Cui paret exsequias, quove sit icta malo.
Illa diu reticet, pudibundaque celat amictu
Ora. Fluunt lacrymæ more perennis aquæ.
Hinc pater, hinc conjux lacrymas solantur, et orant
Indicet: et cæco flentque paventque metu.
Ter conata loqui, &c.

So though by absence lessen'd was his fire,
There still remain'd the kindlings of desire;
Unruly lust from hence began to rise,
Which how to gratify he must devise;
All on a rack, and stung with mad designs,
He reason to his passion quite resigns;
Whate'er's th' event, said he, I'll try my fate,
Suspense in all things is a wretched state;
Let some assistant god, or chance, attend,
All bold attempts they usually befriend:
This way, said he, I to the Gabii trod;
Then girding on his sword, away he rode.
The day was spent, the sun was nearly set,
When he arriv'd before Collatia's gate;
Like as a friend, but with a sly intent,
To Collatinus' house he boldly went;
There he a kind reception met within
From fair Lucretia, for they were akin.
What ignorance attends the human mind!
How oft we are to our misfortunes blind!
Thoughtless of harm, she made a handsome feast,
And o'er a cheerful glass regal'd her guest
With lively chat; and then to bed they went;
But Tarquin still pursued his vile intent;
All dark, about the dead of night he rose,
And softly to Lucretia's chamber goes;
His naked sword he carried in his hand,
That what he could not win, he might command;
With rapture on her bed himself he threw,
And as approaching to her lips he drew,
Dear cousin, ah, my dearest life, he said,
'Tis I, 'tis Tarquin, why are you afraid?
Trembling with fear, she not a word could say,
Her spirits fled, she fainted quite away;
Like as a lamb beneath a wolf's rude paws,
Appall'd and stunn'd, her breath she hardly draws;
What can she do? resistance would be vain,
She a weak woman, he a vig'rous man.
Should she cry out? his naked sword was by;
One scream, said he, and you this instant die:
Would she escape? his hands lay on her breast,
Now first by hands of any stranger prest:
The lover urg'd by threats, rewards, and prayers;
But neither prayers, rewards, nor threats, she hears:
Will you not yield? he cries; then know my will—
When these my warm desires have had their fill,

By your dead corpse I'll kill and lay a slave,
And in that posture both together leave;
Then feign myself a witness of your shame,
And fix a lasting blemish on your fame.
Her mind the fears of blemish'd fame control,
And shake the resolutions of her soul;
But of thy conquest, Tarquin, never boast,
Gaining that fort, thou hast a kingdom lost;
Vengeance thy complicated guilt attends,
Which both in thine, and fam'ly's ruin ends.
With rising day the sad Lucretia rose,
Her inward grief her outward habit shows;
Mournful she sat in tears, and all alone,
As if she'd lost her only darling son;
Then for her husband and her father sent,
Who Ardea left in haste to know th' intent;
Who, when they saw her all in mourning drest
To know the occasion of her grief, request;
Whose funeral she mourn'd desir'd to know,
Or why she had put on those robes of woe?
She long conceal'd the melancholy cause,
While from her eyes a briny fountain flows:
Her aged sire, and tender husband, strive
To heal her grief, and words of comfort give;
Yet dread some fatal consequence to hear,
And begg'd she would the cruel cause declare."

Our readers will easily perceive by this short specimen, how very unequal Mr. Massey is to a translation of Ovid. In many places he has deviated entirely from the sense, and in every part fallen infinitely below the strength, elegance, and spirit of the original. We must beg leave, therefore, to remind him of the old Italian proverb,—"Il tradattores Tratatore,"—and hope he will never for the future traduce and injure any of those poor ancients who never injured him, by thus pestering the world with such translations as even his own school-boys ought to be whipped for.(1)

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(1) ["It was the merit which Goldsmith discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's Fasti by a pedantic schoolmaster, and his 'Enquiry into Polite Literature,' which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett."—Aikin.]

XIII.—MARRIOTT'S "FEMALE CONDUCT; AN ESSAY ON THE ART OF PLEASING."

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*Female Conduct; being an Essay on the Art of Pleasing. To be practised by the Fair Sex, before and after Marriage. A Poem, in two books. Inscribed to Plautilla. By Thomas Marriott, Esq.*" 8vo.]

This performance is dedicated to her royal highness the Princess of Wales, as the distinguished patroness of female virtue. In the preface, the author gives some account of the poem, and endeavours to anticipate the malevolence of the critics. He expresses apprehension on one subject, which, however, we will venture to say is groundless; that is, "some people will say he is too much a poet." He might also have spared his apology, for having used "every art of persuasion and argument, either by repetition, amplification, tale, fable, example, or allegory, and every pleasing manner of conveying precepts, and enforcing doctrines." Mr. Marriott needs no excuse for that which cannot be displeasing. This poem, we are informed, is intended for the use and amusement of the female sex only; and the author hopes the salutary precepts and precautions it contains, may prove an antidote to the poison of Ovid, and all modern productions of the like pernicious nature. We hope so too, and commend the author for the morality of his undertaking.

Prefixed to the poem we find an ode on the death of the Duke of Marlborough, together with an imitation of the eighth ode of the fourth book of Horace, intended to be sent to his grace at the beginning of the new year.(1) In this piece, the most remarkable circumstance is this: Mr.

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(1) [Charles Spencer, second duke of Marlborough. He died at Munster, in Westphalia, in October 1758.]

Marriott, thinking Horace begins and ends too abruptly, has ventured to introduce the original with two Latin lines of his own composition, and added six at the end, to render Horace more complete. He might, however, have saved himself the trouble of lacing his own lines in the margin: the reader would have distinguished them without this precaution. Perhaps the public may be curious to see this improvement on a Roman classic. He begins, then, in this manner:

> "Annus quando novus nascitur, illius
> Natalisque dies orbe revolvitur;—

He concludes thus:

> "Orco, Musa, pios eripiens nigro,
> Arces, carminibus, tollit ad igneas;
> Nomen grande tuum fiet amabilis,
> Vatum materies, Musa tuis dabit
> Mercedem meritis, Te faciet sacrum,
> Sublimem, astra supra, Te vehet, ardua."

The poem itself is divided into two books, and contains many curious particulars. His account of Portia's death is very sublime:

> "Fam'd Portia, worthy of her mate and sire,
> Express'd such friendship, when she swallowed fire;
> Soon as she heard of her dear Brutus' death,
> Her consort breathless, she disdain'd to breath;
> Each instrument of death, to her deny'd,
> 'Shall Portia be debarr'd from death?' she cry'd,
> Then drank live embers, and intrepid died."

We wish Mr. Marriott would explain the manner in which the ancients *drank live embers*. In p. 59, he candidly owns, that he has laboured hard in bringing these poems to perfection:

> "Hear me, fair pupil, ne'er despise the bard
> Whose muse for your instruction *labours hard.*"

In the next page we meet with this curious paradox:

> "Her witty child, let the fond mother boast,
> You show most wit, when you conceal it most."

This, for aught we know, may be the author's own case; for he seems to have a particular knack at concealing his wit.

There is something so agreeable, yet familiar, in his precepts!—

> "Red heels, a wise man's head will ridicule."
>
> "From smart cock'd hat, let no vain streamers fly."
>
> "I only warn you—ne'er your teeth neglect;
> White teeth will make amends for each defect."
>
> "To singing add the force of music too."

This is a very necessary injunction; for it is very common to hear singing without music.

> "Make not your houses Babels, ah! no more
> Let numerous torches smear th' indecent door!"
>
> "A curtsey makes impression, if made well,
> Learn then to curtsey with an air genteel."

Rather than pick out any more flowers of this kind, with which the poem abounds, we will make a few extracts, from which the poet's genius may be more justly estimated:

> "Let no provoking words your wrath attend,
> Lest passion should in dire disaster end;
> How tragical had been Zantippe's fate,
> Had Socrates not been her peaceful mate!
> You may just hint a fault, while you commend
> His well-known merit, like a faithful friend.
> If distant hints from you he'll not receive,
> Desist; no curtain-lectures to him give;
> Think not to tame him, like some savage beast,
> By oft disturbing his nocturnal rest:
> Though much he may repeated lessons need,
> Sacred to concord is the genial bed:
> Thence far be sour, contentious, jarring noise!
> There dwell in silence, reconciling joys;
> There love's bright lamp is fed with new desire,
> Rekindled there, it never will expire.
>
> "Once I through thin partition chanc'd to hear
> A curtain-lecture, with astonish'd ear:
> It wak'd, and scar'd me, in the dead of night,
> Ere I my senses could recover quite;

It sounded like a seraph's plaintive voice,
So dire the sound, so solemn was the noise:
Trembling I heard, nor dar'd to ope my eyes,
Lest I might view a horrid spectre rise.
Soon I perceiv'd it was a woman's tongue,
Rehearsing to her mate each nuptial wrong;
Obdurate he, and stupid as a dunce,
Heard unconcern'd, nor interrupted once;
Till faint and spent, she falter'd in her speech,
And, quite exhausted, could no longer preach;
When her speech fail'd, she soon began to cry,
And ev'ry tear had its attendant sigh.
Then he, to aggravate each nuptial wrong,
Wish'd death would silence soon her clam'rous tongue.
Thus every curtain-lecture, preach'd in vain,
Gives to the preacher, not the hearer, pain.
To hint a fault requires the nicest touch,
The pride of self-sufficient man is such;
Few with good grace can give or take advice,
So few think others than themselves more wise;
Their faults the wisest are averse to hear;
Touch gently, lest you hurt a tender ear.

"Though ev'ry charm forsake your fading frame,
Yet let your modesty remain the same.
Conceal whatever may distaste excite;
Let your dress please, attractive, clean, and neat:
Dress not your person in your consort's sight;
When dressing, you offend—when drest, invite.
Half-drest, in her short petticoat, I view'd,
By chance, the nymph who had my heart subdu'd;
In this disguise so lost was ev'ry charm,
It turn'd to ridicule her beauteous form.
Is this the virgin, to myself I said,
Who can so charm me in full dress array'd?" &c. &c.

To draw a comparison between Ovid and our bard, we may observe, that as one performance of the former was styled *Tristia* from the subject, so this production may derive the same title from the execution, and be justly denominated *Marriott's Tristia.*

XIV.—BARRETT'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*Ovid's Epistles translated into English Verse; with Critical Essays and Notes. Being part of a Poetical and Oratorial Lecture, read in the Grammar-School of Ashford, in Kent; and calculated to initiate Youth in the first rudiments of Taste. By Stephen Barrett, Master of the said School.*" 8*vo.*]

The praise which is every day lavished upon Virgil, Horace, or Ovid, is often no more than an indirect method the critic takes to compliment his own discernment. Their works have long been considered as models of beauty; to praise them now is only to shew the conformity of our taste to theirs: it tends not to advance their reputation, but to promote our own. Let us then dismiss, for the present, the pedantry of panegyric; Ovid needs it not, and we are not disposed to turn encomiasts on ourselves.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the multitude of translators which have attempted this poet, serves to evince the number of his admirers; and their indifferent success, the difficulty of equalling his elegance or his ease.

Dryden, ever poor, and ever willing to be obliged, solicited the assistance of his friends for a translation of these epistles. It was not the first time his miseries obliged him to call in happier bards to his aid; and to permit such to quarter their fleeting performances on the lasting merit of his name. This eleemosynary translation, as might well be expected, was extremely unequal, frequently unjust to the poet's meaning, almost always so to his fame. It was published without notes; for it was not at that time customary to swell every performance of this nature with comment and scholia. The reader did not then choose to have the current of his passions interrupted, his attention every moment called off from pleasure only, to be informed why he was so pleased. It was not then thought necessary to lessen surprise by anticipation, and, like some spectators we have met at the play-house, to take off our attention from the performance, by telling, in our ear, what will follow next.

Since this united effort, Ovid, as if born to misfortune, has undergone successive metamorphoses, being sometimes transposed by schoolmasters unacquainted with English, and sometimes transversed by ladies who knew no Latin: thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake; either crawling in humble prose, or having his hints explained into unbashful meaning. Schoolmasters, who knew all that was in him, except his graces, give the names of places and towns at full length, and he moves along stiffly in their literal versions, as the man who, as we are told in the Philosophical Transactions, was afflicted with an universal anchylosis. His female imitators, on the other hand, regard the dear creature only as a lover; express the delicacy of his passion by the ardour of their own; and if now and then he is found to grow a little too warm, and perhaps to express himself a little indelicately, it must be imputed to the more poignant sensations of his fair admirers. In a word, we have seen him stripped of all his beauties in the versions of Stirling and Clark, and talk like a debauchee in that of Mrs. ———;(1) but the sex should ever be sacred from criticism; perhaps the ladies have a right to describe raptures, which none but themselves can bestow.

A poet, like Ovid, whose great beauty lies rather in expression than sentiment, must be necessarily difficult to translate. A fine sentiment may be conveyed several different ways, without impairing its vigour; but a sentence delicately expressed, will scarcely admit the least variation without losing beauty. The performance before us will serve to convince the public, that Ovid is more easily admired than imitated. The translator, in his notes, shews an ardent zeal for the reputation of his poet. It is possible, too, he may have felt his beauties; however, he does not seem possessed of the happy art of giving his feelings expression. If a kindred spirit, as we have often been told, must animate the translator, we fear the claims of Mr. Barrett will never receive a sanction in the heraldry of Parnassus.

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(1) [Mrs. Elizabeth Keene; who had recently published a translation of Dido's Epistle to Æneas.]

His intentions, even envy must own, are laudable; nothing less than to instruct boys, schoolmasters, grown gentlemen, the public, *in the principles of taste* (to use his own expression), both by precept and example. His manner it seems is, "to read a course of poetical lectures to his pupils one night in the week; which, beginning with this author, running through select pieces of our own, as well as the Latin and Greek writers, and ending with Longinus, contributes *no little* towards forming their taste." *No little!* reader, observe that, from a person so perfectly master of the force of his own language: what may not be expected from his comments on the beauties of another?

But, in order to shew in what manner he has executed these intentions, it is proper he should first march in review as a poet. We shall select the first epistle that offers, which is that from Penelope to Ulysses, observing beforehand, that the whole translation is a most convincing instance, that English words may be placed in Latin order, without being *wholly* unintelligible. Such forced transpositions serve at once to give an idea of the translator's learning, and of difficulties surmounted.

"This, still your wife, my ling'ring lord! I send;
Yet be your answer personal, not penn'd."

These lines seem happily imitated from Taylor, the water-poet, who has it thus;

> "To thee, dear Ursula, these lines I send,
> Not with my hand, but with my heart, they're penn'd."

But not to make a pause in the reader's pleasure, we proceed.

> "Sunk now is Troy, the curse of Grecian dames!
> (Her king, her all, a worthless prize!) in flames.
> O had by storms (his fleet to Sparta bound)
> Th' adult'rer perish'd in the *mad profound!*"

Here seems some obscurity in the translation: we are at a loss to know what is meant by the *mad profound.* It can certainly mean neither Bedlam nor Fleet-ditch; for though the epithet *mad* might agree with one, or *profound* with the other, yet when united they seem incompatible with either. The *profound* has frequently been used to signify bad verses; and poets are sometimes said to be *mad:* who knows but Penelope wishes that Paris might have died in the very act of rhyming; and as he was a shepherd, it is not improbable to suppose but that he was a poet also.

> "Cold in a widow'd bed I ne'er had lay,
> Nor chid with weary eyes the ling'ring day."

Lay for *lain*, by the figure ginglimus. Our translator makes frequent use of this figure.

> "Nor the protracted nuptials to avoid,
> By night unravell'd what the day employ'd.
> When have not fancied dangers broke my rest?
> Love, tim'rous passion! rends the anxious breast.
> In thought I saw you each fierce Trojan's aim,
> Pale at the mention of bold Hector's name!

Ovid makes Penelope shudder at the name of Hector. Our translator, with great propriety, transfers the fright from Penelope to Ulysses himself: it is he who grows pale at the name of Hector; and well indeed he might; for Hector is represented by Ovid, somewhere else, as a terrible fellow, and Ulysses as little better than a poltroon.

"Whose spear when brave Antilochus embrued,
By the dire news awoke, my fear renew'd.
Clad in dissembled arms Patroclus died:
And, "Oh the fate of stratagem!" I cried.
Tlepolemus, beneath the Lycian dart,
His breath resign'd, and rous'd afresh my smart.
Thus, when each Grecian press'd the bloody field,
Cold icy horrors my fond bosom chill'd."

Here we may observe how epithets tend to strengthen the force of expression. First, her horrors are cold, and so far Ovid seems to think also; but the translator adds, from himself, the epithet icy, to shew that they are still colder:—a fine climax of frigidity!

"But Heaven, indulgent to my chaste desire,
Has wrapp'd (my husband safe) proud Troy in fire."

The reader may have already observed one or two instances of our translator's skill, in parenthetically clapping one sentence within another. This contributes not a little to obscurity; and obscurity, we all know, is nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still teems with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprise which a countryman does at Bartholomew-fair. Hocus shews a bag, in appearance empty; slap, and out come a dozen new laid eggs; slap again, and the number is doubled: but what is his amazement, when it swells with the hen that laid them!

"The Grecian chiefs return, each altar shines,
And spoils of Asia grace our native shrines.
Gifts, for their lords restor'd, the matrons bring;
The Trojan fates o'ercome, triumphant sing;
Old men and trembling maids admire the songs,
And wives hang, list'ning, on their husbands' *tongues*."

Critics have expatiated, in raptures, on the delicate use the ancients have made of the verb *pendere*. Virgil's goats are described as hanging on the mountain side; the eyes of a lady hang on the looks of her lover. Ovid has increased the force of the metaphor, and describes the wife as hanging on the lips of her husband. Our translator has gone still farther, and described the lady as pendent from his tongue. A fine picture!

"Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meet their eyes,
And Ilion's towers in miniature arise:
There stretch'd Sigean plains, here Simoïs flow'd;
And there old Priam's lofty palace stood.
Here Peleus' son encamp'd, Ulysses there;
Here Hector's corpse distained the rapid car."

"Of this the Pylian sage in quest of thee
Embark'd, your son inform'd his mother he."

If we were permitted to offer a correction upon the two last lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire.

The Pylian sage inform'd your son embark'd in quest of thee,
Of this, and he his mother, that is me.

"He told how Rhesus and how Dolon fell,
By your wise conduct and Tydides' steel;
That doom'd by heavy sleep oppress'd to die,
And this prevented, a nocturnal spy!

"Rash man! unmindful what your friends you owe,
Night's gloom to tempt, and brave a Thracian foe.
By one assisted in the doubtful strife;
To me how kind! how provident of life!
Still throbb'd my breast, till, victor, from the plain,
You join'd, on Thracian steeds, th' allies again.

"But what to me avails high Ilium's fall,
Or soil continued o'er its ruin'd wall;
If still, as when it stood, my wants remain;
If still I wish you in these arms in vain?

"Troy, sack'd to others, yet to me remains,
Though Greeks, with captive oxen, till her plains,
Ripe harvests bend where once her turrets stood;
Rank is her soil, manur'd with Phrygian blood;
Harsh on the ploughs, men's bones, half buried, sound,
And grass each ruin'd mansion hides around.
Yet, hid in distant climes, my conq'ror stays;
Unknown the cause of these severe delays!

"No foreign merchant to our isle resorts,
But question'd much of you, he leaves our ports;
Hence each departing sail a letter bears
To speak (if you are found) my anxious cares.

"Our son to Pylos cut the briny wave;
But Nestor's self a dubious answer gave:
To Sparta next—nor even could Sparta tell
What seas you plough, or in what region dwell!

"Better had stood Apollo's sacred wall:
O could I now my former wish recall!
War my sole dread, the scene I then should know;
And thousands then would share the common woe:
But all things now, not knowing what to fear,
I dread; and give too large a field to care.
Whole lists of dangers, both by land and sea,
Are muster'd, to have caus'd so long delay.

"But while your conduct thus I fondly clear,
Perhaps (true man!) you court some foreign fair;
Perhaps you rally your domestic loves,
Whose art the snowy fleece alone improves.
No!——may I err, and start at false alarms;
May nought but force detain you from my arms.

"Urg'd by a father's right again to wed,
Firm I refuse, still faithful to your bed!
Still let him urge the fruitless vain design;
I am—I must be—and I will be thine.
Though melted by my chaste desires, of late
His rig'rous importunities abate.

"Of teasing suitors a luxurious train,
From neighbouring isles, have cross'd the liquid plain.
Here uncontroll'd th' audacious crews resort,
Rifle your wealth, and revel in your court.
Pisander, Polybus, and Medon, lead,
Antinoüs and Eurymachus succeed,
With others, whose rapacious throats devour
The wealth you purchas'd once, distain'd with gore.
Melanthius add, and Irus, hated name!
A beggar rival to complete our shame.

"Three, helpless three! are here; a wife not strong,
A sire too aged, and a son too young,
He late, *by fraud*, embark'd for Pylos' shore,
Nigh from my arms for ever had been tore."

These two lines are replete with beauty: *nigh*, which implies approximation, and *from*, which implies distance, are, to use our translator's expressions, drawn as it were up in line of battle. *Tore* is put for *torn*, that is, torn by fraud from her arms; not that her son played truant and embarked by fraud, as a reader who does not understand Latin might be apt to fancy.

> "Heaven grant the youth survive each parent's date,
> And no cross chance reverse the course of fate.
> Your nurse and herdsman join this wish of mine,
> And the just keeper of your bristly swine."

Our translator observes in a note, that "the simplicity expressed in these lines is so far from being a blemish, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty: and the modern critic, who is offended with the mention of a *sty*, however he may pride himself upon his false delicacy, is either too short-sighted to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too nice to digest the noblest relics of antiquity." He means, no doubt, to digest a hog-sty; but, antiquity apart, we doubt if even Powell the fire-eater himself could bring his appetite to relish so unsavoury a repast.

> "By age your sire disarm'd, and wasting woes,
> The helm resigns, amidst surrounding foes.
> This may your son resume (when years allow),
> But oh! a father's aid is wanted now.
> Nor have I strength his title to maintain,
> Haste then, our only refuge, o'er the main."

> "A son, and long may Heaven the blessing grant,
> You have, whose years a sire's instructions want.
> Think how Laërtes drags an age of woes,
> In hope that you his dying eyes may close;
> And I, left youthful in my early bloom,
> Shall aged seem, how soon soe'er you come."

But let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in thus exposing absurdities, which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as men, and could sincerely wish that those whose greatest sin is, perhaps, the venial one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults, but foibles; they may be good and useful members of society, without being poets. The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame.

We have of late seen the republic of letters crowded with some who have no other pretensions to applause but industry, who have no other merit but that of reading many books, and making long quotations: these we have heard extolled by sympathetic dunces, and have seen them carry off the rewards of genius; while others, who should have been born in better days, felt all the wants of poverty, and the agonies of contempt. Who, then, that has a regard for the public, for the literary honour of our country, for the figure we shall one day make among posterity, that would not choose to see such humbled as are possessed only of talents that might have made good cobblers, had fortune turned them to trade? Should such prevail, the real interests of learning must be in a reciprocal proportion to the power they possess. Let it be then the character of our periodical endeavours, and hitherto we flatter ourselves it has ever been, not to permit an ostentation of learning to pass for merit, nor to give a pedant quarter upon the score of his industry alone, even though he took refuge behind Arabic, or powdered his hair with hieroglyphics. Authors thus censured may accuse our judgment, or our reading, if they please, but our own hearts will acquit us of envy or ill-nature, since we reprove only with a desire to reform.

But we had almost forgot that our translator is to be considered as a critic as well as a poet; and in this department he seems also equally unsuccessful with the former. Criticism at present is different from what it was upon the revival of taste in Europe: all its rules are now well known;

the only art at present is, to exhibit them in such lights as contribute to keep the attention alive, and excite a favourable audience. It must borrow graces from eloquence, and please while it aims at instruction: but instead of this, we have a combination of trite observations, delivered in a style in which those who are disposed to make war upon words will find endless opportunities of triumph.

He is sometimes hypercritical. Thus, "Pope, in his excellent Essay on Criticism (as will, in its place, when you come to be lectured upon it, at full be explained), terms this making the sound an echo to the sense. But I apprehend that definition takes in but a part, for the best ancient poets excelled in thus painting to the eye as well as to the ear. Virgil, describing his housewife preparing her wine, exhibits the act of the fire to the eye.

> 'Aut dulcis musti Vulcano decoquit humorem,
> Et foliis undam trepidi dispumat aheni.'

"For the line (if I may be allowed the expression) boils over; and, in order to reduce it to its proper bounds, you must, with her, skim off the redundant syllable." These are beauties which, doubtless, the reader is displeased he cannot discern.

Sometimes confused: "There is a *deal* of artful and concealed satire in what Oenone throws out against Helen; and to speak truth, there was fair scope for it, and it might naturally be expected. Her chief design was to render his new mistress suspected of meretricious arts, and make him apprehensive that she would hereafter be as ready to leave him for some new gallant, as she had before, perfidiously to her lawful husband, followed him."

Sometimes contradictory: thus, "Style (says he) is used by some writers as synonymous with diction, yet, in my opinion, it has rather a complex sense, including both sentiment and diction." Oppose to this, page 135. "As to concord, and even style, they are acquirable by most youth in due time, and by many with ease; but the art of thinking properly, and chusing the best sentiments on every subject, is what comes later."

And sometimes he is guilty of false criticism: as when he says, Ovid's chief excellence lies in description. Description was the rock on which he always split: "Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere," as Seneca says of him: when once he embarks in description, he most commonly tires us before he has done with it. But to tire no longer the reader, or the translator, with extended censure; as a critic, this gentlemen seems to have drawn his knowledge from the remarks of others, and not his own reflection; as a translator, he understands the language of Ovid, but not his beauties; and though he may be an excellent schoolmaster, he has, however, no pretensions to taste.

XV.—SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*The Faerie Queene. By Edmund Spenser. A new Edition, with Notes, Critical and and Explanatory, by Ralph Church, M.A. late Student of Christ Church, Oxon. In four volumes,* 8*vo.*]

'Tis the remark of Boccalini, that a writer whose works have passed through a number of editions after his decease, would hardly know his own performances again if he were to rise from the dead. Critics mistake his meaning, or are desirous of giving a new one of their own. Dunces interpolate the text, and printers, too, add their faults to swell the account: so that the poet at last, like a river which receives a new tincture from every soil through which it flows, makes a very different appearance from that with which he set out.

Perhaps no writer confirms the truth of this remark more than Spenser; for, in proportion as the number of editions of the Faerie Queene have increased, the text has become more precarious; so that it was absolutely necessary to compare subsequent ones with that published by himself, and thus restore his meaning, where it had deviated from ancient correctness and simplicity. Mr. Church, in the edition in view, has completed this undertaking, and merits all the praise due to an exact and cautious editor. Here we see our old favourite rising once more from his faults, and borrowing all the helps of exact punctuation. We can now tread the regions of fancy without interruption, and expatiate on fairy wilds, such as our great magician has been pleased to represent them. There is a pleasing tranquillity of mind which ever attends the reading of this ancient poet. We leave the ways of the present world, and all the ages of primeval innocence and happiness rise to our view.(1) Virgil, and even Homer, seem to be modern, upon the comparison. The imagination of his reader leaves reason behind, pursues the tale, without considering the allegory, and upon the whole, is charmed without instruction.

It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the Eneid of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wises* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true he has endeavoured to soften this defect, by forming his work into an allegory; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other; a love of reality, which represses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind.

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(1) [" After reading a canto of Spenser, two or three days ago, to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been shewing her a gallery of pictures. I don't know how it is, but she said very right; there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene when I was about twelve, with infinite delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year ago."—POPE, 1743-44. *Spence*, p. 297.]

However, with all his faults, no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser. Cowley was formed into poetry by reading him; and many of our modern writers, such as Gray, Akenside, and others, seem to have studied his manner with the utmost attention: from him their compounded epithets, and solemn flow of numbers, seem evidently borrowed; and the verses of Spenser may, perhaps, one day be considered the standard of English poetry.(1) It were happy indeed, if his beauties were the only objects of modern imitation; but many of his words, justly fallen into disuse among his successors, have been of late revived, and a language, already too copious, has been augmented by an unnecessary reinforcement. Learning and language are ever fluctuating, either rising to perfection or retiring into primeval barbarity: perhaps the point of English perfection is already passed, and every intended improvement may be now only deviation. This at least is certain, that posterity will perceive a strong similitude between the poets of the sixteenth, and those of the latter end of the eighteenth century.

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(1) ["When I began Childe Harold, I had never tried Spenser's measure; and now I cannot scribble in any other."—*Lord Byron to Lord Holland*, Sept. 26, 1812.

"The stanza of the Faerie Queene is framed with such consummate skill, that all its parts are indivisibly interlaced, and the rhythm proceeds with increasing strength and fullness through the whole, till it is wound up in a harmonious, rich, and perfect close. There is no form of verse in our language in which so many successful poems have been written as in this, notwithstanding its apparent difficulty. The poet who would learn the mysteries of his art, should take Spenser for his master, and drink of his poetry as from a well,—not indeed of English undefiled, but of perpetual harmony, pure thoughts, delightful imagery, and tender feeling."—*Quart. Rev.*, 1814, vol. xii., p. 72.]

To this edition of Spenser's works, the editor has prefixed some account of his life, gleaned from his own and cotemporary writings. There is a strong similitude between the lives of almost all our English poets. The ordinary of Newgate, we are told, has but one story, which serves for the life of every hero that happens to come within the circle of his pastoral care; however unworthy the resemblance appears, it may be asserted, that the history of one poet might serve with as little variation for that of any other. Born of creditable parents, who gave him a pious education; however, in spite of all their endeavours, in spite of all the exhortations of the minister of the parish on Sundays, he turned his mind from following good things, and fell to—— writing verses! Spenser, in short, lived poor, was reviled by the critics of his time, and died at last in the utmost distress.⁽¹⁾ There are some quotations brought in proof of this, from a poem called the Purple Island, which, as the reader may have never seen, we shall beg leave to transcribe. "The poet had been speaking of the discouragements attending learning and the muses:

STANZA 17.

" 'But wretched we to whom these iron daies
(Hard daies) afford nor matter nor reward!—

19.

" 'Witnesse our Colin; whom though all the Graces
And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song,
Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds throng;

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(1) [" Spenser died broken-hearted at London, in January 1599. He was buried, according to his desire, near the tomb of Chaucer, and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number), followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave."—CAMPBELL, Brit. Poets, vol. ii, p. 176.]

Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits denied,
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

20.

"'And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head
Ah! lies full low), piti'd thy wofull plight;
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink,
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

21.

"'O! let th' Iambick muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.'" (1)

"The reader will excuse our tempting his curiosity, by adding, that the author of these agreeable lines is Phineas Fletcher, nephew to Richard Fletcher, bishop of London. As we have taken the liberty to introduce on this occasion this poet so little known, we cannot but add, that he seems to be of Spenser's own turn of mind. At Hilgay(2) 'tis most likely this ingenious and good man passed his days, privately and humbly, and with all the modest sentiments with which he every where abounds. We cannot but think of him and love him, when he mentions

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(1) [" Under the auspices of the Earl of Essex, Spenser received from Queen Elizabeth a pension of £50 yearly. It is supposed that some passages in his poems drew down upon his head the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which continued to attend him through life. The striking lines, describing the miseries of a suitor for court favour, have been always understood to refer to his own disappointment:—

'Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To frett thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Prose Works, vol. xvii. p. 91.]

(2) [Phineas Fletcher held the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, for twenty-nine years. He died about the year 1650.]

' ———————— the blushing strawberries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking eyes,
Shewing that sweetness oft both low and hidden lies:'

"And we cannot but revere and envy him, when giving us advice:—

'Would'st thou live honour'd? clip Ambition's wing;
To Reason's yoke thy furious passions bring:
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king!'"

The notes to this edition are mostly imitations or various readings, and sufficiently evince the editor's industry, though they contribute little to enlighten the reader. There is also a glossary of the obsolete terms which are not explained in the notes; and, in short, such helps as are sufficient to understand the poet, without any ostentation of learning in the learned editor.

XVI.—LANGHORNE'S "DEATH OF ADONIS, FROM THE GREEK OF BION."

[*From the Critical Review*, 1759. "*The Death of Adonis: a Pastoral Elegy, from the Greek of Bion. By the Rev. John Langhorne.*"(1) *4to.*]

Of all the different kinds of poetry, elegy has been least cultivated since the revival of letters. We have seen the ancients rivalled, sometimes excelled in the epic, the ode, or the pastoral; but in elegy they still remain without competitors, and the attempts of Biderman, Fontaine, Deshoulier, and Hammond, serve only to evince their inferiority. This may seem the more surprising, as there is scarcely a beauty in poetry, that elegy is not capable of admitting; sometimes replete with pathetic simplicity, sometimes even assuming the bold metaphors of resentment, and often borrowing every ornament that art can bestow: in a word, is tender, passionate, or graceful, by turns. Elegy may be distinguished into three different kinds, as either of them happens to prevail. It is Love, and not the poet, who speaks: like a true boy, he is easily enraged, and as easily appeased; now exulting with success, again melting into tears of disappointment; when angry, threatening impossibilities; when appeased, repenting his insolence with the most abject humility. But whatever the pretences of the moderns, or even of the Latins, may be to this beautiful species of poetry, the little poem before us bears away the prize, and is incontestibly the finest production of the elegiac Muse, if we except that of Euripides, in his Andromache. We shall not enter into a disquisition with the grammarians, whether it be an elegy or not, as it wants what they term the characteristic difference of this species of poesy; *viz.* an alternate succession of hexameters and pentameters: be it sufficient to observe, that it unites every charm that a beautiful passion can suggest, and though simple, yet it is *simplex munditiis.* Some modern critics, it is true, have asserted, that plaintive elegy should be entirely unornamented: it might be sufficient to answer, that the practice of the ancients is against them; but nature itself also opposes this doctrine. A despairing lover, it is true, has no occasion to be tricked out like a beau, but yet should be sufficiently beautiful to interest the spectators with favourable sentiments, sufficiently ornamented to seem still desirous of pleasing. Elegy should in some measure resemble the poet's mistress.

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(1) [The translator of Plutarch, and author of "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia," "Fables of Flora," &c. &c. "He was," says Mr. Campbell, "an elegant scholar and an amiable man. He gave delight to thousands, from the press and the pulpit. Yet, as a prose writer, it is impossible to deny, that his rapidity was the effect of lightness more than vigour; and, as a poet, there is no ascribing to him either fervour or simplicity."—*British Poets*, vol. vi. p. 365.]

Purpureo jacuit semisupina toro
Tamque fuit neglecta decens.

"Stretched on this mountain thy torn lover lies;
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
And death dims slow the ghastly-gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
Adonis feels the warm salute no more."

There is no species of poetry that has not its particular character; and this diversity, which the ancients have so religiously observed, is founded in nature itself. The more just their imitations are found, the more perfectly are those characters distinguished. Thus the pastoral never quits his pipe, in order to sound the trumpet; nor does elegy venture to strike the lyre. It is indeed passionate, but has nothing terrible; nor is there, in the wildest rage of a lover, ought than can excite a stronger emotion than pity.

"But streaming when he saw life's purple tide
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cry'd;
Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
When thou art gone."———

Let it not be thought that emotion alone will suffice for making an elegy, and that love will make a greater poet than study and genius. Passion alone will never produce a finished piece; it may, indeed, furnish the most natural sentiments, if we attend its impulses; but it is art alone that must turn them to use, and join the graces of expression.

> "Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
> In life imprison'd whom the fates confine,
> He comes! receive him to thine iron arms;
> Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms.
> Far happier then, to whose wide realms repair,
> Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
> The smiles of joy, the golden hours, are fled;
> Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead."

As the philosopher asserted, that he learned the truest philosophy in Homer, so he who would write a perfect elegy, should study the performance before us with the closest application. From one example of this kind, he will learn more than from all the precepts critics have delivered on the subject. He will here perceive beauty in distress, borrowing the language of nature and passion, and adapting sentiments to the subject: the thoughts rising, as of their own accord, without being sought after; the verse flowing with various harmony; the whole combined by a concealed connection, yet seemingly without order: in short, our idea increasing, by just degrees, to the end of the piece; like those landscapes that rise upon the eye, till they seem to touch the skies.

> "Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore,
> And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
> Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
> Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
> Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
> The purple streams in blushing roses glow,
> And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
> Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.
> But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
> Nor count thy sorrows to the desert air.
> The last sad office let thy hand supply,
> Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye."

It is not thus that many of our moderns have composed what they call elegies: they seem scarcely to know its real character. If a hero or a poet happens to die with us, the whole board of elegiac poets raise the dismal chorus, adorn his hearse with all the paltry escutcheons of flattery, rise into bombast, paint him as at the head of his thundering legions, or reining Pegasus in his most rapid career: they are sure to strew cypress enough upon the bier, dress up all the muses in mourning, and look themselves every whit as dismal and sorrowful as an undertaker's shop. Neither pomp nor flattery agrees with real affliction: it is not thus that Marcellus, even that Marcellus who was adopted by the emperor of the world, is bewailed by Propertius. His beauty, his strength, his milder virtues, seem to have caught the poet's affections, and inspired his affliction. Were a person to die in these days, though he was never at a battle in his life, our elegiac writers would be sure to make one for the occasion. Our lovers too, if they are really in love, seem more solicitous to shew their wit than their passion, adapt trifling ornaments to broad sentiments, and somewhat resemble the lawyer, who cared not whether he gained or lost his cause, provided he could make the court admire his eloquence.

> " Je hais ces vains auteurs, dont la muse forcée,
> M'entretient de ses feux, toujours froid,et glacée,
> Qui s'affligent par art, et foux de sens rassis
> S'érigent pour rimer en amoureux transit."—BOILEAU.

With respect to the present translation, from the instances already given, the reader need scarcely be informed, that it is very elegant, and tolerably correct. Several of the minor poets are as yet without translations: we hope that a hint will not be lost. (1)

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(1) [Langhorne died in 1779, in his forty-fourth year. In 1773, he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Hannah More. Meeting one day, at Weston-supra-Mare, upon the sea shore, he wrote with the end of his stick upon the sand:—

> " Along the shore walk'd Hannah More;
> Waves, let this record last;]
> Sooner shall ye, proud earth and sea,
> Than what *she* writes be past."

XVII.—WARD ON ORATORY.(1)

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*A System of Oratory, delivered in a Course of Lectures, publicly read at Gresham College. By John Ward, LL.D. F.R.S. In two volumes, 8vo.*"]

If diction perfectly grammatical, and a method perfectly scientific; if the marks of extensive reading, and an omission of scarce aught that has been formerly advanced on the subject, demand applause, these lectures may assert their claim. Accurate and copious, they contain all that the

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Miss More scratched underneath with her whip,—

"Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse;
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting, as thy verse."

"A very lively, intellectual intercourse" (says Mr. Roberts) "was sustained between them, until a habit of intemperance, in which he had vainly sought relief under the pressure of domestic calamity, raised a barrier between him and persons of strict behaviour." The following copy of verses, written by Langhorne in his garden, were found among Hannah More's papers:—

"Blow, blow, my sweetest rose!
For Hannah More will soon be here,
And all that crowns the ripening year,
Should triumph where she goes.

"My sun-flower fair, abroad
For her thy golden breast unfold,
And with thy noble smile behold,
The daughter of thy God.

"Ye laurels, brighter bloom!
For she your wreaths, to glory due,
Has bound upon the hero's brow, (1)
And planted round his tomb.

"Ye bays, your odours shed!
For you her youthful temples bound,
What time she trod on fairy ground,
By sweet Euterpe led!

"Come, innocent and gay,
Ye rural nymphs your love confess,
For her who sought your happiness, (2)
And crown'd it with her bay."

See Roberts' Life of Hannah More, vol. i. p. 28.]

(1) [Dr. John Ward was Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College for thirty-eight years. He was born in London in 1679, and died in 1758.]

(1) [The Inflexible Captive.]

(2) [Search after Happiness.]

ancients have delivered on the rhetorician's art, all the rules commentators have coolly deduced from a careful perusal of the raptures of Demosthenes and Cicero. This, perhaps, was all the praise our author sought; and this much certainly is his due. We will not accuse the lecturer of phlegm, since he only professes to be didactic; nor censure his many repetitions, since to an audience, perhaps, they conduce to perspicuity. They who seek to understand rhetoric, must be contented with the disgusting dryness of names and definitions: those names and proper definitions are supplied here in abundance. If, regardless of the present age, the author has not thought proper to adapt his rules to the differing modes of eloquence of different centuries, he has, nevertheless, been a faithful commentator upon the ancients, whom he appears to have studied, and whose languages he seems perfectly to have understood. We would not therefore be thought to object to the execution of the present performance, but to the choice of the subject; not to the lecturer's talents, but the inutility of his task.

Upon a former occasion we hinted our opinion, that eloquence is more improved by the perusal of the great masters, from whose excellences rules have been afterwards formed, than by an attendance on the lectures of such as pretend to teach the art by rule, more by imitation than by precept. We shall here, then, take the liberty of pursuing the thought; and as an extract from the work before us can (from the nature of the subject) neither excite the reader's curiosity nor awaken his attention, instead of offering any thing from the author we shall fill up a page with a few observations of our own. We all would be orators: we live in an age of orators: our very tradesmen are orators. Were it not worth while to ask what oratory is?

Oratory is nothing more than the being able to imprint on others, with rapidity and force, the sentiments of which we are possessed ourselves. Thus sometimes even silence is eloquent, and action persuades when words might fail. We may be thus impressed, without being convinced; and our passions are often excited on the side of the speaker, though reason would resist their impulse. "Whatever," says Boileau, "we clearly conceive, we can clearly express; whatever we conceive with warmth, is expressed in the same manner:" when the emotion is strong, the words rise almost involuntarily, to give our feelings all the force of expression. The speaker who calmly considers the propriety of his diction cools in the interval; the spirit is fled, and, not being moved himself, he ceases to affect his hearers. Should we examine writers of genius on the most applauded parts of their performances, they would readily answer, that those parts have been most admired which they wrote with the greatest ease and the warmest enthusiasm. Thus we see, eloquence is born with us before the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before the rules of grammar. Nature alone is mistress of the art, and perhaps every person who understands the language in which he speaks, who has great interest in the cause he defends, or is warmly attached to his party, must be an orator. This is the reason that the most barbarous nations speak in a style more affecting and figurative than others; they feel with passions unabated by judgment, and tropes and figures are the natural result of their sensations. These strong and vigorous emotions, therefore, can be no where taught, but they may be extinguished by rule; and this we find actually to have been the case: we find no Grecian orator truly sublime after the precepts of Aristotle, nor Roman after the lectures of Quintilian. Their precepts might have guarded their successors from falling into faults, but at the same time they deterred them from rising into beauty. Cool, dispassionate, and even, they never forfeited their title to good sense; they incurred no disgust, and they raised no admiration.

But if rules in general of this kind are of such inutility, how much more must they lead us astray, when we cite the precepts given to the orators of one country to direct the pleadings of another; rules drawn from the ancients to direct a modern barrister, would make him thoroughly ridiculous; and yet this custom prevailed in Europe till about a century ago. A lawyer, who even then perceived the absurdity of the custom, hearing his adversary talk of the war of Troy, the beauteous Helen, and the river Scamander, entreated the court to observe, that his client was christened, not Scamander, but Simon.

In fact, those men who have taken so much pains to reduce what is properly a *talent* to an *art*, have but very little advanced the interests of learning: by their means, the mind, attentive to her own operations, mixes judgment with all her enthusiasms; and like a man who is ever reflecting on the danger of every hazardous enterprize, at last is satisfied with the advantages of safety, unconcerned about the rewards attending success.

XVIII.—MURPHY'S ORPHAN OF CHINA.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*The Orphan of China; a Tragedy. By Arthur Murphy, Esq.*"]

When luxury has exhausted every mode of enjoyment, and is palled by an iteration of the same pursuits, it often has recourse even to absurdity for redress, and vainly expects from novelty those satisfactions it has ceased to find in nature. Like the Asiatic tyrant of antiquity, wearied of the old pleasures, it proposes immense rewards, and eagerly seeks amusement in the new. From the prevalence of a taste like this, or rather from this perversion of taste, the refined European has, of late, had recourse even to China, in order to diversify the amusements of the day. We have seen gardens laid out in the eastern manner; houses ornamented in front by zig-zag lines; and rooms stuck round with Chinese vases and Indian pagods. If such whimsies prevail among those who conduct the pleasures of the times, and consequently lead the fashion, is it to be wondered, if even poetry itself should conform, and the public be presented with a piece formed upon Chinese manners?—manners which, though the poet should happen to mistake, he has the consolation left, that few readers are able to detect the imposture. Voltaire, than whom no author better adapts his productions to the colour of the times, was sensible of this prevalence of fashion in favour of all that came from China, and resolved to indulge its extravagance. He has accordingly embroidered a Chinese plot with all the colouring of French poetry; but his advances to excellence are only in proportion to his deviating from the calm insipidity of his eastern original. Of all nations that ever felt the influence of the inspiring goddess, perhaps the Chinese are to be placed in the lowest class: their productions are the most phlegmatic that can be imagined. In those pieces of poetry, or novel, translations, some of which we have seen, and which probably may soon be made public,(1) there is not a single attempt to address the imagination, or influence the passions; such therefore are very improper models for imitation: and Voltaire, who was perhaps sensible of this, has made very considerable deviations from the original plan.(2) Our English poet has deviated still further, and, in proportion as the plot has become more European, it has become more perfect. By omitting many of the circumstances of the original story, and adding several of his own, Mr. Murphy has given us a play, if not truly Chinese, at least entirely poetical. Perhaps it was the intention of this ingenious writer, to show the strength of his imagination in embellishing a barren plot, and, like the artist we have sometimes heard of, who was famous for dressing a pair of shoes into a fricasee, chose rather to have us admire his manner than his materials.

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(1) A specimen of this kind will probably appear next season at Mr. Dodsley's, as we are informed. [In 1761, Goldsmith's friend, Dr. Percy, published his translation of "Han Kiou Choaan, or the Pleasing History," a Chinese novel, containing a faithful picture of the domestic manners, habits, and characters of that extraordinary people.]

The first error in the plot of this piece is, that the pathos begins without a proper preparation of incident. The most poignant anguish begins in the second act, where Mandane, the only woman of the play, feels all the distress of passion, conflicting between a subject's duty and a mother's tenderness. When the poet thus attempts to move us before his time, the most he can do is to raise an equally moderate degree of pity through the whole, which all his art cannot raise into that fine agony of distress, so common among the great masters of his art. All enthusiasms are of short continuance; nor is it in the power of genius to keep our sorrows alive through five acts, unless it diversifies the object, or, in every act excites some new and unforseen distress; but neither of these the Chinese plot in view admits of.

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(2) [" The first specimen of a Chinese play was translated into French by the Jesuit Prémaire. Voltaire made his translation of the ' Orphan of Chaou' the groundwork of one of his best tragedies, ' L'Orphelin de la Chine :' it is founded on an event which occurred about a hundred years before the birth of Confucius. A military leader having usurped the lands of the house of Chaou, is determined on exterminating the whole race. A faithful dependant of the family saves the life of the orphan and male heir, by concealing him, and passing off his own child in his stead. The orphan is brought up in ignorance of his real condition, until he reaches man's estate, when the whole subject being revealed to him by his tutor and guardian, he revenges the fate of his family on the usurper, and recovers his rights. In this plot, Dr. Hurd remarked a near resemblance, in many points, to the Electra of Sophocles, where the young Orestes is reared by his *pedagogus*, or tutor, until he is old enough to enact summary justice on the murderers of his father Agamemnon."—Davis, Chinese, vol. ii. p. 191.]

Shakspeare, Otway, and Rowe, seemed to have been perfect economists of their distress (if we may use the expression); they were so sensible of a necessary gradation in this respect, that their characters frequently make their first appearance in circumstances of joy and triumph. They well knew that we are apt to pity the sufferings of mankind, in proportion as they have fallen from former happiness. Othello, therefore, meets the mistress he must soon kill, in all the ecstacy of a happy lover. Acasto surveys the felicity of his family with the most unreserved degree of rapture; and the father of the Fair Penitent, who so soon is to be wretched indeed, begins in a strain of exaltation, that forces us almost to envy his felicity.

We have been led into these reflections, from observing the effect the ingenious performance before us had upon the audience the first night of its representation. The whole house seemed pleased, highly and justly pleased; but it was not with the *luxury of woe* they seemed affected: the nervous sentiment, the glowing imagery, the well-conducted scenery, seemed the sources of their pleasure; their judgment could not avoid approving the conduct of the drama, yet few of the situations were capable of getting within the soul, or exciting a single tear; in short, it was quickly seen, that all the faults of the performance proceeded from vicious imitation, and all its beauties were the poet's own.

And now we are mentioning faults (faults which a single quotation from the play will happily expunge from the reader's memory), the author has, perhaps, too frequently mentioned the word *virtue*. This expression should, in the mouth of a philosopher, be husbanded, and only used on great occasions; if repeated too often, it loses its cabalistic power, and at last degenerates into contempt. This was actually the case at Athens, so that their Πολυθρυλλετη ἀρετή, as it was called, became contemptible even among the most stupid of their neighbouring nations; and towards the latter end of their government they grew ashamed of it themselves. But, to do the writer ample justice, we will lay one scene against all his defects, and we are convinced that this alone will turn the balance in his favour. Works of genius are not to be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound.

Zamti, the Chinese high-priest, is informed, that his own son is going to be offered up as the orphan-heir of China; after a short conflict, his duty gains a complete victory over paternal affection: he is willing his son should die, in order to secure his king; but the difficulty remains to persuade his wife, Mandane, to forego a mother's fondness, and conspire also in the deceit.

“ *Scene.*—MANDANE, ZAMTI.

Mandane. And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from my breast?
Art thou, indeed, so barbarous?—
Zamti. Lov'd Mandane,
Fix not your scorpions here—a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.
Mandane. I've seen
The trusty Morat—Oh! I've heard it all.
He would have shunn'd my steps; but what can 'scape
The eye of tenderness like mine?
Zamti. By heav'n!
I cannot speak to thee.
Mandane. Think'st thou those tears,
Those false, those cruel tears, will choke the voice
Of a fond mother's love, now stung to madness?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations;
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast;
Turn all connubial joy to bitterness,
To fell despair, to anguish, and remorse,
Unless my son ——

Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes.
Mandane. Give me my child,
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son;
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me strain him to my heart.
Zamti. Heaven knows
How dear my boy is here. But our first duty
Now claims attention—to our country's love,
All other fondnesses must yield:—
I was a subject ere I was a father.
Mandane. You were a savage, bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart. Was it for this—oh! thou unkind one,
Was it for this—oh, thou inhuman father,
You woo'd me to your nuptial bed? So long
Have I then clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
And made this breast your pillow? Cruel, say,
Are these your vows? Are these your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me. If this wasted form,
These faded eyes, have turn'd your heart against me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.
Zamti. Why wilt thou pierce my heart?
Mandane. Alas! my son,
Have I then bore thee in these matron arms,
To see thee bleed? Thus dost thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when first she sent
Her infant exile to a distant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril? Thus to fall
By a stern father's will. By thee to die!
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!
Murder'd by thee! Yet hear me, Zamti, hear me—
Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more—
'Tis Nature's voice that pleads; Nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.
Zamti. Nay, seek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To swell the flood of grief—it is in vain—
He must submit to fate.
Mandane. Barbarian! no—(*She rises hastily.*)
He shall not die—rather—I pri'thee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-distracted woman: Tremble
At the wild fury of a woman's love.
Zamti. I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine. Bathe your perfidious hands

In this life-blood. Betray the righteous cause
Of all our sacred kings.
Mandane. Our kings!—our kings!
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world?—
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
To drink the cup of human woe?—alike
All levell'd by affliction? Sacred kings!
'Tis human policy sets up their claim.
Mine is a mother's cause—mine is the cause
Of husband, wife, and child;—those tenderest ties!
Superior to your right divine of kings!
Zamti. Then go, Mandane, thou once faithful woman,
Dear to this heart in vain;—go, and forget
Those virtuous lessons which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd. Go, to Timurkan,
Reveal the awful truth. Be thou spectatress
Of murder'd majesty. Embrace your son,
And let him lead in shame and servitude,
A life ignobly bought. Then let those eyes,
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,
To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.
Mandane. And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? My soul disdains
The vile imputed guilt. No—never—never—
Still am I true to fame. Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to save Zaphimri;
But save my Hamet too. Then, then you'll find
A heart beats here, as warm and great as thine.
Zamti. Then make with me one strong, one glorious effort,
And rank with those who, from the first of time,
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,
For conquering all the dearest ties of nature,
To serve the general weal.
Mandane. That savage virtue
Loses with me its horrid charms. I've sworn
To save my king. But should a mother turn
A dire assassin—oh! I cannot bear
The piercing thought. Distraction—quick distraction
Will seize my brain.—See there—my child—my child—
By guards surrounded, a devoted victim,—
Barbarians, hold! Ah! see, he dies!—he dies!
[*She faints into Zamti's arms.*

Zamti. Where is Arsace? Fond maternal love
Shakes her weak frame—(*Enter Arsace*). Quickly, Arsace, help
This ever tender creature. Wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek. Soft, lead her off
To where the fanning breeze in yonder bow'r
May woo her spirits back. Propitious heav'n!
Pity the woundings of a father's heart;
Pity my strugglings with this best of women;
Support our virtue:—kindle in our souls
A ray of your divine enthusiasm;
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
Th' imprison'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a single hour it works to millions,
And leaves the legacy to after-times. [*Exit, leading off Mandane*.

Even in so short a specimen the reader sees a strength of thought, a propriety of diction, and a perfect acquaintance with the stage. The whole is thus in action, filled with incident, and embellished with a justness of sentiment, not to be found even in M. Voltaire. The French poet, for instance, seems to speak without detestation of self-murder, and instances the neighbouring Japanese,(1) who find in it a refuge from all their sorrows: our poet more justly bounds it as an usurpation of

Zamti. The dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own beings! 'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril—
Be that the practice of the gloomy north.
Mandane. Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's rod,
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And view the deed with wonder and applause.

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(1) ["L'homme était-il donc né pour tant de dépendance,
De nos voisins altiers imitons la constance;
De la nature humaine ils soutiennent les droits,
Vivent libres chez eux, et meurent à leur choix.
Un affront leur suffit pour sortir de la vie,
Et plus que le néant ils craignent l'infamie,
Le hardi Japonais n'attend pas qu'au cercueil;
Un despote insolent le plonge d'un coup-d'œil."
L'Orphelin de la Chine, acte v. sc. 5.]

Zamti. Distress too exquisite!—Ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rush to your awful presence;—oh! it is not
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls
From his high scaffolding;—oh!—no—if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
Has nothing left to do;—when liberty
No more can breathe at large;—'tis with the groans
Of our dear country when we dare to die.
Mandane. Then here at once direct the friendly steel.
Zamti. One last adieu!—now!—ah! does this become
Thy husband's love! thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
With other looks than those—oh! my Mandane—
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?
Mandane. Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillows
Have spread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates surround us—
Then lay me down in honourable rest;
Come, as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.
Zamti. It must be so—
Now then, prepare thee—my arm flags and droops,
Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve. [*Dashes down the dagger.*

This is finely conceived, and exquisitely executed. Subjoined to the play we find a letter, addressed from the author to Voltaire, which we think might have been better suppressed; for though it is written with fire and spirit, and contains many judicious observations, it may subject Mr. Murphy to the censure of having made but an indifferent return to a man, whose sentiments and plan he has, in a great measure, thought proper to adopt. It may be indeed considered as a just retribution on a Frenchman, who had served Shakspeare in the same manner; that is, adopted all his beauties, and then reviled him for his faults. Voltaire is entitled to particular regard from our countryman, notwithstanding the petulance with which he has treated them on some occasions; for he was certainly the first who opened the eyes of Europe to the excellences of English poetry.

XIX.—DR. YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION. (1)

[*From the Critical Review,* 1760. "*Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.*" 8*vo.*]

One of the oldest and bravest champions in the cause of literature, has here resumed the gauntlet; and Dr. Young, the only surviver of our age of writers, instead of growing languid with age, seems to gather strength by time, and kindles as he runs. Some imagery, frequent metaphor, and a glowing imagination, are generally the prerogatives of a youthful author; however, the writer in view seems to invert the order of nature, and as he grows old, his fancy seems to grow more luxuriant. To say the truth, his metaphors are too thick sown; he frequently drives them too far, and often does not preserve their simplicity to the end; thus, when he speaks of men "up to the knees in antiquity saluting the Pope's toe," he mixes images that are in themselves inconsistent; but wherever he falls short of perfection, his faults are the errors of genius; his manner peculiarly his own; and while his book serves, by precept, to direct us to original composition, it serves to impel us by example.

He begins by apologising for his having, at his time of life, resumed the pen. There was no need of an excuse from one whose genius still subsists in its energy, and whose very defects will have admirers. He proceeds to observe that there are two kinds of imitations, one of nature, the other of authors. The first we call originals, and confine the term imitation to the second; an imitator of the last class he justly ranks infinitely beneath the former. An imitator shares his crown with the chosen object of his imitation; but the original seizes reputation. Fame, fond of new glories, sounds her trumpet in triumph at his birth; but so few books have we dictated by original genius, that if all others were to be burnt, the lettered world would resemble some metropolis in flames, where a few incombustible buildings, a fortress, temple, or tower, lift their heads in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. But why, continues he, are originals so few? Not because the writers' harvest is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them, but because illustrious examples engross, prejudice, and intimidate. They engross our attention, and so prevent a due inspection of ourselves; they prejudice our judgment in favour of their abilities, and so lessen the sense of their own; they intimidate us with the splendour of their renown: and thus, under diffidence, bury our strength.

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(1) [" Dr. Johnson told us, the first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of Clarissa. He was sent for that the Doctor might read to him his 'Conjectures on Original Composition;' which he did, and Dr. Johnson made his remarks; and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties, what he thought very common maxims. He said he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing."—Boswell, vol. iv. p. 301.]

He next asserts, that the truest way of writing like the ancients is to draw from nature. Let us build our compositions with the spirit, and in the taste of the ancients, but not with their materials. It is by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with the writings of the ancients, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us. Genius is a master workman, learning but an instrument; and an instrument, though most valuable, not always indispensable.

Of genius there are two species, an earlier and a later; or call them infantine and adult. An adult genius comes out of nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature. Shakspeare's genius was of this kind;

on the contrary, Swift had an infantine genius, which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to nought. Men are often strangers to their own abilities; genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise, who, while we are lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us at once with equal surprise and joy. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature at the first beamings of their unsuspected genius, on the hitherto dark composition. Let not then great examples, or authorities, browbeat our reason into too great a diffidence of ourselves. Let us reverence ourselves, so as to prefer the native growth of our own minds to the richest imports from abroad, since such borrowed riches serve only to increase our poverty. Admiration of others depresses the admirer, in proportion as it lifts the object of our applause.

He proceeds, by complaining that Pope, who had a genius truly original, if he chose to exert it, was contented with being an humble imitator, and even boasted of his skill at imitation. Swift, on the contrary, not sufficiently acquainted with himself, left truth, in order to be original only in the wrong; and has so satirized human nature, as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized. The author then proceeds to characterize Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; by the bye, paying his friend, the author of Sir Charles Grandison, some very pretty compliments. Dryden, he justly observes, was by no means a master of the pathos in tragedy. "He had a great, but a general capacity; as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind, concentred and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours, so what comes from his head, sets our brains at work and our hearts at ease."

He then makes a transition to Mr. Addison, whose tragedy of Cato is observed to be a fine, but not an affecting performance. But though this poet deserved a superiority over cotemporary claims, even by his writings, he infinitely surpassed his rivals for fame in the integrity of his life, and in a glorious circumstance attending his death. Perceiving his last moments to approach, and no help from his physicians, he sent for a youth nearly related to him, finely accomplished, and who felt the utmost distress at separation. The young man came, "but life, now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'"(1)

As Dr. Young's manner of writing is peculiarly his own, and has already secured him an ample share of fame, we hope to see some succeeding man of genius do justice to the integrity of his life, and the simplicity and piety of his manners; for in this respect, not Addison himself was, perhaps, his superior. We would, in a word, be much better pleased to see the writers of the rising generation more fond of imitating his life than his writings; his moral qualities are transferable; his peculiarities, as a genius, can scarcely be imitated, except in their faults.

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(1) ["Tickell, in his excellent elegy on the death of Addison, alluded, in the following lines, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview with Lord Warwick:

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge! taught us how to die."

Johnson's Life of Addison.]

XX.—BUTLER'S REMAINS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

[*From the Critical Review*, 1759. "*The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr. Samuel Butler. Published from the Original Manuscripts, formerly in the possession of W. Longueville, Esq.*;(1) *with Notes by R. Thyer, Keeper of the public Library at Manchester.*" *In two vols.* 8*vo.*]

When we consider Butler merely as a poet, and a party poet too, and reflect that poets, in our own time, have been known to excel in one species of composition, and yet have been useless in all other purposes of life, and ignorant in all other pursuits of learning, we bewail, but we are not greatly surprised at, the indigence in which we are told he lived and died. But when we view him by the light in which this publication places him, we are struck with somewhat next to horror at the want of discernment, at the more than barbarous ingratitude, of his cotemporaries. When we see him join the humour of Lucian to the philosophy of Plato, and unite the virtue of Socrates with the wit of Aristophanes; when he displays an equal knowledge of men and books; when he adapts reading to reasoning, and all in the cause of liberty and religion, we are apt to bewail, not only the disgrace, but the loss, of our country, that could suffer such a person to be, in a manner, dead to society.

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(1) ["Mr. William Longueville was a conveyancing lawyer, and a bencher of the Inner Temple, and had raised himself from a low beginning to great eminence in that profession. He was the last patron and friend that poor old Butler, the author of Hudibras, had, and in his old age he supported him, otherwise he must have been literally starved. All that the poet could do to recompense him, was to make him his heir, that is, give him his Remains; but on loose paper, and indigested."—Life of Lord Keeper Guilford, vol. ii. p. 189, edit. 1826.]

Till the pieces before us were published, Swift could, with some appearance of justice, have disputed with Butler the palm of wit, humour, and observation of life. But we are of opinion, that the question must be now, by the discerning and impartial part of the public, decided in Butler's favour. We cannot, however, say of all the pieces of this collection, as Ovid does of the chariot of the sun, "Materiam superat opus;" for here many of the materials are rich, but the workmanship is rough; they look like pieces of the most precious metal, when they first come out of a beautiful mould; but without the finishing and heightenings, that the hand and the tools of the artist can bestow. Many of them bear manifest indications of genius labouring, but not crushed, under indigence; while some of them have received all the polish that art and judgment can bestow.

The editor has performed his duty with great pertinency, yet modesty, of observation; and this publication is far from being one of those catchpenny subscription-works, which, circulating from one good-natured friend to another, at last picks the pocket of the public. We are tempted to wish, however, that Mr. Thyer's studies had led him a little more than they seem to have done, into those piddling walks of pamphlet and polemical reading, from which alone can be drawn the illustrations of many dark passages of his admirable author; nor can we think he has been always happy in his conjectures.

Through great part of the two volumes before us, we perceive that Butler was no friend to the Royal Society,(1) and the method of philosophising in fashion in his time; and, indeed, as Mr. Thyer observes with great truth, one must own, that the members of that learned body, at their first setting out, did justly lay themselves open to the lashes of wit and satire.

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(1) [" The enemies of the Royal Society were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious; for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts; and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypothetical temerity."—Johnson.]

The first poem in this collection is entitled "The Elephant in the Moon," and is planned upon a humourous story of a mouse getting into a telescope, with which the virtuosos were viewing the moon, and which they instantly pronounced to be an elephant in the moon. The story, which is full of Butler's humour, is told at first in short, and then in long, verse, but generally in the same terms and terminations of rhyme.

The poem which follows is entitled, "A Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man," and bears the stamp not only of genius but virtue; with such characteristics of the latter as are impossible to be counterfeited: as for the former, they speak for themselves. In short, this is perhaps the finest and justest satire that any language can produce; and the whole of it has those marks of virtuous indignation, which prove that the poet speaks from the heart. This indignation is levelled equally against the court of Charles the Second as against the fanatics; and the reader is grossly mistaken if he imagines, that because Butler was the author of Hudibras, he favoured either the politics or the manners of the court, to which his writings were so serviceable in its distress. The satire in question, in enumerating the outward circumstances that create the weakness and misery of man, has the following lines:

"Yet as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that, which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;

To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want.
And grown vain-glorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our greatest grace is, not to know
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich
And live as vainly to that pitch.

"Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard;
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms
Are but out-houses to the tombs;
Cities, though ere so great and brave,,
But mere warehouses to the grave;
Our brav'ry's (1) but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gain'd by being lost."

After some other very fine reflections of the same caste, he concludes in the following noble and splendid strain:

"That wealth, that bounteous fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches;
And those too happy men that bought it,
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it.
For what does vast wealth bring, but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
And easy-troubled life, and short? (2)

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(1) Finery.

(2) Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added: but as they are not regularly inserted, I choose rather to give them by way of note:

"For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,

"But all these plagues are nothing near
Those far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find
T' inflict himself upon his mind;
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins:
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most, which he can never do;
And the more strictly 'tis denied,
The more he is unsatisfied:
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts,
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best:
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays:
Grows positive and confident
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know,
Whether they be at all, or no;
And doubts as much in things, that are
As plainly evident, and clear:
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T'apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise:
Although, the subtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near:
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,

And have a magic pow'r to sway
The greedy souls of men that way;
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that, which they took not.
For wealth is all things, that conduce
To man's destruction, or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell."

As one of that vast multitude,
That on a needle 's point have stood:
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With the hundredth part of half a grain;
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere his brain;
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil, where 'twas made:
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse
Than those of strong and lively force."

The satire that follows is, what the author calls, in long verse, and is upon the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it. In this satire, which is the sequel of the former, we have the following masterly lines:

" For those, who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to hell;
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against its rays,
To prove, if they 're of generous breed, or base;
Call heaven and earth to witness, how they 've aim'd
With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd."

Speaking of example—

" Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good, or bad to human nature;
By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;

That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise."

The satire that follows is, we dare say, addressed to Sir William Davenant, whose name our editor has been so delicate as to suppress, and is a piece of sterling wit. Speaking of rhyme and sense, he says:

"I, whom a lewd caprich, (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain,
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black;
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme — —." (1)

Speaking of the plague of rhyme, Mr. Pope has nothing in all his works more splendid and musical than the following lines:

"Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop."

He concludes the epistle with the following lines:

"Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach — — — (2) how ne'er to write again.

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(1) Ned Howard. [The Honourable Edward Howard, brother-in-law of Dryden; author of the "British Princes," an heroic poem, the "Usurper," a tragedy, and several other pieces which subjected him to the ridicule of the wits and satirists of the day, and among the rest Butler.]

(2) [Sir William Davenant, author of 'Gondibert,' an heroic poem; 'Albovine,' a tragedy, &c. &c. "His 'Gondibert,'" said Pope, "is not a good poem, if you take it as in the whole; but there are a great many good things in it. He is a scholar of Donne's, and took his sententiousness and metaphysics from him."—Spence, p. 170.]

The next poem that follows, entitled "Repartees between Cat and Puss, at a Cater-wauling in the modern heroic Way," is levelled at the rhyme-plays of Dryden (1), (for we cannot think with Mr. Thyer, that Butler could throw his eye so low as upon Settle) and some other writers of otherwise good note; but it is supported with such exquisite humour, and with so just a spirit of ridicule, that it cannot admit of any quotations. Meanwhile, we think, that in this poem we can discover some seeds that were transplanted into the "Rehearsal," or from the "Rehearsal" into it. (2)

The satire that follows is upon our ridiculous imitation of the French, and is worthy of the author of Hudibras. The next poem is inscribed to the famous Ned Howard; and till now has always been given to Waller, and printed in his works. Then follows a palinody to the same gentleman, in the like vein of wit and humour. The conclusion of the next satire, which is upon drunkenness, is so inimitably fine, and so much Butler's manner, that we must give it to the reader.

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(1) " [The rage for imitating the French stage, joined to the successful efforts of Dryden, had now carried the heroic or rhyming tragedy to its highest pitch of popularity. The principal requisites of such a drama are summed up by him in the two first lines of the 'Orlando Furioso,'

> 'Le Donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori,
> Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese.'

The most applauded scenes in these plays turned upon nice discussions of metaphysical passion, such as in the days of yore were wont to be agitated in the courts and parliaments of love. Thus, in the scene between Almanzor and Almahide, the solicitations of the lover and the denials of the queen, are expressed in the very carte and tierce of poetical argumentation. This kind of Amabœan dialogue was early ridiculed by the ingenious author of Hudibras, in his 'Repartees between Cat and Puss, at a Cater-wauling in the modern heroic way.' "—Sir Walter Scott, Prose Works, vol. i, p. 103.]

(2) [" The ostensible author of the 'Rehearsal' was the witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had, however, the assistance of the witty author of Hudibras, who, while himself starving, amused his misery by ridiculing his contemporaries; Sprat, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and Martin Clifford, the author of a very scurrilous criticism upon some of Dryden's plays. By the joint efforts of this coalition the 'Rehearsal' was produced; a lively piece, which continues to please, although the plays which it parodies are no longer read or acted, and although the zest of the personal satire which it contains has evaporated in the lapse of time."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 116.]

"So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant, and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done."

The poem that follows is entitled, "A Satire on Marriage;" but is, in fact, levelled against adultery. It is but crude, though charged with our author's spirit, as are the three following poems written in Pindaric ode measures; one upon an "Hypocritical non-conformist;" the next upon "Modern Critics;" and the third, "To the happy memory of the most renowned Du Val," the highwayman. This last had been published in the author's life-time. We are sorry Mr. Thyer, in a note upon this ode, should have been so ill-informed, as to compare the fate of Maclean, the modern highwayman, to that of Du Val, in being beloved and lamented by the English ladies. We can assure him seriously, that the fact is false, and all the stories on that head were mere inventions. By-the-bye, Du Val was remarkably handsome, and Maclean was as remarkably ugly.

The satire, by way of panegyric on Sir John Denham, and the many severe touches of our author in other parts of his works against that gentleman, must have been founded upon some personal quarrel or disgust, as Mr. Thyer rightly observes. Amongst other things, Sir John is accused of having bought his Cooper's Hill, and of having borrowed the Sophy. But charges of that kind, if not supported by some very strong facts, ought to be discouraged; as they tend to endanger or weaken every author's claim to reputation from his works. "Nuptiæ demonstrant prolem," is an established maxim with regard to the issue of our bodies; and a man's fathering a production, unless it is clearly proved to be illegitimate, ought to establish his claim to the issue of his brains.(1) But the truth is, there are strong presumptions against the knight in point of plagiarism; for his works are so unequal, that some of them, to make use of Martial's expression to a plagiary, seem to say, ***Fur es.*** Butler might have reasons for his charge that we are ignorant of. Amongst the several poems that follow, which we cannot particularize, there is a satire upon Plagiaries, which is finished, and in Butler's best manner.

We cannot agree with Mr. Thyer's conjecture, that Oliver Cromwell is meant in the ballad that begins, "Draw near, good people, all draw near;" for though Mr. Thyer supports his conjecture by a caricatura of Cromwell's person, drawn by one of his professed enemies, yet we have a much better authority for believing that his face was far from being of the hideous form and complexion there described. There is an original of Cromwell by Cooper extant; and it is attended with a whimsical anecdote which is well-known to the virtuosi, and carries its own evidences along with it. For there are evident marks of creases in the canvas of the painting, and a blue scarf about his armour is unfinished, which is said to have been owing to the usurper's impatience, when he called at Cooper's for the picture; for seeing the head finished, he hastily pulled the piece from the tenter, and clapping it into his pocket, flung into his coach. This painting is conformable to all the accounts of his face that we have from the most impartial hands; and represents it as manly, but somewhat stern, though far from being ugly, far less deformed and hideous, as Butler has painted the subject of this ballad. If we might hazard a conjecture, the poet might allegorically design to satirize some of the committees of parliament, that sat upon the estates of the king's party, and compounded with their owners. Those committees sat in different parts, not only of the kingdom, but of the city.

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(1) ["A report was spread, that the poem of 'Cooper's Hill' was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of Cato, and Pope of his Essay on Criticism."—JOHNSON, Life of Denham.]

Amongst the fragments designed by Butler to be inserted in a second part of a satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, one of them falls foul of Milton, for leaving the merits of the controversy between him and Salmasius, about king Charles's murder, and turning it into a war of words, by accusing Salmasius of writing false Latin. This put us in mind of an epigram of Milton's, beginning—

> "What made Salmasius, that French chattering pie,
> To aim at English and *Hundreda* cry!

'Tis pity our author did not complete this design. His fragments, like the pieces of marble got together for rearing a building, are of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship. Amongst others, his description of a pedant is equally just and witty. Of pedantry, he says,—

> "For pedantry is but a corn, a wart
> Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
> A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
> Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
> That never grows from natural defects
> Of downright and untutor'd intellects;
> But from the over-curious and vain
> Distempers of an artificial brain."

Next follows a collection of verses, under the title of "Miscellaneous Thoughts," which are finely adapted to their subjects, and which, had they fallen into the hands of a poetical trader, might have set him up, and as the saying is, "made a man of him for ever." It is extremely hard, if not disagreeable, to give any thing as a specimen, where every thing is equally so; but, as we must keep up to our plan, we shall give the first that comes to our hand of these detached verses:—

"The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood."

"No seared conscience is so fell,
As that, which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace."

"As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near:
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one, that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief, that he meant,
Does like a rattle-snake prevent."

"When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way."

"What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience;
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side."

"As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangl'd by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,

"As greedily to prey on all,
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the curse for sin;
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation,
Are yet the fit'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls;
So jailers that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst."

Having thus, we hope, given no unsatisfactory account of this curious collection, so far as regards the poetical part of it, we shall now proceed to the prose part, in which Butler will appear with equal, if not superior, advantages.

It is a doubt whether the writings of Butler, or the neglect he met with, be the greatest satire on the age in which he lived: certainly, no man was ever possessed of greater talents for ridicule than he; none had a greater fund of original sentiment, none a more thorough detestation of vice, and none a more ungrateful return from society. A modern French writer, who has translated a part of his works, has justly observed, that he has more thoughts than lines, and perhaps an exuberance of sentiment is his greatest defect: indeed, so closely do they follow each other, that the reader has neither time to relish what is past, nor prepare himself for what is to follow; as in other commodities, their value seems to be diminished by their profusion.

Of all our English poets, Butler was reckoned the most modest man: his confusion was such, upon a first introduction, that some men imagined him scarce removed from idiotism; when he warmed, however, in conversation, he then began to shine, and what before was pity in the audience, was now turned to admiration. Characters, however, of this kind, are perhaps not so well qualified as others for commencing authors. Impressed with too great a respect for the judgment of the reader, they imagine his sagacity equal to their own, and avoid repetition or explanation, as a tax upon his patience, or an imputation on his skill. In short, they write as Butler has actually written, pour out thought after thought, leave no interstice in the composition void of sentiment, nor even allow a pause for admiration. Such writing as this, and not the affected diffidence expressed in a preface, is the true characteristic of modesty. Here the writer, as in conversation, says but little, and that to the purpose. Butler's manner is, however, now pretty much worn out of use: most readers now take up books merely to be idle; men of this complexion must be met with smiles, instead of the severity of thoughtfulness. As long as the writer continues to divert, so long will they permit him to instruct them; but if he offers to become too concise for their indolence, he then becomes unintelligible: to what purpose, then, should a writer think deeply, when those whom he addresses will not be at the pains of thinking? In short, this sententious manner of the last age somewhat resembles gothic architecture, where the eye of the spectator is presented with a number of parts, each highly finished, and separately pretty, but which, however, diminish the effect of the whole.

If we read the histories of those great men who enlightened or adorned mankind, and, at the same time, perished like Butler by neglect, we shall find their misfortunes owing to the warmth of their friendships, or the virulence of their disgust. Thus Dante, Theodore Gaza, and Cassender, were soured by their distresses at last into misanthropy: it was just so with Butler; we find him, through this publication, pursuing his cotemporary authors, whom he disliked or despised, either with open or concealed satire; he could not tamely bear to see men carry away all the rewards of admiration, because rich, nor set up as models of politeness, because hung round with titles. Sir John Denham, in particular, has found no quarter; he was one of those who owed most of his reputation to a combination of friends in his favour, and who was as much praised beyond his desert, as his antagonist before us was undervalued. Every wrong disposition of literary honours, Butler seems to have thought as a negative insult upon genius: he opposed the distribution with spirit, was tacitly approved, and left without a reward. How many plants of medicinal virtue do we not find growing among savages unacquainted with their effects!

The writing characters, as the editor remarks, was a kind of wit much in fashion in the beginning of the last century. Bruyère seemed to have led the mode, but, to confess the truth, has not been equalled by any succeeding imitator: he has the happy art of varying his manner; when the bare description of nature begins to disgust, he has recourse to a story, and when that has ceased to surprize, he finds refuge in a bon mot. The characters before us want that entertaining variety, and seem drawn rather after the designs of Theophrastus; and we must do our countryman the justice to own, that his sketches are not inferior to those of the refined Grecian.

His character of a small poet for instance, is as fine a piece of satire and criticism as we have seen united. To give the reader a specimen:—

> " A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires, himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books, or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of his joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him; and his vein is but an itch or clap, that he has catched of others; and his flame like that of charcoals, that were burnt before: but as he wants judgment to understand what is best,

he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be nature, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wit by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chowses do to play with cunning gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have bad voices are always singing out of tune; and those that cannot play, delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms; for the worse others write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager, that he swallows any thing that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against any thing that may lessen his good opinion of himself. This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible."

Were such a number of original thoughts in the possession of a German commentator, what folios might not be the result of his speculations! In short, this performance might serve as a common-place book(1) for such as find more difficulty in thinking than expression; a hundred sentiments may be stolen from it, and yet the plagiary be never detected.

What can be more just than his character of a libeller, whom he describes as one whose whole works treat but of two things, his own malice and the faults of another!

"He is not much concerned whether what he writes be true or false; that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at filthy and bitter; and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his labour for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spanish inquisition does with heretics, clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shews him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps, plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjuror, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *limbo;* where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never released, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy; for when he is discovered, he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to shew his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shews his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake."

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(1) ["I have been informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of Butler's Reliques, that he could shew something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the *common-place book*, in which Butler reposited not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality!"—JOHNSON, *Life of* Butler.]

At the end of these two volumes, for which the public are so much obliged to the editor, are subjoined thoughts upon various subjects, still superior to any thing in the foregoing collection. In these the author's peculiar talent shines conspicuously, since his principal merit consists in the strength and justness of his sentiments, without any peculiar skill in arrangement. Had all his works been published, like those of Mahomet, which, we are told, were delivered in single sentences, it is probable his fame would have suffered no diminution. To give an example of his talent this way:

" This age will serve to make a very pretty farce for the next; if it have any wit at all to make use of it."

" The preferment of fools and undeserving persons, is not so much an honour to them, as infamy and dishonour to those that raise them; for when a prince confers honour on those that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own stock, and leaves himself so much the less, as he parts with to those that want merit to pretend to it; and by that ill husbandry in time leaves himself none at all, to pay those to whom it is due."

"The worst governments are the best, when they light in good hands; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones."

"The vices of tyrants run in a circle, and produce one another, begin with luxury and prodigality, which cannot be supplied but by rapine. Rapine produces hate in the people, and that hate fear in the prince; fear, cruelty; cruelty, despair; and despair, destruction."

"It is both the wisest and safest way in the world to keep at a convenient distance with all men. For when men converse too closely, they commonly, like those that meet in crowds, offend one another."

"There is a kind of physiognomy in the title of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

"Men of the greatest apprehension and aptest geniuses to anything they undertake do not always prove the greatest masters in it: for there is more patience and phlegm required in those that attain to any degree of perfection, than is commonly found in the temper of active and ready wits, that soon tire, and will not hold out; as the swiftest race-horse will not perform a long journey so well as a sturdy dull jade. Hence it is that Virgil, who wanted much of that natural easiness of wit that Ovid had, did nevertheless, with hard labour and long study, arrive at a higher perfection, than the other, with all his dexterity of wit, but less industry, could attain to. The same we may observe of Jonson and Shakspeare; for he that is able to think long, and judge well, will be sure to find out better things, than another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready parts; which is commonly but chance, and the other art and judgment."

How works of such merit have been so long suppressed as those before us, is indeed somewhat surprising; or how the author himself, in his needy hours, was never induced to turn them to profit, is what we cannot account for: perhaps the rewards of copy-money, as it is called, were not so high then as they are now, and fame might have been the only incentive to publication.

XXI.—HORACE MODERNIZED.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*The Twentieth Epistle of Horace to his Book, modernized by the Author of Female Conduct, and applied to his own Book, and intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book, made by the writer of the Critical Review.* 8*vo. Owen.*" *See p.* 426.]

It was once a debate among casuists, which we could wish to see revived, whether the contempt offered to great men in disguise ought justly to be resented by them as injurious. After much reasoning upon the matter, Escobar(1) at length determined, that as men they have a right to resent; but as great men they are obliged to forgiveness. This last part of the argument is so applicable to our present purpose, that we cannot avoid urging it in the strongest manner, in expostulating with the great man with whom we are at present unhappily embroiled. We have a right to be forgiven, because we now at last acknowledge the dignity of him from whom (impressed with terror as we are) we ask forgiveness. A few months ago a poem entitled "Female Conduct" came from the press, published in the usual manner, without one single mark of the author's importance; and we, in our usual manner, found something in it to praise, and something to reprove. At this time we knew very little of Mr. Marriott, and, in the sincerity of our hearts, wished his dull, well-meaning efforts, success. Soon, however, it was found, that in talking of him we were all in the wrong box, nor paid him half that deference which he claimed as his due. The pamphlet before us, written in all the fury of resentment, tells us all about him. By this we are informed, but, alas! too late for redress, that Mr. Marriott is tall; that he is rich; that he is thin and lean; that he laughs when the sun shines; and lastly, that he is the very man who took the two Gregories. Why could he not have told us all this when he published his first pamphlet? No! he slips it out upon the world in obscurity, and, like Peter the Great, is resolved to quarrel with every creature that does not pay homage to his greasy greatness in disguise. Had he put but half what the present pamphlet contains into the preface of the former, it were easy to have clapped on a pair of prudential spectacles, and read his poetry into rhyme; for he may be convinced that we sooner would have eaten gunpowder, than have meddled with the author who took the two Gregories.

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(1) [A Spanish Jesuit, born at Seville in 1588, and died, while a missionary at Lima, in 1669. His works were printed in *twenty-six* folio volumes. See vol. ii. p. 3.]

Though the performance was opened with a thorough resolution not to lose our temper upon the perusal, yet we find it so severe, that we kindle as we read. It is all an orange stuffed with cloves: when fatigued with scolding in prose, he has recourse to rhyme, and when he has teazed us sufficiently with English verse, he takes up the cudgels in Latin. All are alike to him, back-sword, single falchion, or quarter-staff; he wields them all with equal dexterity, and no favour. Now he calls us scribblers, anon minor critics, then dull critics, bad-hearted critics. This sure is not polite; yet all this might be borne, but who can be calm when he calls us Bavius? Yes, dear reader, he actually calls us Bavius! Ah, little did we think, that while we censured the writer of "Female Conduct," we were only raising the indignation of the author who took the two Gregories.

Yet shall it be left to his own breast, whether he deals candidly with us, or the public. He first writes bad verses, and next he tells the world he does not desire a reputation for poetry. This is very modest either way. Would not any one be induced from such a performance, and with such an invitation, to speak his sentiments without shrinking? In an evil hour we took the author at his word, pitied his performance, and gave him a discharge from Parnassus at his own request; and yet, oh ingratitude! here we have him in a violent passion for our pains. This author is surely a sly one. He invites us to a feast; tells us we are heartily welcome to fall to, and yet is violently angry with us for eating. Does this become the patron of virtue, this become the avowed champion of the fair sex? Does this become the man who has fought, and consequently vanquished, gamesters, methodists, and Bolingbroke? Oh, vartue, vartue! to what will this degenerate age at length arrive, when the very man who gives a morsel of bread with one hand, picks it from our teeth with the other!

By this time the reader, perhaps, desires to see how our poet treats us in rhyme; and though, by quoting him, we propagate our own disgrace, yet will we be just to him and the public. The Epistle in view is from the author to his own book. Let us suppose him sitting like the man in the primer in his arm chair, thus addressing the manuscript which he holds between his finger and thumb: "My little book," says he, "you have an eye or a mind to———:" but take it in his own words:

"My book, you have an eye to Temple Bar,
That you may trim in Owen's shop appear;
That you with gilded ornaments may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within.
You hate the close restraint of lock and key,
Which to a modest book would grateful be.
But go from me forewarn'd, this lesson learn,
When gone from me you never can return;(1)

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(1) "We are assured there is a mistake here, being informed a large bale of this work was sent to Hillingdon for waste paper."

O——n Gregory, jun.

When this shall happen, I (who in your ear
Instill'd good counsel which you would not hear)
In your distress will scornful laugh at you,
Like him, who down a rock in anger threw
The ass, that would not his commands pursue.
Who'll strive against his will to save a fool
Whom friendly admonitions can't controul?"

The reader at length smokes the champion we have to deal with; he will observe what strength of thought and diction, and what a flow of poetry are here! A piddling reader, it is certain, might object to almost all the rhymes of the above quotation; but the less rhyme the more like blank verse, and all know that Milton wrote without such a restraint: but if any reader is for having the above quotation to be rhyme, he has nothing more to do than to read it poetically. Let *key*, for instance, be called *kee*, and then it rhymes with *be*; and let *fool* be called *fole*, and then it answers *control* in the next line. By this means the poetry, which our author, no doubt, meant for blank verse, may serve for either. We have here given but a taste of our bard's performance: those who are pleased with it may indulge themselves to satiety, in a publication, which he promises shortly, of several other modernized works of this kind. We shall beg leave, in all friendship only, to offer this unconquered champion the following motto to his future production,

Κην με φαγης επι ριζαν, ομως ετι καρποφορησω.

XXII.—DUNKIN'S EPISTLE TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1760. "*An Epistle to the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, to which is added, An Eclogue. By William Dunkin, D. D.*"(1) 8vo.]

In this publication Dr. Dunkin appears at once excessively merry, and extremely sorrowful. His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield is most *familiarly* good-humoured; his eclogue, or Lawson's obsequies,(2) is mournful to the last degree. The epistle may be considered a smart prologue to a deep tragedy, or a jig before an adagio, or (to run into his own manner) a plate of pickles before a shoulder of mutton. The death of his friend seems no way to have abated his festivity; and though he weeps for Lawson in poetry, he laughs with his lordship in prose: in short, were we to judge of the writer by this production, we would give him the same appellation which Chapelain gave to Ménage, "the poet with the double face."

His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield begins thus: "My lord, your fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the prince of printers, archbibliopolist, intelligencer-general, and general advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, having lately discovered, that I had not for many months addressed your lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but a fervour and tartness of style, unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of his most *serene highness*, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation and royal resentment. ‘What,’ said he, ‘was it for this, that *we* brought thy labours from the darkness of thy closet, into the light of *our* shop, and clothed thy naked and neglected name with legible respect, and titular dignity? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? When was *our* oval table unspread for thy repast; and when was our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? Hast thou not sat down in *our* presence, even on *our* right hand, while poets have stood in waiting? And have *we* not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while *we* have only nodded unto critics?”

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(1) [In early life Dunkin attracted the attention of Dean Swift, who, in one of his letters, describes him as a "gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin poet in Ireland." The Earl of Chesterfield, when he held the Government of Ireland, gave him the rectory of Enniskilling; where he died in 1765. His Poetical Works, in two volumes quarto, were published in 1774.]

(2) [Dr. John Lawson, author of "Lectures concerning Oratory, delivered at Trinity College, Dublin." He died in 1759.]

This *serene highness*, this *we*, is Mr. Faulkner, the printer,(1) who, if he speaks in this manner, must be no doubt an excessively facetious humorous companion, and well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the epistle is taken up with this speech; which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humorous as the other. Hear him:

“But, alas! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre bards and lank critics, like Pharaoh's ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine, eat up my best-featured and fairest offspring! What can be wrought and finished with nicer art and ingenuity, than Arachne's lawn, suspended to the sublime ceiling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents? When, lo! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-Christian Pope's head-brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and his web together.

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(1) [George Faulkner, designated by Swift, “the prince of Dublin printers.” He rose to eminence chiefly under the Dean's patronage, and was the first who gave to the world a collected edition of his works. He died, at an advanced age, in 1775. He had been journeyman to Mr. Bowyer. In a letter to Mr. Nichols, written a few months before his death, he says, “my apothecary's bill doth not amount to five shillings a year for all my family, two-pence of which is not my share. Claret is the universal medicine here, and the mundungus port the bane and stupefaction of all society.—See *Lit. Anec.* vol. iii. p 208.]

"Such, I fear, will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted, and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of witlings and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts.

"Little will it avail me, that, independent of external aid, I have spun the materials out of my own brains, and laboured whole days and nights in bringing the work to perfection, when the delicate and tender texture, instead of standing the test, will not even abide the touch.

"The dung-carts and their criticisms may pass well enough together; and, lest they should object against this comparison of myself to an insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear what Pliny saith of such industrious and neat spinsters: 'Arancarum genus eruditâ operatione conspicuum.' The family of spiders are very notable for their curious housewifery. But in case they should spare the spider, they will arraign the retailer of this homely similitude for an arrant plagiary: to quash which indictment I can offer no fairer plea than an honest confession, that I borrowed the thought, with very little variation, from a voluminous Latin and English poem, written purely for the benefit of their fraternity many years ago, although not yet published. It is dedicated to your lordship, and must, I believe, pass for mine, till they can lay it before the door of a better father.

"Here would I willingly halt, and spread a veil over the poet and spider, but murder and truth will at some odd time or other ebulliate. Much it irketh me to conceive any thing that might cast the least unsavoury note of aspersion on any member of our society. But what I am going to mention is rather a matter of compassion and pity, than reproach or shame; a distemper which frequently seizes the body poetical with sudden fits and starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the violence of the paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole mass of blood, ties the tongue, and sinks the spirits. Some naturalists have ascribed it to the malign influence of a planet, and look upon it as the consequent and concomitant effect of a versifying itch: but I should rather attribute it to mere sublunary causes; and such accidents will happen, while there are such unclassical things upon earth, as paltry debts, insolent writs, and rude bailiffs; for, although poets may take great licenses, yet, alas! Grub-street is no place of privilege."

Who could have thought, to speak sincerely, that such indifferent prose should come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, among which, this of Lawson's Obsequies is not the worst. The following lines, for instance, are not despicable:

"But should he fall? And shall the mighty muse
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
Refuse to him her memorable tears
With whom she sported in his tender years?
While, yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,
Unsought, unnoticed, through the pensive shade;
With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line
Ally'd, but Pallas, and the sacred Nine,
I cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,
The pert, the vain, preferr'd his humble name,
And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.
"We laugh'd at fops, fantastically gay,
The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;

At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page
With fustian phrensy, for poetic rage;
We laugh'd with Johnson, of ungenerous heart,
Who well could act the candid critic's part;
From fruitful fancy start the happy hint,
Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint;
Maturely plan the regular design,
Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line."

There runs, however, through the poem an affectation which it is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has 'manful eloquence' for 'manly eloquence,' the 'museful powers, for 'the muses:' such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the centre of learning and politeness, must have a great deal of modesty or understanding, who does not give a loose to some vanities which are apt to render him ridiculous every where but at home. Bred among men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to over-rate his own abilities. His oddities among his friends are only regarded as the excrescences of a superior genius; among those who live beyond the sphere of his importance, they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance. There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters, who are taught by adulation to fancy themselves figuring in the republic of letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity. If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.

A traveller passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What!" replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius? one the eye and the other the heart of our university, known all over the world?" "Never," cries the traveller; "but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for?" "You must be very little acquainted in the republic of letters," says the other, "to ask such a question. Brandellius has written a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius." "And, prithee, what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favour?" "He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius." "Well! and what does the public, I mean those who are out of the university, say of those mutual compliments?" "The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises."

XXIII.—GOGUET ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LAWS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

[*From the Critical Review,* 1759. "*De l'Origine des Loix, des Arts, et des Sciences; et de leurs Progrès chez les Anciens Peuples. Par M. Le Président Goguet.*(1) 3 *Vols. in 4to. Paris.*"]

There is a prettiness, a neatness, and symmetry of parts in the plan of most French books, which we admire, even while we hold the abilities of the author in contempt. Their specious manner we often mistake for solid erudition, and the superficial elegance of a gentleman frequently passes for the depth, labour, and judgment of the scholar. Such is the happy genius of this lively nation, that the most profound speculations are treated by them with the freedom of a novel; and Descartes and Newton so refined and polished, as to make no ungraceful appearance in the drawing room. This has its good as well as bad effects; it gives lustre to the other accomplishments of the man of fashion, but it banishes true science into cells and cloisters. We should gladly see their writers studied by our beaux, but less closely copied by our authors. It is the privilege of a Frenchman to usher his solemn trifles with the grave visage of philosophy. Their very bagatelles have in them something pleasing, that arrests the judgment, and leaves the reader in suspense whether most to applaud or condemn. This art we may admire, but never imitate. The British writer, who affects formality and method, without profound learning, betrays his ignorance and becomes ridiculous. Nor is he more successful in his attempts to be lively, without a native fund of humour. But the Frenchman, with no great share of either, is sure of being agreeable in both. Energy, accuracy, and industry would seem to characterize the one; beauty, and elegance of drapery, with a certain happiness of design, are the distinguishing marks of the other. By the former, a thought is scrupulously examined in every light; by the latter it is placed with little trouble in the most striking. The one separates, compares, and pursues his subject with pain; the other playfully skims over the surface, but with an eye so piercing, as, without removing the veil, seems at one glance to dive into the deeps of science. Here a writer is strained and tortured into all the distortions of the Pythian goddess, to utter what he knows; there he talks with a decisive dignity and a graceful eloquence, upon subjects of which he is totally ignorant; nay, he almost persuades us that his facility arises from his knowledge. (1) The author before us will, in some measure, illustrate the truth of these remarks.

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(1) [Antoine-Yves Goguet was born at Paris in 1716, and died there in 1758.]

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(1) We would here be understood to speak of the general characters of writers; which supposes numberless exceptions on both sides.

M. Goguet appears to us rather a writer of genius than of erudition; yet by dint of the former we would imagine him possessed of the latter. He has spread his learning with so light and masterly a hand, that no part of the performance seems wanting, although in the aggregate it is little more than a shadow or phantom of knowledge. His subject requires depth, and his plan proposes it: but alas! in the execution we find only the skeleton, draught, outlines of his design remaining to be filled up by some future artist. In three volumes octavo, Mr. President Goguet has comprised a subject, which, in the hands of some writers, would have swelled to ten times the number in folio. If it should please God to turn the heart of a certain learned gentleman to so useful an undertaking, we may soon expect to see Dr. Ratcliffe's library replenished with much profound learning, and this stupendous monument of pride converted to better purposes than being the object of stupid admiration of every head as empty as its walls, that now visits *alma mater.*

Our author has here given a history of the rise and progress of science, which, as he justly observes, may be termed a history of the human mind from its infancy to its maturity, full growth, and perfection. When we first set about reading our historian, when we perused his preface, where he professes to give an accurate view of facts, as first principles; to trace the origin of laws, arts, and sciences, in the manner most agreeable to these principles; and lastly, to connect the variety of different objects in so regular a chain as at one glance to shew their mutual influence, we doubted not but the wish of our great Lord Verulam was accomplished. But we reckoned without our host, our author's performance falls infinitely short of the big idea of that noble sage: for with vast pomp of method, and an almost disgusting parade of erudition, (having quoted near four hundred authors ancient and modern) he appears to have taken many facts upon slight authority; to have rejected others which are well attested; to have misrepresented some; and, upon the whole, to be injudicious in his choice of facts, and superficial in his reflections. He complains, and with reason, that those who have hitherto pursued this path, have failed in the attempt, through want of ability or industry to examine facts with the necessary minuteness. This seems to be the rock, on which he likewise has split; and we fear that such as may henceforward work on the materials he has collected, will have no less cause of complaint. In short, his prefatory promises are performed with the integrity usual in such introductory pieces, and we need not scruple to apply to him what he says of the diligent Paracelsus: "Tout y est hazardé. Les faits les plus faux, et les contes les plus apocryphes y sont adoptés aveuglément. Cet ouvrage prouve une parfaite négligence, joint à une démangeaison extrême de faire un livre." Indeed, this itch of book making, this *cacoëthes scribendi*, seems no less the prevailing disorder of England than of France. "Scribimus indocti, doctique."

M. Goguet, after a short sketch of the state of mankind before the flood, begins his history with that great æra, which he continues to the death of Jacob, making this period the first division of his performance. Here he treats of the establishment of *positive laws* under two classes, the last of which he calls the *civil law*. He gives a short view of the constitution, government, and laws of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Greeks, in the earliest ages. He touches upon their agriculture, and arts necessary to the support of life; shews their origin and gradual progress, but is sparing in his reflections on the causes of their growth and rise. Then he proceeds to the origin of weaving, dyeing, architecture, metallurgy, etching, embossing, carving, sculpture, and designing in general. Under this head he includes the first use of writing, and its progress to the year 1690 before the birth of our Saviour. Hence he proceeds to the sciences, under which he ranks surgery, anatomy, botany, and pharmacy, which in our opinion, he ought to have placed under the arts. His next division of science consists of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, mechanics, and geography. Mechanics he treats of after geometry, because to it they owe their perfection. For the same reason astronomy ought to be placed after geometry and mechanics. It is true, that to geometry they both owe their high degree of perfection, but not their birth. The spade, the mattock, and balance were used, and many observations on the heavens made, before geometry came to be applied to discover the powers of the wedge and lever, or the distance and magnitude of the planets. To deep speculation, indeed, they owe their progress; but their discovery seems to be the result of accident, of necessity, and that sort of observation peculiar to the human intellect. Next follows the art of war, upon which M. Goguet has spent more pains in being explicit, than upon any of the former topics. Then he comes to the manners and customs of Asiatics and Europeans, without descending to the sub-distinctions of each particular nation; the whole historical part of this period concluding with critical remarks upon it.

Having finished this barren disquisition, he proceeds to the second period, *viz.* from the death of Jacob to the establishment of monarchy among the Hebrews. This he has treated in the same order and method as the preceding. The third period contains a space of 560 years, that is, from the end of the former to the return of the Hebrews from captivity; to which are subjoined some curious extracts from Chinese writers, communicated to our author by the learned M. Hautes Rayes. These contain many valuable particulars concerning the history, manners, government, arts, and sciences of the ancient Chinese, to which M. Goguet has had frequent recourse in his history.

As it would trespass on our plan to dwell minutely upon each of the above particulars, we must refer our readers to the author. Upon the whole, we will venture to say, that this work, with all its imperfections, has likewise its merit. The arrangement, harmony, and disposition of the several parts are nice and judicious. The style is concise, clear, and not inelegant, and if the reflections are not profound and laboured, they are at least pertinent, and naturally rising from the subject. It is in every respect well calculated for such as would be scholars without the trouble of much reading, and think it sufficient

" To catch the eel of science by the tail."

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ADDENDA.

VOL. III.—VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

Page 48, line 26.—After, " Michaelmas eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's: our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent," *add the following note*—

Lamb's-wool was a favourite winter beverage among our forefathers, for the composition of which the following receipt has been preserved by Archdeacon Nares:—" The pulpe of the roasted apples, in number foure or five, according to the greatness of the apples, mixed in a wine quart of fair water laboured together, until it come to be as apples, which we call lamb's wool." —Johnson's Gerard, p. 1460. To prevent mistakes, it should be added, that lamb's-wool is not the apples mixed with water, but that mixture added to ale. Mr. Nares adds, that the name was probably taken from its smoothness and softness resembling the wool of lambs. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May 1784, says, he has often met with lamb's wool in Ireland, where it is a constant ingredient at a merry-making on holy-eve, or the day before All Saints' day.—See Encyclop. Metrop., and Brand's Popular Antiquities.

VOL. III.—LIFE OF PARNELL.

Page 359, line 5.—" He died at Chester, in July 1717, on his way to Ireland, and was buried in Trinity Church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment."

Since the above passage was printed off, the editor has been favoured with the following communication from Mr. Donovan, of Anson-street, Liverpool: " In the summer of 1834, I happened to be for a short time in Chester, and, among other little pursuits to which I devoted my leisure hours while there, I endeavoured to discover whether Parnell was really interred without any monument in Trinity Church in that city, as Goldsmith writes, or not. I made the search among the monuments which I proposed, and made also minute enquiries, but in vain; and I think I may say, that no monument does exist. My next inquiry was, whether they had even any record of his interment; and to ascertain this, I obtained permission to search the Registry. I examined without effect the year 1717, but, pursuing the list, I found, to my no small surprise, the following entry, in its proper order of date, in the register of interments of 1718—

' THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.,
' 18 *October*, 1718,'

being one year and three months after the time which Goldsmith mentions as the period of his decease."

VOL. IV.—THE TRAVELLER.

Page 30, line 15.—After,

" The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,"

add the following note—

Robert-François Damiens, the assassin who attempted the life of Lewis XV. in 1757. " What the miserable man suffered," says Horace Walpole, " is not to be described. When first seized, and carried into the guard-chamber, the *garde-des-sçéaux* and the Duc d'Ayen ordered the tongs to be heated, and pieces of flesh torn from his legs, to make him declare his accomplices. The industrious art used to preserve his life was not less than the refinement of torture by which they meaned to take it away. The inventions to form the bed in which he lay (as the wounds on his legs prevented his standing) that his health might in no shape be affected, equalled what a refining tyrant would have sought to indulge his own luxury."—*Memoirs of George II.*, vol i. p. 105.

THE END.

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